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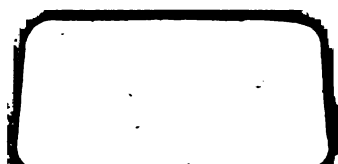
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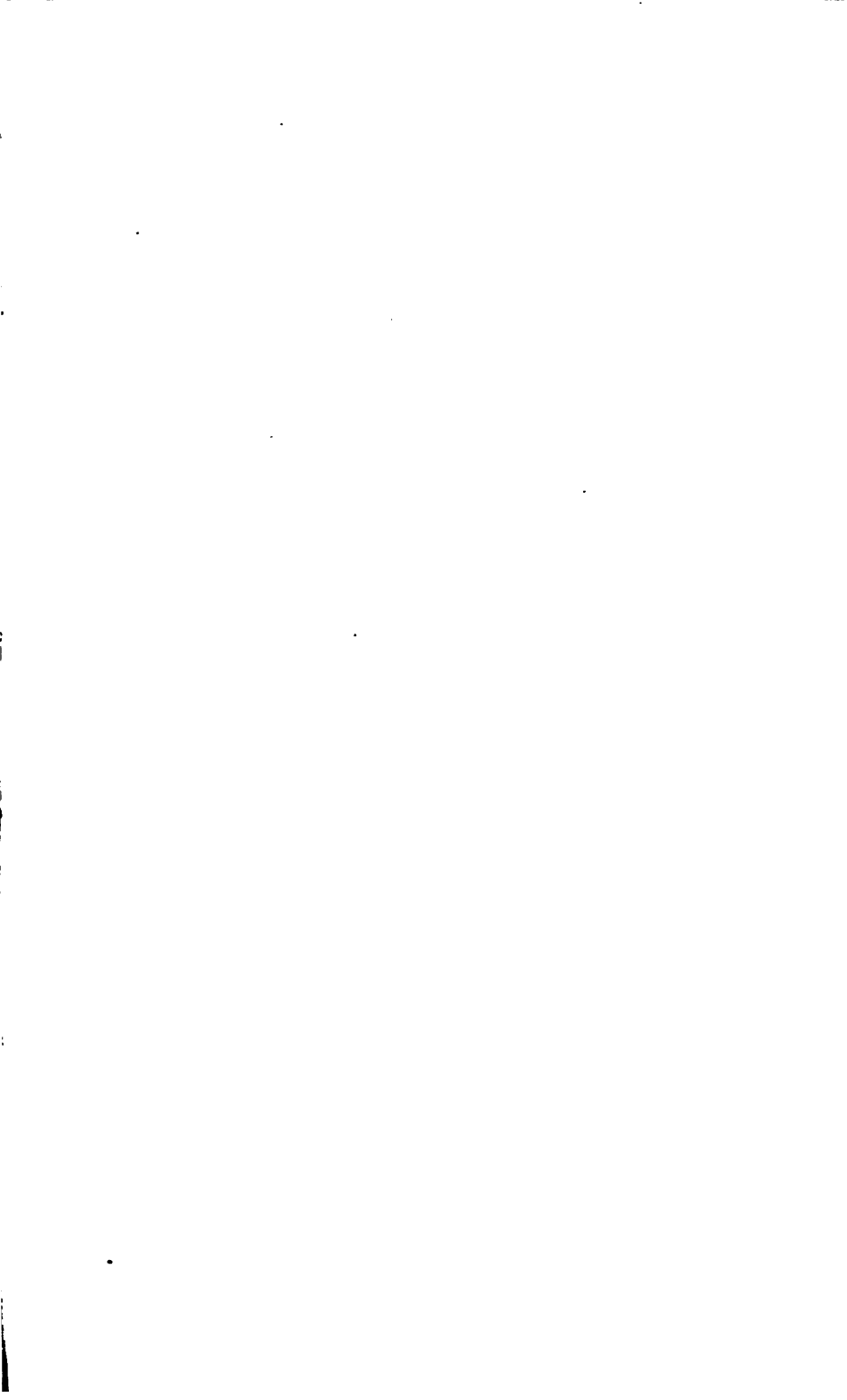


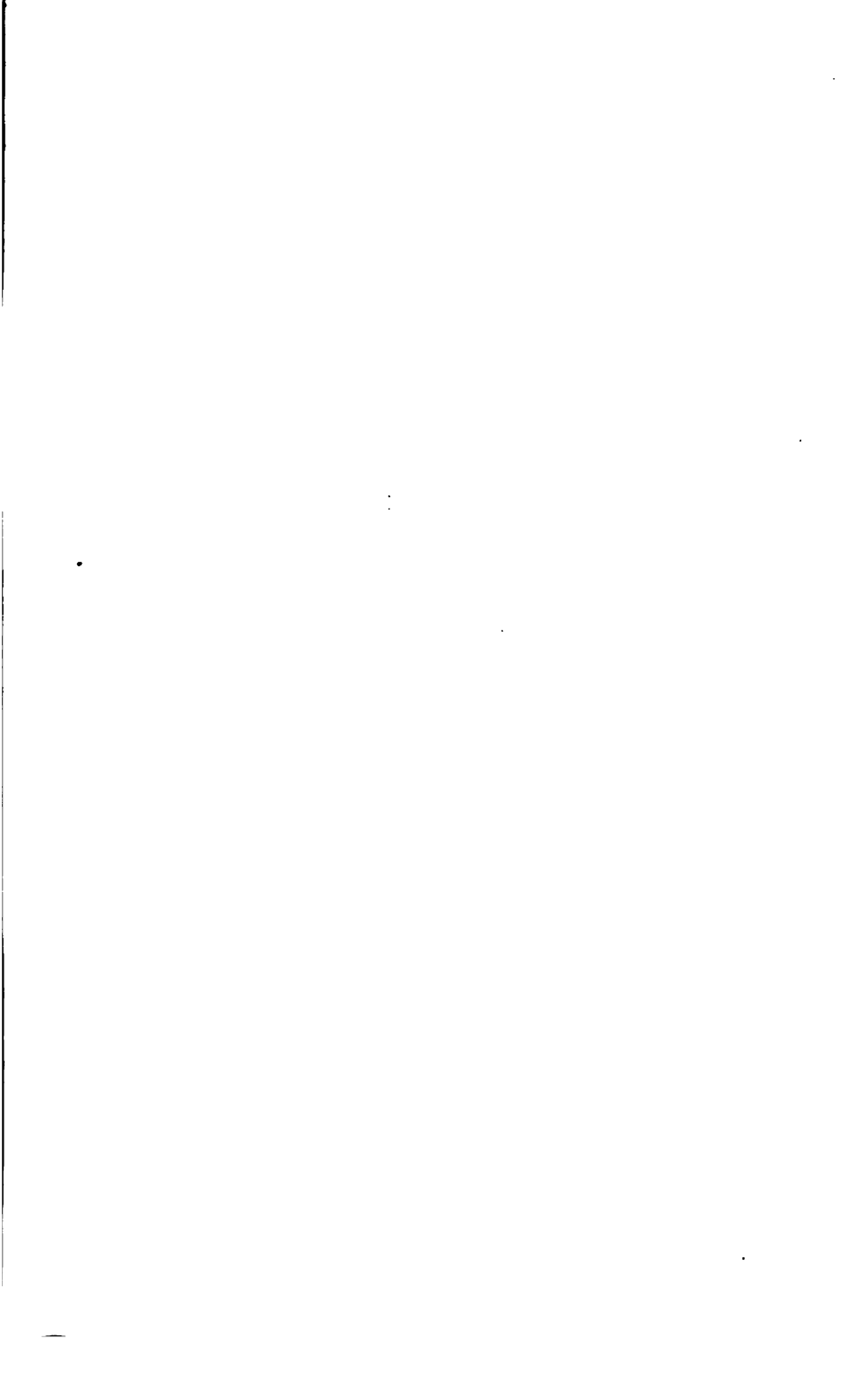
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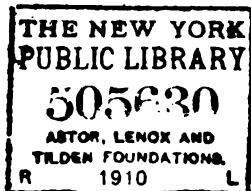
Sports and Pastimes



Charles H. H. H.

VOL XXIV.

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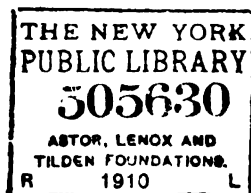
OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

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1874.



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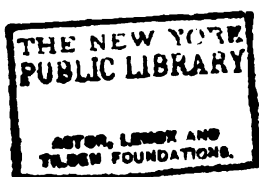
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Unterholz

season but little leisure for the gun, but he is a good shot, and very fond of the sport.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

STATESMEN, soldiers, and divines, the Beresfords have fulfilled divers rôles, and given hostages to fortune in the several callings of life; but, among the many descendants of that ancient name, it would be difficult, perhaps, to mention one who had not more or less the tastes and feelings of a sportsman. The present head of the family is certainly no exception to this rule.

John Henry De la Poer, De-la-Poer-Beresford (to speak by Debrett), was born in 1844, and succeeded his father as fifth Marquis of Waterford in 1866. The old barony of De la Poer of Curraghmore was created by writ in 1375, so the present holder of the title must be something like the twentieth baron of that ilk. He has gone through the usual curriculum, was educated at Eton, and got his commission in the 1st Life Guards in 1862, retiring from the service in 1869. During this time Lord Tyrone represented the county Waterford in Parliament until his elevation, by his father's death, to the Upper House. All his life fond of hunting, Lord Waterford, in 1870, took the old pack, the Curraghmore, which his uncle, the third Marquis, had hunted, from the county, and has carried them on ever since. The twenty-five couple Lord Waterford took in 1870 have now become fifty, and they hunt three days, with an occasional bye. The huntsman is John Duke; but for all one season, owing to his being laid up, Lord Waterford hunted the hounds himself. He is a bold rider, always with the pack, rides eighteen stone; and last, though not least, takes no subscription.

Deservedly popular as a landlord, as well as a Master of Hounds, Lord Waterford at Curraghmore plays the part of country gentleman in all its duties and pursuits. He is one of the Vice-Presidents, specially chosen to represent Ireland, of that excellent institution the Hunt Servants Benefit Society, and, we believe, takes great interest in its progress and welfare. Hunting leaves him in the season but little leisure for the gun, but he is a good shot, and very fond of the sport.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN
LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXIII.

CARHAIX is a very primitive town, and, so long as railways keep their distance, is likely to continue so for many a year to come. Beyond a couple of water-mills, to grind corn for the people, here are no other mills nor manufactories to induce commercial visits and increase the wealth of the place; nor, beyond the company of the Juge-de-Paix and the Doctor, both of whom had travelled beyond the precincts of their native department—the latter, indeed, even so far as Algeria—was there any society to which a stranger could fly for recreation when the business of the day was done, and night had drawn its dark curtain over the sombre town. There was one billiard-room in the place, it is true, but the seamed surface of its cloth indicated too plainly how many a game the moths had played on it, and scarcely would a schoolboy have been tempted to try his cue on such a table, and one café within a stone's-throw of the hotel; but, with the exception of an occasional *commis-voyageur*, and that, too, only after the breakfast meal, it was a rare occurrence indeed to see even the idlest lounge of the town cross its threshold.

So, a man sojourning at Carhaix, without resources of his own to fall back upon, either mental or muscular, literary or mechanical, sedentary or sylvan, would inevitably feel the worst horrors of isolation, and suffer the tortures of *ennui* to an unlimited extent; but, to him who could be contented and happy with a moderate share of field and sylvan amusements, the forests of the immediate neighbourhood would afford a varied diurnal feast throughout the season; at least, this was the case at the period to which these papers refer. The *chasse* of the townsmen, then, whatever that meant or might be supposed to include, was an outing we all accepted with pleasure, and, with the exception of St. Prix, we shouldered our guns and sallied forth, with the prospect at least of getting a good walk, if not of enjoying the day's sport. The only weapon carried by the Louvetier on the occasion was a club-stick, which, by the way, he handled in Breton fashion, grasping it by the small end, and making the knob do duty on the ground.

'No eye hath seen such scarecrows,' exclaimed the immortal Jack Falstaff, when he flatly refused to march into Coventry before the ragged lot he was then leading; but Jack's experience would have been enlarged had he seen the strange medley of men and dogs that marched upon Kergloff that morn; for, certainly, in no quarter of the civilised globe could a wilder-looking set of bipeds be found than those of Cournouaille proceeding with their scratch-pack to the *chasse* in hunting costume. The latter, about twenty in number, with the exception of five harriers, were chiefly mongrels of the lowest type, from the form and features of which it would have puzzled the craftiest kunologist,* or cynologist, to discover to what class of dog they

* A Greek compound; means a dog-fancier, kunologist, or cynologist.

were most nearly allied, or what mongrel blood most predominated in their veins. In some, united under one skin, were the distinct characteristics of poodle, pointer, and butcher's dog; while others displayed a dash of hound's blood, grossly adulterated with that of the cur, the Italian greyhound, and the curly-coated poodle, the last of which appeared to be commingled with every description of dog that traversed, owned or ownerless, the streets of Carhaix. Then there was one grandee among the lot, a double-nosed Spanish pointer, with a skin fine as satin, a stump tail, and a magnificent head: he looked like Endymion among the satyrs, and, if he had known it, would doubtless have felt thoroughly ashamed of the low company into which he had fallen.

The *ouvriers* and peasants, with three or four small shopkeepers who joined the party, amounted, all told, to fourteen men, but of these not more than eight carried their guns openly; the remainder, not possessing the qualification of a *permis de chasse*, were nevertheless equally well provided with a gun apiece necessary for that purpose. These were the *braconniers*, or poachers, who, in defiance of the law, followed the chase, early and late, far more keenly than their licensed neighbours; but, till fairly afield and clear of the gendarmes, each man carried his gun snugly doubled up within the folds of his outside wrapper, a skin garment one could scarcely dignify with the name of coat. The appearance of the men was wild and picturesque in the extreme; but, though clad for the most part in sheep and goats' skins of various colours, it would be a libel on Defoe's hero to say their accoutrements were equally well-fashioned with those of the castaway sailor, manufactured by his own hands. He, at least, was dressed *en suite* in goat-skin from head to foot, and, as his biographer represents him, must have looked, as he was, the king of that desert isle; whereas the ragged, parti-coloured attire of these men, torn as it was by the brambles, and patched with the coarsest sackcloth, gave them the appearance of a set of brigands, whose trade had been unproductive for many a long day. Then their heavy broad-brimmed hats and long curly hair, depending over both shoulders, added not a little to their savage aspect, though, to give them their due, a race generally less savage in nature than those Breton peasants it would be difficult to find in many countries boasting more culture and a higher civilization.

But enough of the men; and now for their mode of chase. On turning from the high road into the broomy waste about a mile beyond Kergloff, the carpenter, who acted as commandant of the party, gave the signal to separate and form line abreast, directing us, at the same time, to preserve a distance of at least twenty paces between one gunner and another, and, above all, to be careful how we fired when game was afoot—a word of caution especially needful on the present occasion. Within a league or so of the town, on every side the country is habitually so well combed by these artists, that game of every description is provokingly rare; but, as the radius is extended, partridge, red-leg and grey, woodcock and snipe, rabbit,

hare, and roe-deer are found in sufficient numbers to warrant a good bag; while, farther afield still, the fox, the wolf, and the boar are, one or the other, to be met with in all the great forests around.

Consequently, for the first hour, although hundreds of acres of gorse, broom, and heather were steadily drawn at a slow walk, the men treading out the lower growth with minute care, and the dogs searching the higher and less accessible cover equally close, scarcely a dozen shots were fired by the whole party, and those chiefly at rabbits, and a woodcock here and there. While we were thus advancing slowly towards better ground, and a covey of red-legs, six in number, had fallen, every bird of them, to the peasants' guns, a low suppressed whistle, like that of a steam engine, indicating danger ahead, passed rapidly along our line, and created intense alarm among the braconniers, some of whom instantly thrust their guns, muzzle forward, into the densest furze bushes, while others doubled them up, consigning the barrel into one pocket and the stock into another, within the folds of their capacious vests. Immediately after the last volley at the red-legs, a man's bare head had been seen peering, stealthily as it were, between two hillocks at some distance in front of us, as if it was his object to make out the men who were carrying guns, and had just fired at the feathered game.

That the head could belong to no one but a gendarme, lying in ambush to catch them, was at once inferred by the braconniers, and the dread they seemed to feel at the chance of being trapped by this law official would have been simply ridiculous, if it had not led shortly afterwards to a serious assault on a poor peasant who had been the innocent cause of this panic. The man had been at work grubbing up stumps of furze and heather for firewood, and clearing the ground for future tillage, when, hearing the slugs whistling through the air in his direction, he had prudently placed himself behind some earth-mounds lying between him and the advancing party, and thence taking a survey of the proceedings, his head being unfortunately uncovered, he was at once mistaken for a gendarme, who had laid his helmet aside to avoid discovery—a ruse not unfrequently adopted by the gendarmes when stalking a suspected braconnier.

On coming up to the spot where the peasant lay extended on the ground, the indignation of the braconniers knew no bounds—swearing furiously, notwithstanding the man's protestations to the contrary, that he had intentionally played this trick on them; or 'Why,' it was asked, 'had his hat been laid aside when he showed his ass's head over and between the earth-mounds?' One of the braconniers, a well-known wrestler, being more excited than the rest, dashed savagely at the poor fellow as he was rising from the ground, and kicked him down again with his heavy sabot, till he fairly groaned with pain. When this assault, however, took place, those of the party who still carried their guns had gone on with the chase; nor, till we heard the man's cry for help, were we aware that the wrath of the braconnier had broken out into blows. 'This is too bad,'

said Keryfan, who was the first to discover what had happened; 'and that luckless peasant will be seriously maltreated, I fear, if we 'do not return at once to his aid.' To the infinite disgust of the carpenter-commandant, St. Prix and Keryfan, facing about, proceeded forthwith to execute this errand of mercy; but, before they could reach the spot, the man had jumped on his legs, and, starting off like a tail-piped cur, disappeared, amid the shouts and laughter of the braconniers in an adjoining thicket. He had been more frightened than hurt by the kick, which the bystanders averred was a mere touch of the toe—a wrestling exploit, designed to give the fellow a back fall, and nothing more. But the most provoking part of this affair was the delay occasioned in recovering the hidden guns; and as the braconniers not only possessed by far the best dogs, but knew best where game was to be found, Marseillier, who had always an eye to the pot, insisted on the advisability of going back, all hands, to aid them in the search, and then, with an unbroken line and all the dogs, to go to work again.

This arrangement, after some parley, was acceded to; but the time and trouble expended in finding the guns, shoved, as they were during the short panic, into the densest furze bushes, was a worry not to be described. At length, all being found, we managed to get once more under weigh together, and again the beat was resumed in right earnest. The space of country swept by the extended line could not have been less than four hundred yards, from St. Prix on our right, to the pugnacious braconnier on the extreme left; so that, searched and trodden out as the ground was, it would have been almost impossible for a cock-mouse to have escaped detection within the limits of that doomed area. So regular and so systematic was the operation, and so expert the marksmen, that it seemed to me quite wonderful, not that game should be scarce, but that there should be any game at all within two leagues at least of the town of Carhaix, when battues like these were carried on hebdomadally throughout the season.

When a hare, the shiest of animals in this district, was found, and by sheer luck had escaped the shower of slugs that whizzed in her wake, the whole pack, including even the stately Sancho, scurried off in the wildest pursuit, and frequently were not seen again for ten, fifteen, or even twenty minutes. Bawling after them, as their masters did, was of no use whatever, and it was only when the five hounds came to a dead check that they gave the slightest heed to the signal that proved most effective for their recall. The first hare that succeeded in running the gauntlet securely got away, with every dog in full cry at her heels, and, as she had apparently been unhit, I made up my mind the pack were gone for just so long as that hare could stand on her legs before them. 'You'll never see them again,' I said, somewhat cynically, to the carpenter, 'till they have either 'lost or killed that hare.'

'Oh, yes, we shall,' he answered, confidently; 'the moment they 'come to a check the hounds will always return on hearing the

‘report of my gun, and when their noses are up the mongrels soon follow.’

In a few minutes afterwards the cry suddenly ceased, and the carpenter, who had all the while been straining his listening powers to the utmost, proceeded to exemplify the virtue of his novel signal by firing off both barrels into the air, the shot having been previously drawn, to save the ammunition. Jem Hill’s famous *too-too*, when he rattled the old Heythrop back to their hunted fox, never did its work more promptly nor more effectively; for, exactly as the carpenter had represented it, almost immediately the hounds could be seen coming back, followed by the tag-rags soon after, until all had returned to their respective masters. On two or three other occasions, when a hare got away, this process was repeated, and always with the like success.

The habit of the hare, as we all know, is to run in circles, and to return to the ground from which she was first started; and, doubtless, the knowledge of this habit had been frequently turned to account by the carpenter, who, lying in wait for poor puss on her homeward journey, would rarely draw his trigger in vain at such a time. Then the hounds, with their half-reasoning powers, would quickly put two and two together, and discover that this shot, fired by their master, usually betokened the death of the hare; and this inference probably led them to fly to the carpenter’s signal so readily, whenever a check made it doubtful whether the scent could be recovered again or not.

As we advanced farther into the wilderness—for such, in the absence of all trace of cultivation, it certainly was—we came to a broad plateau in the direction of Huelgort, so matted with heather, knee-deep and luxuriant on every side, that whenever old Sancho, carrying his head aloft in the air, and indicating by his earnest expression the immediate presence of game, came to a dead point, I almost made up my mind that a grouse must rise from such likely ground. But, no; the inevitable red-leg dominates here, and the grouse and blackcock are as unknown as the dodo in this land of ling. Yet any one comparing these moors—producing as they do the wortleberry heather, the cranberry, and black fir—with the moors of Great Britain, would be puzzled to explain why grouse are not indigenous here as they are in our own favoured country; for, certainly, the means of subsistence for them appear to be as abundant in this as in that land. The great landed proprietors of Lower Brittany might possibly take a leaf with advantage from the Highland laird’s farm-book, and, by the cultivation of grouse, hither imported, convert tens of thousands of acres, now lying waste and unprofitable, into valuable shooting ground. Capital would, of course, be required even for such a stock; but here that commodity is rare indeed, and until it is supplied these vast tracts of waste land must remain, we fear, as desolate to the sportsman’s eye as they are profitless to the owner’s pocket.

The red-legs, too, were not so plentiful as Marseillier seemed to expect them in such favourable ground—three coveys, numbering not

more than six or seven birds in each, being all we sprung over a mile of moor. On descending a gentle slope of the hill facing south, and well sheltered from the westerly wind, which here cuts the tops of the trees exposed to it as with a shears, we came on as fine a patch of gorse, about an acre in extent, as ever grew in our midland shires: the very look of it would have made Osbaldeston's mouth water with expectation, for it was thick as a holly hedge, and would have tried the mettle of even a Furrier hound to face its long and close-matted spines. I heard the word 'louarn' passed among the peasants, as three or four of them, breaking line, rapidly advanced to the opposite side of the cover; and as I knew that word to signify 'fox' in the Breton tongue, it was clear they were making preparations to give him, if at home, a warm reception at the far end.

Thick and spiky, however, as the cover was, half-a-dozen men forced their way boldly into it; while the dogs, even the satin-coated Sancho, exhibited like courage, and seemed to take as little heed of the spines as if they had been cased in coats-of-mail, like armadillos. One of the curs first opened, throwing his tongue with a defiant growl, as if half-terrified by the game he had found; then another and another squeaked in; and when the hounds joined cry, the peasants raised a yell that would have done credit to the wild hunters of the Black Forest. 'He's up, for a thousand!' shouted Shafto to me, quoting Lord Kintore's favourite expression; 'but, with those 'mute peasants posted at the down-wind point of the far side, it will 'be a miracle if he gets clear away.'

Nevertheless the miracle took place. In the heat of the uproar the fox, which was the game afoot, squatted down and, throwing the yelping pack over the scent, doubled back and broke cover within five yards of my old smooth-bore: he was a fine fellow, yellow as a guinea, and carried his long, white-tagged brush level with his back, as he flashed ahead, like a comet over the arch of heaven.

'Give it him, Frank!' shouted Keryfan, who, although some forty yards off, was my nearest neighbour. 'A fair broadside as I 'ever saw; give him both barrels.'

But the *veteris vestigia flammæ* made my pulse tingle at the sight of him; and I felt as if my right arm would have been paralysed at the socket if I had struck down that noble fellow.

'No,' I said, 'I couldn't do it; old memories would never 'forgive the deed; nor could I ever look Jack Russell in the face 'again if I once shot a fox——'

'Diable!' retorted he, with a look of surprise. 'Not shoot a 'fox, Frank, in this wilderness? Why, here he is really a noxious 'animal—does a deal of mischief, and shows no sport. Depend upon 'it the carpenter, who estimates the value of his skin at three francs, 'will set you down as a veritable Quixote for the rest of your life.'

'Can't help that,' I replied; and, as I gave him a rattling cheer, his brush swung round, as if saying adieu and waving his gratitude for the clemency I had shown him. A little vicky, however, doubtless his co-partner in the patch of gorse, was less fortunate in her

tactics ; for, breaking at the point guarded by the peasants, three of whom fired at her one after the other, she fell dead to the last shot. Nevertheless, all three claimed a share in the spoil, swearing, each one of them, that his shot had dealt the fatal *coup*. As a sharp wrangle was the result, the carpenter, on being appealed to as arbitrator, pronounced at once in favour of all three claimants—that being the customary practice on such occasions.

Their eagerness for the skin, considering the grim poverty of these men, was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing it was valued at three francs ; whereas a hare, skin and body, could be purchased in the market at Carhaix for fourteen sous, about two-thirds of a franc ; a brace of birds or a couple of woodcock for sixteen sous, and a couple of wildduck for one franc. The best beef, too, was only four sous, or twopence, a pound ; and, in fact, at that period, before railways had equalised the prices of Europe, all the ordinary articles of food were equally low at Carhaix and the other inland towns of Lower Brittany. While on this subject let me add, that the charge for board and lodging, both as liberal and good as a bachelor could wish, at the Hôtel la Tour d'Auvergne, was on a scale quite commensurate with the above prices—namely, seventy-five francs per head per month ! For this sum, just three pounds, a comfortable bedroom, with linen, lights, and firewood, two bountiful meals a day, including a variety of dishes as well cooked as they would have been at a first-class Paris restaurant, with vin ordinaire *ad libitum*, was supplied to the guest *en pension par mois* ; and after a long experience and a wide acquaintance with European hotels, I can with truth say I never fared better in my life than at the Hôtel la Tour d'Auvergne. But, at the present time, if any one ventured to ask for the like accommodation at the like price, Marseillier—if he, or rather Madame, still rules the roast of that 'festive place'—would stare with astonishment, and probably return for answer, '*Nous avons changé tout-cela.*'

But to proceed with the chasse. Descending now from the heathery plain, we drew a long scrubby cover, occupying both sides of a narrow valley, and filled with alders, sedge, and slush—the very ground, it might be imagined, to which woodcock would resort both for food and shelter. But, after struggling for a mile 'through bog, bush, and briar,' we scarcely flushed above a dozen cock, and out of these bagged but seven along the whole line. The grass under this copsewood was far too long and thick to allow a free passage for the bird in his gait for food ; and hence the paucity of that game in apparently so likely a spot. Farther on, however, the ground improved ; the alders were higher—in fact, forest trees ; and the bogs, generally bare, carried spare and broken patches of short grass over their quivering crusts : and here the cock were far more plentiful. But, with the trees above their heads, no temptation would induce the *ouvriers* or the *braconniers* to draw the cover ; because, as they averred, it was of no use flushing the cock when it was impossible to shoot them in such a place. The dogs, too, only cared for flax,

and would scarcely stoop on the haunt of a cock, much less quest when the bird rose. So there was nothing for it but to go in and tackle them ourselves. Accordingly, Keryfan, Shafto, and myself plunged into the thickest of it; and, with old Sancho for our chief aide-de-camp, we must have had twenty snap-shots in about so many minutes. Of course a great number were missed; every bird of which brought down such a cross-fire upon us that, unless some protecting angel had especially watched over our exposed bodies, the peasants must have bagged other and heavier game than mere woodcock. In vain we shouted for mercy or threatened reprisals; still every cock that escaped our guns brought a volley of slugs whizzing about our ears and cutting off alder-twigs on every side. At length, most unexpectedly, a hare jumped up out of a rushy bog, and, getting instantly beyond our ken, carried back all the dogs in full cry; the peasants, too, believing it to be a fox, darted off in pursuit, hoping to intercept the wily beast at the far end: and thus relieved, we enjoyed, without further annoyance, some very pretty shooting for a good hour or more.

But our danger was not yet quite over: on rejoining us in more open ground the carpenter directed the whole party again to form line and to beat abreast as heretofore; and scarcely had this order been obeyed, when a rabbit, found by a cur, dodged back, and, coming straight towards me, endeavoured to force the line under my very legs. At that moment two slugs passed through a fold of my leather leggings, and the rabbit fell dead at my feet. The perpetrator, however, an *ouvrier* standing not twenty yards off on my left, did not go unpunished for his reckless temerity. The carpenter-commandant rebuked him fiercely, and told him he should be excluded evermore from joining the town-chasse. This, too, as I afterwards found, was no idle threat; for, over and over again, the *ouvrier* came to beg my pardon most pathetically (though he would have done it again the next instant if a rabbit had given him the chance), praying that I would intercede with the carpenter and get him restored to his lost rank. But the carpenter was firm; saying he was a dangerous fellow, and would one day shoot one of his hounds, if he allowed him to join them again.

What the total amount of the bag was at the end of the day nobody seemed to know; and, as every man carried the game he killed in his own *carnassière*, and showed a strong repugnance to disclose its contents, the quantity and variety of the game gathered could not be accurately ascertained. It must have been a considerable lot, to judge from the *carnassières*, most of which were filled to repletion, and must have heavily burdened the backs of the bearers. Nevertheless, the sturdy little fellows stood up well under them, and fagged and shot as if unconscious of the weighty load. The number of woodcock killed exceeded probably all the rest of the game, flax and wing, put together; but that number might have been doubled if the Bretons had gone manfully into cover and followed up their dogs *per crassum et per rarum*, instead of waiting for the birds to come to

them on the outside, and only getting an occasional shot in open ground. But, excellent game-shots as many of them are in the open, they do not seem to understand the business of shooting in cover, provided the growth is at all thick, and higher than their own heads.

The approach of night now brought our chasse to an end ; and as we had been continually drawing farther and farther afiel, we could not have been less than three leagues from Carhaix when, for want of daylight, our steps were homeward turned : the dogs, indeed, had struck work long before, and, with the exception of old Sancho, followed each one his master's heels with a forlorn and spiritless air. This return journey was by far the most disagreeable part of the day's work ; for, in order to avoid the slushy lanes, it was necessary to travel in Indian file on the tops of the banks, which, hollowed out by the peasants' sabots, and elevated some ten feet above the level of the land, presented to a stranger, at least, a most awkward and dangerous footpath on a dark night. How the peasants, so often returning in a state of intoxication to their homes in the country, travel over them without breaking their necks, is quite marvellous ; when, from the holes and root-snags so often crossing the trough, a sober man finds it difficult enough to keep his legs with all his wits about him.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. OCTAVO QUIVER WITH HIS FIRST DOG, BOGY.

I AM travelling agent for a publisher—a London house of great repute—and everywhere respected, having ' Virtue ' for its founder, Religion and Honour for its good works. I thrive under its influence, and am not insensible to those rewards which such qualities shed around them.

My head centre, home, and starting-point was formerly Cambridge, and my circuit was considerable, extending into one or two of the adjoining counties. My duties obliged me to call at many houses along the road, so that my pedestrian capabilities were often footsorely taxed.

On the one side my route lay through St. Ives, Huntingdon, St. Neots, Biggleswade, Hitchin, Baldock, and Royston ; on the other, it comprised Chatteris, Ely, Mildenhall, and Newmarket ; and, lastly, I included Saffron Walden, Bishop's Stortford, Dynmore, and Thaxted, all of which I accomplished on foot, regularly and without fail once a month, or nearly so, for several years.

My burden consisted of two leather waterproof knapsacks, of square proportions, and light ; they were buckled together with longish straps, so that, placing my head between them, they hung easily and comfortably over my shoulders and chest ; the one at the rear being freighted with parts of ' Jamieson and Bickersteth's Bible,' ' Ancient and Modern Agriculture,' ' Biographical Dictionary,' the

'Holy War,' and such other samples of literature as are included in the conceptions of 'Virtue.' The less weighty one in front revealed the secrets of the toilette and fancy stationery. My circulation of these admirable parts of fast-spreading monthly 'Virtue' was frequently attended with amusing adventure, sometimes with risk, requiring a knowledge of character, and a power of persuasive eloquence which elevated my masters, their authors, and myself in the estimation of my customers far beyond the ordinary distributors of such *drugs*, and I thereby established a reputation which cheered the hearts of Ivy Lane and Amen Corner.

Nevertheless, there were certain drawbacks to this otherwise not unpleasant calling, the chief being the lateness of the hour I was frequently obliged to be on the road, and the very unsettled kind of life it occasioned me to lead.

I had often observed that most commercials possessed a dog—a sensible and faithful companion; and, considering how lonely were my night walks, and how often I had money to a considerable amount about me, I at length determined to be equally well protected and befriended.

Now, the great difficulty in my case was to procure one to my fancy. My taste pointed to breed and beauty, and I mentally decided upon a retriever or Newfoundland dog. The price of the animal puzzled me sadly; but I trusted to chance to favour me, and at once mentioned the subject throughout my next journey, awaiting patiently the result of inquiries.

At last, when least expected, fortune threw one in my way. As I was about to leave the Black Horse Inn at Newmarket, I observed two men in the road, talking to the ostler rather mysteriously—they appeared of the drover, poacher, or gipsy class of wanderers. A little behind them stood a big black dog. Mrs. Saddlecloth, the landlady, seeing me in the doorway, exclaimed, 'By-the-by, Mr. Quiver, if that dog will suit you'—pointing to him—'my man informs me that he can buy him for an old song, or next to nothing. They have brought him all the way from Yorkshire, and don't want the bother of taking him "back agen." We don't know anything of them, so be careful.'

A good look at the animal was sufficient; it was the very one I had pictured to myself and longed for, so her man was called over, and the order to purchase him given at once; and I shortly had the gratification of handing the man over seven shillings and sixpence for what he had just paid half-a-crown and a pot of beer for.

I thus unexpectedly became the owner of one of the best-looking retrievers that ever walked on four legs. He was about twenty-seven inches high to the shoulder, had a black curly coat, with here and there a few grizzly hairs, denoting a hardy constitution, a most intelligent countenance, and remarkably good-tempered. 'They chaps says he be a hout-and-houter, sir, and good at anything, a'most reaching to manslaughter. They picked 'im up a coming along in their own country; he'll learn anything, and I dare say

'they've taught 'im a trifle or two, as he's been with 'em these four 'months.' Thus spoke the ostler, as he transferred the tyke to me with a rope round his neck. Unfortunately, he had quite forgotten to ask his name; but, as he was bound to have one, we christened him on the spot. This incurred the fee of another shilling, which, for good luck's sake, was voted to be spent in drink. Believing that 'there is something in a name,' I gave him the fear-inspiring and awful-sounding one of 'Bogy,' in order that, remembering his purposes, he might create a dread when called aloud in the darkness of night and obtain respect by day. Certainly nothing could exceed the pride and pleasure with which I walked away with him, followed by the best wishes of the hostess, chambermaids, boots, and ostler; and no man ever exulted more over his 'first salmon,' his 'first stag,' or his 'first brush,' than did I over the possession of my 'first dog,' Bogy.

It was yet early when we started, but we remained attached to one another the whole day. I changed the rope for a light chain and collar, and so we trudged along without much difference of opinion, excepting occasionally each pulling different ways. From time to time I felt the pulse of his affection, patted him, fed him with tit-bits, and did what I could to endear him to me; still I did not give him his liberty. I had the satisfaction of hearing him praised and admired, which delighted me; and altogether, on arriving at Ely, I was better pleased than ever with my bargain.

I put up at my usual house—a small inn just outside the town—and after supper requested permission to let Bogy sleep in my room, which was readily acceded to, as the dog had shown every disposition to be quiet and clean. I wished to gain his confidence, and obtain entire command over him.

On getting into bed I left him in comfortable repose on the hearth-rug, and, nothing doubting, soon fell asleep. Naturally enough I dreamt of my Bogy, his goodness, and the pleasure he would be to me, in the full enjoyment of which delusion I was awoke by a most distressing panting and puffing, and the pit-a-pat and snuffling of my dog in search of water. Calling him by name, I struck a light and quickly proceeded to give him some. The basin was, unluckily for us both, unserviceable at the moment, being half-filled with slops, so there was nothing left to us but the tumbler.

Thirsty as he was, he resolutely refused to drink out of it. Few dogs will do so unless habituated to it, and he was too suspicious to attempt the feat; therefore, holding down the water-jug, he tried his best, and obtained a taste.

Not being satisfied with an extra effort and a plunge, he thrust in his head with great force. The next instant he tried to withdraw it. Alas! it was hopelessly jammed past redemption; it had passed over the broad part of his forehead.

Alarmed at the situation, he became perfectly frantic, dashing about in every direction in the most violent manner, completely losing all control over himself. It was a serious predicament for

both of us. I became equally frightened, and seized the bottom of the jug with both hands, pulling and shaking it with all my might, hoping to extricate him. His struggles and contortions prevented my doing so. During this scene his howlings in the hollow vessel sounded unearthly and murderous. I prayed only that he might succeed in breaking it, and sought for a poker or stick to aid him in a release, but without finding one. The jug stuck firm and fast to him—immovably so.

The noise consequent on all this disturbed the whole house, and poor Bogy's desperate efforts for freedom really bewildered me. I expected every minute to see him have a fit, or be smothered. With one tremendous lurch, his final blow for liberty, he threw himself headlong across the room, falling against the window, through which he rushed, blind to all consequences, on to a small balcony or landing-place, there demolishing flowerpots and flowers, and carrying everything before him. At last one loud crash below, accompanied by a yell of pain, told me that somehow he had reached *terra firma*. I was literally exhausted from excitement and fear. What a situation!

I had now to screw up my courage to encounter the wrath of the landlord and his wife, and the oaths of the awakened lodgers, all of whom were knocking violently at my door, imagining that fire or thieves, or both, were at least mine and their own fate.

Admitting the landlord, who was really a very good-natured man, and a sportsman to boot, I soon explained matters, and, when calmer, we both laughed heartily. With a little persuasion he accompanied me in search of the miserable dog, who, to say the truth, was much to be pitied. We discovered him in a corner, cowed and dispirited, and in most terrible plight. The body of the jug was gone, but the upper rim still adorned his brows; we broke it with a stone, and he returned with me to my chamber of horrors, both of us more frightened than hurt. The next morning I can safely say we felt ashamed to show ourselves; the dog looked remarkably small in the eyes of all, and I know I felt so. However, we were now better acquainted with each other than on the preceding day.

Calculating the expenses, and reflecting on the anxieties and terrors of the scene, I came to the conclusion that I had no great cause to congratulate myself on '*my first night with Bogy*.'

NIGHT THE SECOND.

We entered Ely, I still continuing to lead my dog, whose manner, being more subdued and tractable, filled me with confidence. We stopped at the butcher's, whose young wife took in the 'Holy War,' and, whilst settling with her, the husband threw a keen eye on my companion, observing, aloud, 'You have a cunning gentleman there, Mr. Octavo.' 'What makes you think that, Mr. Cutlet?' I inquired. 'Why, you see, sir, mine is a business which requires me to watch pretty narrowly all dogs, or I should

'lose more by them daily than I already do. They have only one object in view when they come here of their own accord; and when they're brought here they take advantage of my serving to help themselves. Now, there's the lawyer's dog, Snap, and the doctor's dog, Drench—mean curs both—think themselves licensed to sneak block ornaments, and presume on their master's dreaded professions. Then there's the parson's dog, Pretext (he looks in on speculation; I've nailed him twice; the third time I tacked the bill to his tail). Ladies' pets I don't trouble about; they hate to come in; and most o' the dogs on the town knows better, and run round to the slaughter-house, or sit and beg in the front. What I fear the most is your country dogs, and such as yours; they're oudacious, and difficult to catch. You never know which way they be looking. They be both bold and sly; and until they be gone you can't tell what be gone with 'em. Now, I takes it, Mr. Quiver, yours is one of that sort, for I've never seen him take his eyes off you since he first entered. I'll bet you six-pence he's a thief.'

I felt a good deal hurt at this severe judgment on my poor harmless dog, and stood up for Bogy's character with some warmth; in short, the pair of us departed indignant at the dirty insinuation.

On arriving at the bottom of the town, I turned off to the right, and sat down on a bank to replenish my pipe; after which I unfastened my favourite's chain and collar, and allowed him to run loose. It was really delightful to witness his grateful acknowledgments for my kindness. First shaking himself, to make sure that his freedom was perfectly uncontrolled, he proceeded to the nearest grass, and rolled and rubbed himself on its damp and dewy surface. Overjoyed and refreshed, he then bounded away, curvetting and twisting, with his tail bent downwards, in a serpentine and dogging manner, describing various-sized circles, and other curious gambollings. He would occasionally return to be patted and caressed, as if to assure me of his attachment. Away he flew again; whilst I, relying on his sincerity, smoked on, reflecting upon the pleasures of such a companion, the honesty of canine nature, and its inscrutable instincts. In a few minutes I beheld him carrying towards me some fleshy substance or another. Horrible! it was a bullock's kidney! I had noticed it, previously, in the shop of the sharp-sighted Mr. Cutlet.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings of disgust at finding myself unavoidably mixed up in a felony. I trembled to take the fruits of it from his unresisting jaws, fully expecting every instant that the enraged butcher, or a *posse comitatus*, would be down on us, cleavers in hand, and settle at once all possibility of my dog's future petty larcenies. Finding they did not come, I folded the kidney up carefully, and we retraced our steps to the town. Entering the shop boldly, I placed it on the slab. 'I have lost my six-pence, Mr. Cutlet,' I humbly said, *sotto voce*; 'and you are

'right; the dog is a thief, and an educated one.' I felt so ashamed of him that I turned on my heel. The butcher followed me to the door, exclaiming, triumphantly, 'I told you so, Mr. Quiver. 'You had better get rid of him, or he'll get you into worse trouble.' A guilty pang shot through me, and I hurried out of Ely.

This adventure had, in more senses than one, successfully extinguished my pipe; so, as I had several customers to wait on along the road, I hastened away towards Mildenhall, out of conceit, and downhearted at what had occurred. Stopping to rest, I read Bogy a severe lecture. 'Miserable dog,' I concluded, 'is it possible that I have reclaimed thee from thy base companions, to 'become a thorn in my own side?' and, like Launce to his cur, I upbraided him with ingratitude, warned him of his wicked ways, and the punishment that sooner or later would surely overtake him. His intelligent countenance seemed to comprehend me: he looked repentant and downcast.

Later in the day, my business being finished, we fell in with a keeper of Sir John Lister Kay's; he was strolling leisurely home, with his gun on his shoulder. 'That is a rare good-looking dog 'of yours, Mr. Quiver,' he said, after closely scanning him. 'Is he 'good for anything?' 'I really don't know,' I answered; 'but I am 'told he is uncommonly clever.' 'What do you say if we try 'him?' retorted the keeper; 'I can soon find a hare or a rabbit, 'for him, close by.' 'With all my heart,' said I; and forthwith we turned into a coppice, passing through which we came to a field, and, in a few paces, up started puss well within shot, and he fired. Though hard hit, she struggled on to reach the opposite covert; failing, she dropped dead about twenty yards on the outside of it. 'Go fetch,' said the keeper; and away scampered Bogy, hunting admirably up to the hare. 'I think he'll do,' quoth I, quite pleased with this part of the performance. 'We shall see 'directly,' answered the man of powder and shot, closely watching the manœuvres of the dog, who, by this time having reached the hare, stood over her for an instant, turned round, and looked at us; then, snatching up puss, galloped off into the wood in an exactly opposite direction to ourselves. 'Why, what the dickens does that 'mean?' I eagerly asked. 'Only, that he is a rank thief, and has 'been taught some nice poaching tricks by the scamps you had him 'of. He knows well enough what I am, and won't bring her here. 'I fancied there was something wrong about him, or you wouldn't 'have had him. You had better get rid of him, Mr. Quiver; they 'never leave off these ways; and you don't know what trouble he 'may get you into.' 'But see how handsome he is,' I insinuated; 'and, then, he is just the sort of dog I had set my mind on.' 'Well, it's true he is good-looking enough,' mumbled the keeper; 'still, he is an arrant rogue, depend upon it; and if he crosses my 'path, I shall let him have the other barrel, and think I am doing 'you a service.' We had now re-entered the road. 'I should not 'be surprised if you don't see him again,' he said; 'he is likely

‘enough to find his way back to his old haunts and proper companions.’ ‘I begin to think so myself,’ I replied, almost wishing it too. And thus we parted.

I continued my journey, in a mood far from pleasant. I had made a most dangerous purchase, but, I argued to myself, he is a lost dog indeed that cannot be reformed; I will set to work, and teach him better morals. I had thus proceeded about half a mile, when I halted at a gate, and, seating myself on the top of it, began wondering whether he would return or not. My thoughts were wavering as to my really wishing him back, when, at a bound, he cleared the hedge in front of me, the hare in his mouth, and, cringing towards me, laid it at my feet. I could not welcome him, so, pointing to puss, I exclaimed, ‘that it was a shabby act;’ and then, walking away, made him leave it on the ground. ‘Bogy,’ said I, ‘we shall be asked how we came by it. What can we say? ‘It is a mean, contemptible theft, and unworthy of both of us. ‘The keeper would have presented us the hare had you have behaved as you ought to have done, and know how to do—honestly; ‘now he will shoot you. Mind what I say—*shoot you!*’ Two or three times during this lecture he showed great anxiety to return and fetch it, but I rated him well upon each occasion, and flattered myself that this was the best mode of punishment.

Reflecting, as I went, it occurred to me that I was not exactly the man suited to possess and manage such a dog. I was not experienced in canine training, neither did I understand their propensities, dispositions, and eccentricities.

Approaching the outskirts of the town, we came to where there was stationed a travelling penny show, exhibited in a large yellow van. The subjects of attraction were easily discernible at a considerable distance. The bang! bang! of the gong proclaimed its tremendous import, and its fascinations were shown in the motley crowd that surrounded it. High in the air, suspended on two poles, was a highly-coloured representation of an animated mass of fat, distinguishable only as a woman by her bare arms, bloated bosom, and a profusion of well-regulated ringlets. Opposite this affliction stood a man of heroic desperation—across his shoulders hung two large snakes, whilst at arms’ length he grasped two others, apparently twisting and turning them about, after the fashion of Jupiter and his thunderbolts. Amongst the open-mouthed, awe-stricken spectators, I found several old customers and acquaintances meditating on the small investment of one penny. Not to ‘walk up,’ and ‘walk in,’ and yield to the pressing appeal of ‘just going to ‘begin,’ and ‘nearly full, ladies and gents,’ was an impossibility, especially as *there was no one looking*. I therefore climbed the rickety steps, and squeezed into the suffocating chamber. During this proceeding I had quite forgotten Bogy, but I soon found him pressing against my legs. Of the lusty, lardy lady, the least said the better: she condescendingly invited us to ‘feel and pinch,’ and assure ourselves of the genuineness of her vast rotundity.

Presently a dirty, dark, dingy man stepped boldly into the middle of the caravan, and, opening a long box, drew forth from some blankets two parti-coloured boa-constrictors, which he indiscriminately whisked overhead, and under and about in all directions, in order to make a space sufficient for his coming display. In the act of doing this he must, I suspect, have hit Bogy on the head with one of them, for, snarling savagely, he flew, on the man's next turn round, and seized one of the snakes, biting it severely. What happened in consequence I cannot well describe, as I immediately received a blow on the back of my head, which sent me reeling into the 'cushion'—for lap there was none—of the plethoric Venus. I heard screams, a howl, saw a rush, and became insensible. During this the enraged monster snake, angered with pain, dashed and bounded about amongst the audience with lightning rapidity, now hissing and jumping over their heads, or now, with a rushing sound, gliding through their legs and arms. Many fainted; all rushed to the door, by which they effectually impeded their own egress. The enraged showman ultimately secured the slippery reptile. Once in the air, I soon recovered myself, when I found that Bogy, my *cauchemar*, had fled.

When sufficiently recovered, I got up, and, followed by the curses of the showman, proceeded into the town. The first object that met my view was my Bogy. He was evidently confused, and a confession of guilt clouded his looks, which 'his countenance had 'not craft enough to colour.' I encouraged him to come to me, and we walked together to my old rendezvous the 'Ship,' then kept by Mrs. Clarke, who had already heard 'of the boa-constrictor 'having swallowed a dog, and made an attack upon the Hottentot 'Venus.' During the evening we all laughed heartily at the many wonderfully narrow escapes, and on retiring for the night I again took Bogy up to bed with me, this time providing him with abundance of water, so that on turning in I felt pretty secure of my rest, and quickly fell into a sound sleep.

Alas! the fates were against me; I was again doomed to suffer. A grating sound, as of thieves breaking into the house, a knocking, wrenching sensation, gradually stole over my senses, even in my sleep. Suddenly starting up, I was astonished to find that such a noise really did exist, and that it issued from beneath my own bed. Procuring a light, I peered underneath it, deep into its recesses, and beheld, to my consternation, Bogy in the act of gnawing the remains of a leg of mutton, and that having arrived at the bone, he was grinding it with his teeth, and hammering the butt end against the floor. I essayed to take it from him, but a growl, and threatened intention to fly at me, sent me back to bed. Thus, for the second time, I passed a wretchedly-disturbed time of it, firmly resolving in my mind that it should be the last night I would be troubled with Bogy. At daybreak, hearing some one moving, and the dog being uneasy, I opened my door and let him out.

THE THIRD AND LAST NIGHT.—FREEDOM FROM BOGY.

After I had closed the door on my dog, I lay down relieved in mind at seeing the back of him, and at having decided on disposing of him during the day; consequently I soon fell asleep, my dreams being no longer haunted by the presence of 'my first dog.' How long this comparative state of bliss was allowed me I cannot say: the servants stated that on his descending to them they let him out into the yard, where, after galloping amongst the poultry, and being pelted by the ostler, he started away off the premises. However, I am sorry to say that he returned, unseen by any one, and that the next that was known of him was his arrival at my bed-room door, against which he threw himself with such a bump that I imagined some man was trying to force it. I let him in with far different feelings from those with which I had turned him out; but there was no help for it now, and I could not well deny him entrance.

To my dread and disgust he was loaded with a cargo of what I presumed was stolen goods, for he carried in his mouth a large brown-paper parcel, and let it fall, with a flop and an air of triumph, in the middle of the hearthrug. It struck me immediately as being one of the most suspicious-looking bundles I had ever set eyes upon. It was bound round with grey list, and was evidently hurriedly or ignorantly arranged, for at one end the paper was too short, and there hung out of it a dirty rag of printed calico; indeed, the whole thing was of so strange a form that I scarcely knew what to think of it. My curiosity was certainly excited to know its contents. I was wrong, perhaps, even to think of such a thing; but observing how loosely tied it was, and how thoroughly unbusiness-like was its *tout ensemble*, I became unable to resist my weakness, and decided upon enjoying a peep.

Lifting it, therefore, carefully with both hands, I placed it on a chair, in doing which I found it much heavier than I had expected, for I had rather fancied it contained boots and shoes. Undoing a knot of the list, I proceeded, with doubting heart and hand, to unwind it. During the operation, Bogy had seated himself close to the chair, looking me inquisitively in the face. I soon came to the first covering after the paper, upraising the end of which, I saw the foot of a dead child. I looked no further, but, with an exclamation of terror and surprise, rushed out, calling for help. 'Good gracious, 'Mr. Quiver,' screamed the head chambermaid, 'what *is* the 'matter?' 'Oh, don't go there,' said I, pointing to my room as I passed her. But of course she did, and, like Fatima, gazed on the horrors of the secret chamber. Another and another scream soon alarmed all the household, who, each in turn, on learning the cause of the commotion, peeping into the contents of the 'brown-paper 'parcel,' set up a yell of fright.

As soon as the excitement consequent on such a fearful importation into their peaceful dwelling had subsided, a calm consultation, as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, was solemnly

assembled, and the sensible conclusion come to of sending for a constable. When he came there was a general procession to my bedside, and a much more courageous scrutiny of the 'brown-paper parcel' on the chair.

Complete silence prevailed, and the authority, with that learned air which, though assumed, seems to fit naturally to all officials, however small, bent over the subject of our disturbance, and sagely said, 'This is the work of some woman.' A groan from some, and a sigh from others, gave approval of the wisdom and discernment of this bumpkin of justice. His advice was more to the purpose: 'It had best be taken to the workhouse. He had best see his inspector, and had best see the coroner.' All of which being done for the best, we were in a short time relieved of 'Bogy's brown-paper parcel on the chair.'

The whole of that day I saw nothing of my dog: he had made himself scarce, and the events of the morning fully occupied us. Towards evening he made his appearance, covered with mud and dirt; and as we none of us, more especially myself, the chief sufferer, wanted any further trouble with him, when night came he was chained up in the yard to an empty dog-kennel. His incessant and furious barking soon undeceived us as to the promised peace; but this time being determined to be master, and carry my point, he was removed to a long shed at the very further end of the premises, in which the only other tenants were an old donkey and her foal. For security, he was chained to a staple in the wall, and left to his iniquitous reflections. On visiting him early the next morning, a hideous, sanguinary scene presented itself to our view. The foal, curious, as most foals will be, had probably wandered from its mother's side, and approaching too near, and sniffing at the ungracious dog, he had flown at it, caught it by the throat, and killed it. The dam, coming to the rescue, must have effectually kicked him, and, with the revenge of an infuriated tigress, had literally torn him and stamped him to pieces. It was a shocking sight, and I hastened away, to resume my solitary walks, resolved that this should be 'my first and last dog;' for with my little pack in front, and 'Virtue' on my back, I needed no help, and had nothing to fear from Bogy.

A. H. BULLEY.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

NO. I.—'MY LORD'S' HERDSMAN.

IF among my clerical brethren there are some who both work at their parishes and read their 'Baily' as well, they will doubtless enter into my feelings when I say that, in working amongst the poor of our agricultural districts, there is, upon the whole, a somewhat depressing influence upon the mind. The dream of rural happiness that poets love to dally with, is too often a very dream; and, except in those thrice-blessed spots where masters are good and landlords careful for

the poor man's home, the days of the tiller of the soil have more of the labour and sorrow than of the ideal 'rustic bliss' in them.

This, at least, is true in my own parish, and I would it were not so. But, even as I write, there creep across my mind the crumbling outlines of miserable hovels—the squalid memories of overcrowded rooms—the dull thoughts of wind that blows bleakly in at ill-fitting doors and cheap windows, and before me rises a vision of the small landlord knocking from door to door, to gather in his rent, deaf to every cry of misery.

And so, if we parsons ever seem to be a trifle depressing ourselves, we must have a few allowances made for us, you know. And after all we have a good deal of fun about us sometimes; and if we have to see some sights that take the merriment out of us at times, we also come across some rare bits of humour, and get glimpses of character, which you, my lay friends, may well envy us for.

And so, if 'Baily' permit me, and you be agreeable, I shall give you a sketch or two of some of my parishioners—the pleasant ones, you know—omitting all the memories of the tumble-down hovels and eighteenpenny-landlords before hinted—because, you see, they are so very ugly in a picture.

Which shall it be first—Simon, the Earth-stopper, Blyster, the Vet., Andrew, the Herdsman, Rat-catching Peter, Will Broadbrim, that used to drive the 'Telegraph,' or Lean Larry, that used to run with the hounds?—all parishioners of mine, and all very regular at church, remember.

Well—I don't know that we can do better than go and call on Andrew Micklebane, 'my Lord's' herdsman; for if we find him out, there will be his tidy little Scotch wife by the fireside.

Andrew, like his wife, is Scotch—very Scotch—from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. When 'my Lord' took to short-horns, many years back, there arrived one day, at the dairy-farm, then vacant, a tall raw-boned figure clad in honest homespun and stout gaiters, and at his side a fresh-faced little body, whose comfortable plaid shawl and tartan dress told of the other side of the border. They were Andrew and his wife, whom 'my Lord' had imported from Ayrshire to manage the herd. And I don't anywhere know a more important couple.

Andrew has come to be a great man since then, and a long list of cattle-show victories has raised his name high in the honours of the 'Herd-Book.' But he is faithful still to the homespun and the gaiters, and all the temptations of a 'long-sleeved hat' cannot wean him from the old blue bonnet, nor his wife from the tidy plaid. Once, indeed, when Andrew—after some crowning Islington triumph—had determined that it now became him to do sacrifice to the god of fashion, he ventured to go to church one Sunday in a brand-new 'chimney-pot.' But the agony of mind which he endured was too great for him, and with a 'Hoot, wife, I wad as soon wear one of yer ain 'milk-cans upon my heed!' he banished the offending headpiece to the garret on his return from church.

So Andrew bears unblushing honours still the same ; and the walls of the little parlour at the dairy-farm are hung with the portraits of past favourites, that have gone from his hands to win honour for the herd. This is thrifty Andrew's sole extravagance. Whenever one of his *protégés* takes a medal or prize at a great show, Andrew indulges in what he calls 'twa puns' worth o' penting—but ye'll mind I mun ha' 'the framework in for that.' It matters not to Andrew that all are on one pattern, and that, if you painted them different colours, they would do equally well for any other animal. It matters not to him that the artist in all cases proceeds upon the same 'ground plan'—four straight lines for the body, with a preposterously-little head and four impossible legs, the whole filled in with appropriate colour, red, black, or dun. When taxed on this point, Andrew will only answer, 'Hoot awa, man! didna' I see the penter cheeld wi' his paint-pots 'and his brushes and a' in front o' the beestie wi' my ain eyes?' And no enthusiasm of triumph will carry Andrew over his 'twa puns.' On great and signal victories, he has been urged to celebrate them by five pounds' worth of art ; but he cannily replies, 'What 'mair wad I gain for the extra three pun'—except, maybe, that 'the penter cheeld would put a wee bit mair pent upon the linen, 'and a tree or so, maybe, upon the foregrun' ? but I'm rechte sure 'he'd never put the whole three puns' worth extra pent upon it. It 'wad be a clean loss, ye ken.'

And when Andrew returns to the dairy-farm after one of his triumphs, there is a great and imposing ceremony. For it is well known that for the ensuing week Andrew will hold an 'at home' daily, and every farmer in the neighbourhood drops in to pay his respects. The new picture is hung upon the wall. Andrew, in the big armchair, and clad in his Sunday suit, presides over a forest of 'whuskey' bottles and glasses ; at his elbow is a copy of the 'Field,' containing the report of the triumph ; and on the gudeman's manly breast is pinned daintily the ticket bearing the judge's award, and the rosette to match. And there time after time, as fortune favours him, may he be seen modestly triumphant under the honourable inscription 'First Prize—Silver Medal. Best in any Class,' and dispensing his hospitality to all congratulators.

But once there came 'a frost—a chilling frost.' Something had gone wrong that year, and Andrew came home with the barren honour, 'Highly Commended.' I visited him in his adversity—for the ceremony was not dispensed with. His face was three inches longer than usual, and his bearing that of a great man under reverses. The paper was conscientiously pinned upon his breast. He was liberally-minded towards the judges who had committed so palpable an error of judgment. He 'wadna' say but the best of judges mun be excused 'for a mistake betimes ; not but what so redeeklus a mistake as this 'was hardly to be credited. And, your Reverence, if ye wad mak' 'so good as to conquer yer preejudice against "whuskey," it wad 'be but a charity to drink to the better judgment of the misguided 'folk anither time.' But I am forced to set my face against Andrew's

charity when it assumes the form of 'whuskey,' especially in times of high triumph or great depression.

'All his talk is about oxen.' And so also are his thoughts. I believe that some of the respect which he feels for the Church is due to the fact that he considers it 'symbolical of the pastoral life.' On one occasion, after I had preached a sermon on Jacob, next day Andrew greeted me thus :

'I weel liked yer discourse, sir, for I ha' always entertained a great respect for the character o' Jacob. Forbye that he was a canny cheeld, and presenteth some o' the best characters o' my ain countrymen, I doobt not he had a gude acquaintance wi' the science o' breeding. But, sir, ye omitted to explain to yer flock his seestem wi' the herd o' Laban—whilk is a point o' doctrine o' deep importance, and whilk hath never been clearly expedited by ony minister to the comfort o' my saul.'

Once, soon after Mrs. Micklebane had presented her gudeman with another olive-branch, I happened to call at the dairy-farm. Now it so happened that the flower of the herd, 'Young Duchess,' had, about the same time, added to the vaccine population. And I, thinking only of Andrew's recent addition, proceeded to congratulate him on 'the late happy arrival.' He accepted my congratulations somewhat coldly, saying, with a certain discouragement of tone, 'I thank ye kindly for yer good wushes, sir; but, for my ain part, I canna find mony gude points about it. I fear it will never be fit to exheebet.'

'But, Andrew,' said I, 'you were never thinking of exhibiting the child?'

'Child! hoot! I wasna' thinkin' o' the bairn. I was thinkin' o' "Young Duchess's" calf. The bairn's a' weel enough for them that tak' interest in such things.'

But Andrew is not always so indifferent to the family 'points.' Once, when a new arrival happened simultaneously with a grand 'First Prize' herd triumph, he was so elate at the double achievement, that, when the child was brought to church to be christened, and the curate asked its name, Andrew replied, in a voice that rang through all the church and fairly thrilled the congregation, 'Young Diomed the Second!'—which was the name of his bovine hero—and no remonstrance could induce Andrew to alter the name. 'It was nae worse,' said he, 'than to ca' a chiel after a benighted heathen conqueror—and yer Reverence's own name, ye'll remember, is Alexander.'

But Andrew, as the preceding remarks will show, has a wife who must on no account be forgotten. I never walk up the trim gravel path which leads to the dairy-farm, without a feeling of genuine pleasure, and my visit to the decent, tidy little Scotchwoman is one of those bright spots that, as I said, a clergyman's life presents. A troop of shock-headed urchins who have been skirmishing in the open, rush into the front-door, heralding one's approach with loud cries, 'Mither! mither! it's the meenestur!' And very welcome

'the meenestur' always finds himself, and many a present of fresh-laid eggs has rewarded the pleasant half-hour's chat with that thrifty hen-wife.

We are great friends, I and Jennie Micklebane, and all her troubles are open to me as they occur. There is one point which the little woman, with all her twelve years' experience of English life, has never mastered, nor in my belief, ever will she. It is the mystery of fox-hunting. Now in what manner that science enters into the little woman's concerns must be explained. There isn't a better hen-wife within miles, and Reynard—who is a rare judge of character—has found that out, and right-well does he relish the flavour of the dairy-fed chickens. Long and piteous is the list of slain; and scrupulous is the master of the hounds in insisting that a correct return shall be sent him, that Reynard's excesses may be atoned for in full. The Squire never passes that way without alighting to taste a glass of Jennie's homebrewed, and hear the latest extracts from 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.'

Now the little woman has conceived that fox-hunting is an institution nobly patronised by the wealthy for the purpose of ridding the world of a pernicious and fowl-destroying enemy; and as such it commands her entire respect. But as a means to an end her better judgment cannot accept it. To me, whom she trusts, she often confides her astonishment that English folk should never have desired a shorter mode of getting rid of the vermin. 'I ken weel,' she says, 'it's unco gude of the gentlefolks to tak sic interest in puir folks' poultry; but, ah, sir! it goes to my heart to see the Squire gang to sic an expense and trouble wi' his horses, and his dags, and his braw claithes and a', when I could tell him a plan whereby twa bit laddies, wi' an auld gun and a night's watchin', would get rid o' mair foxes than he in a year. If I werena' afraid to offeend him, I'd e'en tell him so mysel'. Eh, sir, and they'll rin after him by the hour and the mile thegither, forty or fifty of them maybe, and then nae catch the wee bit subtle beastie after a', puir fallows! And I ken weel, sir, it's the mair gude o' them, for there's mony o' them that wad e'en rather be at hame. And the last time that the dags came rinnin' by the farm, when the Squire jumpit like a daft man over the paling,—I saw some o' the ithers look unco pale, and I felt sair at heart; for, maybe, says I, they're thinkin' o' their bairns at hame: and a' this for my sake, maybe. And when one o' them turned awa' fra the palings, I made bauld to say, "Eh, gude sir, ye look unco pale; wad ye na take a glass of the gude-man's whuskey to keep yer sperrets up?" But eh, sir, ye should ha' seen the look he gave me.'

But Jennie's trouble of troubles happened a month ago. By some long-headed Scotch process, which I never could make out, she had actually caught Reynard in her fowl-house in the very act, and shut the door on him. Then, broomstick in hand she entered the house to despatch him, thinking thereby to carry out the Squire's wishes, of exterminating the breed, and at the same time to rid her henroost of its oppressor.

' But eh, sir, when I saw the wee bit beastie glowrin' at me in the corner and watchin' me—"ye've a winsome face, puir thing," thinks I, "for a' yer evil ways;" and then, sir, I thought maybe the puir thing has bairns of its ain at hame, that'll be waitin' and wonderin' why the puir mither doesna' come hame; and as I couldna' find it in my heart to kill the beastie, so I wad fetch Andrew; and when I opened the door, the deceivin' loon darted through before I kened, and was clean gane. Eh, sir, what *would* the Squire say, and he so bluidthirsty against the thievin' creatures! And I daurna' tell him, and I daurna' tak' the siller from him when next he comes, for I ken that it'll be a' my ain fault now if the wee bit birdies lose their lives. What will I do? —what will I do?'

' I vainly tried to appease her anxiety and to put matters right; and I shall go and see her again shortly. But for the present, my readers will doubtless have seen enough of longheaded Andrew the herdsman, and his fox-preserving wife.

CLERICUS.

SALMON FARMING.

' HILLOA, De Courcy, is it really you? Why, man, where, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you been hiding yourself these last six years?' said one gentleman, in a hearty way, to another, as they met on the platform of the general railway station at Perth, a few weeks ago.

' Ah, my dear Major, do I see you again in the flesh, and in Scotland, too, at this season of the year? Why I thought you never came so far north till the 12th. Pray, what happy chance has brought you hither?' was the reply.

' Well, I have come down to enjoy a few days with my rod on the Tay, because, my dear fellow, I expect to be hunting the buffalo on the wild prairies of America before the 12th of August; but have you turned Scotchman? you only answer my question by asking another. Pray tell me what you are doing here, and where you have been since I met you on the heathery braes of Gilnochie in the August of sixty-six.'

' The fact is, Major, I have been salmon farming in the wilds of Ireland, and have just taken a run over to see what progress is being made at the breeding ponds of Stormontfield.'

' Salmon farming, De Courcy! "Salmon farming;" that is a new phrase to me. Why, what on earth do you mean?'

' Oh, just what I say, Major. I've been breeding and rearing salmon. Did you never hear a salmon river likened to a stock farm?'

' No, never before; it is an idea that, I assure you, has never once occurred to me,' replied the Major.

' Then you have never yet seen the salmon nursery at Stormontfield, a little way from here?'

'No, although I have frequently heard of Stormontfield, and read about it as well, I have never yet had a chance of visiting the place,' replied Major Wilton Bailie, late of the 207th Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry.

'Good, Major; that is good. I am now on my way to the ponds; a cab will take us there in an hour or less, we shall stay an hour at the place, and have a chat with Peter about the smolts; an hour will suffice to bring us back, and then——'

'Proceed,' said the Major, 'and then——'

'And then, it occurs to me we shall both be the better of a little bit of dinner at Pople's, and, over a tumbler of boiling hot whisky punch, I shall lecture you, my dear Major, upon the economy of a salmon farm, and tell you all about it—are you on?'

'Done! With you, De Courcy, I am on like a little bird; Scotland, I know to be a land of fish as well as of cakes,' replied the Major.

'That is settled, then; and I shall just get my flask filled at the counter here, as I like to give my friend, Peter, a pull at the bottle; he is such a civil fellow, and very temperate as well.'

'It is lucky we have met, De Courcy; because I have just found out that I shall have to stay in Perth over night, and, knowing no one in the "fair city," would have felt confoundedly dull all alone in mine own inn.'

De Courcy having filled his flask with the real Glenlivet, the two friends procured a cab, and at once set off to the breeding ponds at Colinhaugh, by way of Stormontfield bleach-field, and a very pretty drive it is, too, chiefly skirting the Home Park of Scone Palace, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield. Visitors to the salmon-breeding ponds on the river Tay are always sure of a hearty welcome from Peter of the Pools. He was glad to see De Courcy, who had been there often before, and was so well up in the *modus operandi* of artificial salmon breeding, that Peter thought him 'quite ane o' ourselves.'

'Well, Marshall, how do you do, and how are the fish?' said De Courcy, shaking hands.

'Oh, is this you, Maister de Courcy? I'm real glad o' your visit; we are a' weel, sir, baith me and the fish; in fact, sir, we never were better. I've just had a fine hatchin', sir, a fine hatchin'—never a better, sir, never a better.'

'I have brought my friend, Major Bailie, to see the ponds, Peter, and I want you to tell him all about them—he has at present no acquaintance with salmon breeding.'

'That's a pity, sir, that's a pity; it's a grand airt this "Pisci-culture," as the forinners call it; an' I can see that, on a' rivers, big or little, the time is comin' when breeding ponds will be a needcessity o' life to them.'

'How many fish, then, can you breed here in a season, Peter?' asked the Major.

'Oh, half a million o' eggs are put in the boxes every year now since we got that ither pond.'

'You have two ponds, I see, Peter; are two required?'

'Certainly, sir, if you are to hatch every year; for, if you had not two ponds, the year old and two-year-old fish wad eat up the little ones that are newly hatched.'

'Just so; and does each egg, as a rule, yield a fish?'

'That it does, sir, if it keeps healthy. Very few but yields its egg. Out of the half million we lay in the boxes there'll no be aboon a thoosan' or twa that will go wrong,' replied Peter.

'The system, you see, Bailie, is wonderfully perfect,' observed De Courcy, 'and Peter knows all about it; he has been here since the operations began in the time of Mr. Buist. Just give the Major a sketch of the whole process, will you, Peter?'

'Oh, naething can be easier—naething can be easier for me than to do that,' replied Peter.

'Thanks, Peter; I am all attention. Nothing interests me so much as fish; pray go on at once.'

'Weel, ye see, sir—that is, Major—me an' my freens begin early after the nets are taen aff the water, to look for fish that will answer the purpose—that is, ripe fish; but, generally speakin', sir, as Maister de Courcy kens, it's always about November till we get ony feck o' fish that will suit us. If we get ane or twa that seem about ready to spawn, we just collar them, and put them in the mill lade there, till they're quite ready to operate upon; there is a heck at intervals, to keep the fish from escapin'—'

'Ay, that is called your lying-in-hospital,' said De Courcy, interrupting.

'Just that, sir, just that. Weel, sir, when we've got a suitable half-dozen o' fish, we begin the business. We have a tub filled wi' Tay water, in which we put the salmon; an' we just take one at a time, and gently press our hand along its belly, when the eggs come tumblin' out just like a shower o' hailstones, sir—just for a' the world like a shower o' hailstones, sir.'

'Yes, your description is quite graphic, Peter; pray go on,' said Major Bailie.

'Just wet your whistle first, Marshall; you will find that good stuff, I think.'

'I've nae doubt o' that, Maister de Courcy, for you're a judge, you're a judge, sir. Weel, sir, having, as I may say, sheell'd three or four she-fish, I next take a milter, and do the same thing with him; and it's no difficult, I can tell you, to get plenty o' milters; because ye see, Major, there's mair o' the ae sex than the ither. On the spawning beds ye can see the milters fechtin' about wha is till be wha on the scene: I suid fancy that there is at least twa male salmon to serve each o' the females, if no mair. Anither great difficulty we have till contend with, sir, is to catch baith fish ripe at the same instant o' time; for ye see, sir—that is, Major—it wadna suit if we got ripe milters the one day, an' ripe females the next; we maun find them baith at the same time. There's one thing I may tell you, that if we can only get three or four fish with

‘eggs, we’re pretty safe to catch at least one milter, and even one will do, for ye see the milt o’ one male fish will do fine to spread over the eggs o’ half a dozen females. As soon as we have got the eggs into the tub, we proceed to treat the male fish in the same way as we did the female ones wi’ the eggs—a bit gentle pressure along its keel rins out the milt over the tub full o’ eggs. We then gie the eggs a turn round wi’ the hand, an’, after a moment or two, we pour the contents off, an’ put in fresh water, an’ of course let away the fish again into the Tay. They gang aff quite lively, as if they had been relieved o’ a great burden. We then laidle the eggs into the boxes, an’ gang over the process, day after day, till we get up our quantity.’

‘And how many fish will you have to operate upon till you get a sufficient quantity of eggs, Peter?’

‘Weel, ye see, sir, as Maister de Courcy could tell ye, that depends on the size o’ the fish: as a rule, a salmon has a thousand eggs for each pound she weighs, an’ the fish nooadays are gettin’ biggish: I mind when they were rather the ither way.’

‘What have your salmon been averaging this year, Peter?’ asked De Courcy.

‘As to that, sir, I wad say weel on for twenty pun’. We’ve been catchin’ some big fish roond aboot here. Ye see we’ve three shots in sicht here, an’ on a Sunday—for that is aboot the only day the fish can get this length—I’ve seen as many as thirty salmon taen in the nets, an’ some rare big ones among them—rare big ones among them.’

‘How long is it before the eggs come to life?’

‘Weel, sir, it takes pretty nigh about five months to see them into life. Ye maun gie them at least a hundred an’ twenty days an’ nights before ye can expect to see them jumpin’ amang the stanes.’

‘I suppose, Peter, you have not yet solved the par and smolt mystery?’

‘Na, na, Maister de Courcy, that is no sae easy till do as some folk think. Ye see, sir, we have twa ponds now, so that we have room to see what goes on, but there’s no change, sir. We have in that pond there, smolts that are just close on twa year old, but in three weeks or a month they will all be aff to the deep sea, and in a month or twa after that we’ll have the grilse comin’ up the water. We hae a’ sorts an’ sizes o’ fish in the river at the same instant o’ time, new-born par, twa-year-old par, smolts, big fish, an’ little fish.’

‘I hope, Major, you have been interested with Peter’s description.’

‘Indeed I have, De Courcy; and now I should like to know where I can get the best fishing.’

‘Weel, sir, there’s plenty o’ it aboot here. If ye can get leave frae the Earl or his man o’ business, I could tak ye till twa or three places where there’s wealth o’ fish; and big fish they are this year,

'I can tell you. There's the "bunkers," and "woody island," and a lot o' ither places, near at hand.'

'I'm not ambitious, Peter: an occasional ten-pounder or so would suit me very well.'

'Oh, 'deed, sir, a fish o' saxteen pounds is no thocht much o' now the weight's risin', ye see, sir—the weight's risin', sir.'

'Well, many thanks, Peter; if I have time I will come out again, and consult you about whert to go.'

'Happy to see you, sir, at any time, an' to tell you all I know about the places here.'

'Good-bye, Marshall; I wish you would come and see my place in Ireland—it is even more beautiful than this; and last year I had seventeen hundred pounds' worth of fish out of it; and this season, I think, there will be more even than that.'

'Eh, sir, but it takes a lot o' salmon to come till a sum like that; it takes a big lot o' fish till make up the rent o' Tay.'

'Do you know what the total rental of the river is at present, Peter?'

'Yes, sir; I have heard the rents come to seventeen thousand a year; it's a lump o' money, Maister De Courcy, an' they that hae till pay it wad need till catch a great lot o' salmon, I can tell you.'

'And they are taking a large number of fish this year, Peter; I hear the fisheries were never better.'

'In that case, sir, the rents will soon begin to rise. What I say is, that neither the lairds nor the tacksmen should be too greedy. We a' ken what that results in, sirs.'

'Amen, Peter; amen to that.'

'And guid day an' thank ye for yer veesit, gentlemen. Thank ye for yer veesit,' said Peter, showing them politely to their cab.

The drive back to Perth was pleasant, and the dinner was equally so. Good Scotch fare—a tureen full of splendid hare-soup, a six-pound crimped salmon boiled whole, swimming in its own gravy, a delightful gigot of black-faced mutton, done to a turn, an apple-dumpling, a little morsel of Stilton cheese with oat-cake, a stick or two of celery, and—that was all; and an excellent all it was, especially when supplemented with three or four tumblers of reeking hot whisky punch, the whisky being the product of a very 'silent' distillery.

'Rather an intelligent fellow that Peter Marshall,' said the Major, after dinner, when resuming consideration of the subject of the day; 'has all the business of salmon breeding in his head, I can see.'

'Yes, he has; but the best thing to do in order to learn the art is to see him at it. In my little place at Garrygrogan I spawn a few fish every year, making a point of hatching out a few thousand eggs, and as soon as the little fish are a few months old I have them placed in the river; and, having done that for the last five years, I am now reaping the benefit of it.'

'But, De Courcy, is it right to interfere with the processes of Nature in that way? Why not allow the fish to breed naturally, my boy?'

‘ Ah, that is good enough in its way ; and if men were never to interfere, but let Nature have her own way, then your idea might be adopted ; but if man exhausts a stream by over-fishing—Major, I say it is man’s duty to re-stock it.’

‘ Well, there’s something in that ; but is it really possible for men to harry a stream so that it may become entirely unproductive ?’

‘ Not a doubt of it ; nothing is easier. Why, man, at one time under what was called Home Drummond’s Act, the Tay itself was nearly fished dry of salmon ; had it not been for the prevalence of wise counsels, which resulted in the passing of a new Act of Parliament, the Tay itself—and in my humble opinion the Tay is the best salmon stream in the world—would have become completely exhausted.’

‘ Is the Tay better even than your own river, eh, De Courcy ?’

‘ Oh, that it is, and a hundred times better than my bit of water,’ replied De Courcy.

‘ But what hurt the Tay at the time you allude to that does not hurt it to day equally the same ?’

‘ What hurt the Tay under the regime of what was called the Home Drummond Act, Major, was the abridging of the close time. The river being kept too long under the nets, enough of fish did not get up to the head streams to their breeding ground, that is, to keep up the stock ; of course, there was a large extra number captured by the lessees of the fisheries or the “ tacksmen,” as they call them here, but that did not last ; in three or four years the fisheries collapsed, and then, as I may say, there was the devil to pay.’

‘ Just as usual—and nothing to pay him with,’ observed the Major, replenishing his tumbler.

‘ That is excellent punch ; is it not ?’

‘ Yes ; but in Scotland it is called toddy. Pray go on with your illustrations of salmon philosophy. It must be rather a good thing to be the proprietor of a salmon fishery, I should think.’

‘ Yes ; if your fishing stations are in the right spot.’

‘ What do you mean, De Courcy ?’

‘ Well, you may be in the happy position of a hen that is always kept sitting on the eggs of other hens. Your water may be simply a breeding ground, a “ procreant cradle,” as Shakespeare would call it, to breed fish for other men to profit by.’

‘ Oh, by George, but that alters the case ! I couldn’t stand that sort of thing.’

‘ You may not even see a fish in your water till after the close time has set in, and then you dare not kill him ; at the most you may have three weeks’ angling, and get about a fish a day.’

‘ Whilst the men one breeds for may——’

‘ May be taking their thousand a year out of the fisheries farther down the river—that is, nearer the sea.’

‘ Why, De Courcy, you talk like a book on the subject. Your

‘way of putting the case is quite new to me. What sort of a fishery have you got of your own?’

‘Oh, the story of my fishery at Garrygrogan is a very simple one, and if you will lend me your ears for another half hour I shall tell you all about it.’

‘Do so, by all means; but, before you do so, just replenish your tumbler. I see you are out; hand me the oat-cake; it is excellent.’

‘Yes; a bit of oat-cake covered with good salt butter is really good eating; and that, along with a few crumbs of cheese and a morsel of onion, makes an excellent luncheon for a fisher.’

‘Not forgetting, of course, a drop of the crater, De Courcy.’

‘Oh, a full flask, by all means—it comes in handy if you meet the minister of the parish; the offer of a pull at your flask is a good way of leading up to a conversation; and on a strange water any keeper or poacher will point out the best pools and runs, if you just “change his breath” with a fill up of your quaich, or, as we call it in Ireland, your noggin. But let me see; are we not wandering from the subject?’

‘You were going to give me some particulars of your salmon farm at Garrygrogan,’ was the Major’s reply.

‘Just so. Well, six years ago I leased a long stretch of a river that was as nearly as possible barren, having been depopulated by over-fishing and the devastations committed by poachers.’

‘Well, but you would get it all the cheaper on that account.’

‘Oh, I do not pay a rent; I give the landlord a share of the profits, or, as you say on the Turf, he “stands in” with me.’

‘That is good, a first-rate plan; but proceed, De Courcy, I am all attention.’

‘More than that, and better still than making the landlord a partner. I began by buying up the poachers; there were three of them in particular that were very severe on the water, and contrived, even after being victimised by the agents who sold their fish to get about a pound a-week out of their spoil. Well, when I had settled all the preliminaries with the proprietor, I sent for the chief sinner, knowing that he could easily “square” all the others. “Larry,” I said to him, “I have taken the Garrygrogan salmon waters for ten years.” “Have you really, sur; then it’s Larry that’s sorry for you, Misther De Courcy; there is never a fin in the whole of the sthrame to say welcome to yer honour. Oh, it’s a bad job, sur, intirely.” “Well, we shall see that, Larry; in the meantime I want your help, and also the help of your two brothers, to keep away the poachers.” “Ah, Misther De Courcy,” said the rogue, “it’s myself that knows them poachers well.” “Look here, Larry,” I replied; “you shall have a guinea a-week as my bailiff, as many fish as you and your spalpeens can eat, and a free cottage into the bargain.” “What, yer honour,” said Larry; “surely now it’s all a joke: oh, bedad, but yer a foolin’ ov me, sur.” “No, Larry,” I said, “I am in earnest; and I’ll

“take your brothers and your uncle as well.” “It’s just a bargain, that is, sur; an’ be my faith, Mither de Coorcy, ye’ll have the best of it; sorra a man on all the water will ever see a fish now, or my name isn’t Larry McGintock.”

“Why, De Courcy, you are a perfect diplomatist.”

“At any rate I’ve never had cause to regret my bargain with Larry and his friends. I don’t believe there are a hundred fish stolen in the course of the year, and I always wink very hard if a fish be only occasionally taken for family use; it is poaching for sale that I hate. In addition to the three Larrys, I made them engage other seventeen men, at the wage of a shilling a-day, to watch the water: it was found money to them, most of them being in some way of doing; and, as Larry bestowed his patronage on his old “pals,” I not only got good watchers, but at the same time got riddance of the poachers.”

“I congratulate you; you made quite a grand *coup* to begin with—another illustration of the good old proverb of “Set a thief to catch a thief,” eh, De Courcy?”

“Yes; but the water barely paid expenses the first year; however, in the spring of the second year I opened up a splendid bit of new breeding ground, by erecting a real good practical salmon ladder, so as to let the fish over a sixteen-feet water-fall; and, this being accomplished, I had the satisfaction in a couple of years of seeing myriads of par and smolts in water which was formerly quite inaccessible to the fish; and in the running season—mine is an early river—it would do your heart good to see my fish-pass, it literally teems with salmon, and it costs me no trouble to secure them. Larry and his staff take all we require three times a week for the market by simply blocking up the pass. We shut the upper gate, and when the pass is full we then select our fish for the market. The old man’s son rides over three times a week to the town, and gets a telegram from my agent at Liverpool telling us what to send, and he orders according to the state of the market.”

“In fact you fish by telegraph.”

“Just so, and a capital plan too; my man in Liverpool knows exactly what his Scottish constituents are sending him, he can estimate his sales, and he knows by my system of fishing that he can get any quantity of fish at about sixteen hours’ notice; so both parties, you see, are suited, and I always get a fair price for my consignments.”

“Is the price, then, at the mercy of your agent? Does he just return you what figure he pleases?”

“Oh no; I get the market quotation, whatever it is: the salesmen are exceedingly straightforward; every week I get a note of sales and a cheque for the amount.”

“The reward of virtue: and do you “pisciculture” your fish, after the manner of Peter Marshall?”

“No, not exactly; we did at one time though, but now we gather a good many of the naturally-spawned eggs, and hatch them

'out in a series of runlets which I have constructed in an old barn ; and, just by way of experimenting, we occasionally capture a few ripe fish and let them spawn naturally in a dam we have constructed for the purpose : it is a place we cover in during the winter-time, so that our eggs hatch out much earlier than they do at Stormontfield ; they generally burst within the hundred days, or thereabouts.'

'Now, De Courcy, I don't wish to be impertinent, but does it pay, this speculation of yours ?'

'Oh yes, it does now very well indeed ; but it was up-hill work at first, and my landlord is well pleased with his share of the spoil.'

'Give me a notion, will you, of the finance of the subject ? I really feel interested in it.'

'Well, in the first place, you have nothing to pay for the stocking of your farm, Nature does that for you ; in the next place your stock find their own food, no matter whether it be summer or winter. I have a bailiff, Larry, that I told you of, and two fishermen, that cost me one hundred and fifty pounds a year, but then they do other work besides, as but a small portion of their time is taken up with the fishery since we erected the suite of stairs. The bailiff is also gamekeeper, his brother looks after the garden, and the other man officiates as coachman ; so that I do not charge more of their wages to the fishing account than one pound a week : then I pay other seventeen men at the rate of one shilling a day all the year round, and they are well worth the money, for there is not a better-watched stretch of water in all the province than Garrygrogan ; in fact, the watching is about the only expense I have. The coachman drives over to the railway three mornings a week, with the fish, in a light cart, and is always back in plenty of time to take the ladies out for a drive or attend them in a ride.'

'Well, go on.'

'Certainly ; but you see, my dear fellow, I am doing all the speaking, and, under such circumstances, one requires to moisten his larynx.'

'Pardon me, and wait a moment till I ring for more boiling water,' said the Major.

'Oh, you do not require. Just lift the kettle on to the fire ; it will boil in a minute or two, and till it does so I shall just take a stretch.'

'Now then, tell me this—and I think I will be pretty well up in the theory, at least, of salmon farming. I may never be able to realise it in practice ; but tell me this—supposing you get a return of two thousand pounds a year, I only say supposing, and have no wish to pry into your business secrets ; well, then, supposing the gross return of your agent to be the sum I have mentioned, how many fish, and of about what weight, will you have sent him, to produce that sum ?'

'I can answer that at once. The fish of my river being, as I

‘ may say, pretty nearly all new fish, are, on the average, rather small—and, mind you, I do not think my river will ever grow very big salmon, because, comparatively, it is a small stream, and as a general rule very big fish are only found in large rivers. Just before I left we took one that weighed twenty-seven pounds, and have had often a lot that pulled the scales individually at twenty and twenty-two pounds; but my fish, as a general rule, do not run higher than sixteen and seventeen pounds, and the great majority of them average from seven to thirteen; I think, therefore, a fair medium would be to strike the average at ten pounds.’

‘ Yes; and the price of each, I suppose, will be about fifteen shillings.’

‘ Oh dear no, not quite so much as that.’

‘ Well, my dear fellow, we were paying about four and sixpence a pound weight in London the other day; and a little earlier in the season I paid a golden sovereign in the Haymarket for a cut of a fish that weighed three pounds one ounce. I counted that it cost one shilling per mouthful! Why, sir, the price of fish in London is scandalous; I paid last season a guinea for a small turbot, and at Christmas time a cod and the necessary oysters for a boat of sauce cost me five shillings more than that.’

‘ We don’t get anything like these prices. Last year my salmon realised about a shilling and a penny per pound all the year round; the year before it was a little less, and this year I fancy the price will be still better; it began well, but, as you know, salmon brings a fancy price in February, my returns, say half-a-crown a pound; but if I quote a shilling as the price over the season it will be quite near enough, and taking my fish all over head as ten pounders, that, of course, is ten shillings for each salmon; and at that rate I require to send away four thousand fish to bring me the sum you name.’

‘ That is a large number.’

‘ Yes it is, but I take a good few more than that; I send my landlord about three every week, and I give two a week to my servants. As for my bailiff and his two understrappers, I never ask what number they devour; but as they seem to live on the fish, they must get through a good few; nor would I be surprised to hear that each of my watchers got through a fish per week; so long as they only capture for home use, and do not send any to market, I don’t care how many they take.’

‘ The watchers are your chief expense then.’

‘ Yes; the watchers cost me a sum of about 400*l.* a year; but that is well-spent money, for the water is fairly alive with fish; indeed, I begin to think we shall be overstocked in a year or two.’

‘ Overstocked! how so? I should fancy you never could have enough.’

‘ Well, my dear Major, it is a canon of salmon farming, as of other farming, that a given acreage of water will only feed and breed a given number of fish, and if by careful watching and

‘over-destruction of enemies your river becomes overstocked, your fish at once begin to deteriorate in quality, they become long, lean, lank and flavourless, and won’t take in the market beside fish that are fatter and more comely in appearance.’

‘Just so; that seems according to reason and logic.’

‘Exactly in the same way that so many acres of grass will only feed so many score of sheep. For my part, I would rather send to market two thousand fish of twenty pounds’ weight than four thousand at half the figure; it’s just about the same trouble to catch a twenty-pound fish as it is to take a ten-pounder, and it is better to have strong fish to spawn than weak ones.’

‘If you send away four thousand salmon to market, how many would be left in the river?’

‘That I cannot say with certainty; there are two fisheries below mine, each of which will take, perhaps, double the quantity of fish that I get; but if the three of us take out of the water every year, say twenty thousand salmon, there ought to be double that number of breeders left, for the destruction of ova and of young fish is enormous. I have shot often enough a water-hen that had perhaps devoured five hundred eggs in a day; so you see a few hundreds of these hens soon thin the beds of the pea.’

‘Then you have the pike, have not you?’

‘“I believe you, my boy,” as Paul Bedford used to say. ‘What would a salmon stream be worth without its pike?—it is the pike that thin out the young fish; a good-sized pike will eat a thousand par in a fortnight easily, so that if you have a thousand of these fresh-water pirates in your stream, you may rest assured they draw largely from day to day on your par account.’

‘Not a doubt of it.’

‘I got my men to exert themselves in killing off the pike, and I think, from the rate at which my salmon stock is increasing, that they have only done the work too well.’

‘Well, you can square that by giving the pike a jubilee year.’

‘That is just what I intend. I shall this year and next let Nature have full sway; but, you see, I have had to pick my steps. I have in a sense re-peopled the water of Garrygrogan, and I am watching the experiment, I can tell you, very anxiously.’

‘Yes, I noticed that you said your fish were all new.’

‘That is so. I have grown the stock, as I may say; and thus we are catching and killing our five-year-olds. I don’t take any fish, now that we can so easily make a selection, which are under ten pounds; and next year, if all goes well, I will not take any under fourteen pounds’ weight. On two days of the week we do not take a single fin, and on the Sunday we religiously give the Act of Parliament every justice. As the Garrygrogan water belongs all to one proprietor, I am in the expectation of some day obtaining the two other fisheries.’

‘You will then be monarch of all you survey, and be able to arrange as you please.’

‘Yes, and therein lies the whole philosophy of salmon farming. When a man has a river all to himself he can regulate it as he pleases. The only man that I know who is in this happy position is the Duke of Richmond; he is almost sole proprietor of the river Spey; there is only, if I mistake not, one other, and (*she* is a lady) the Duke has had the good sense to become her tenant, so that he can do entirely as he pleases, fish when he likes, and have as many close days as he thinks proper. That is the true way to work a salmon stream, so as to obtain the largest possible return at the least possible expense.’

‘But could not that principle be carried out on such a river as the Tay? What is to hinder the proprietors to form it into a joint-stock company, and divide the shares on the basis of, say, the last twelve years’ return?’

‘That ought to be done, Major, if the men of the Tay were wise enough to enter into the compact. At present it is a game of “beggar my neighbour;” each tacksman endeavours to capture all the fish he can. A man who has fishings below Newburgh, it is obvious, has a better chance of obtaining a good take than a tacksman who has his *shot* higher up.’

‘What percentage do you think, De Courcy, will ascend the river?’

‘Well, at Stormontfield it is only on the Mondays that the lessees of the three fisheries there obtain a few fish; the Sunday slap has allowed them to get up that length; but the higher up the river you go the scarcer become the fish, so long as the nets are on the lower reaches of water. All the more productive commercial fisheries are below the city of Perth.’

‘What an enormous number of fish the tacksmen, as you call them, will require to take in order to pay a rental of 17,000*l.* a year.’

‘Yes, and get a living and pay working expenses, in addition to the rental.’

‘I should say it will require about thirty-five thousand pounds’ worth of fish to be taken from the water every year; at your rate, De Courcy, that would be seventy thousand fish.’

‘No doubt of it, Major; but then the Tay can stand a drain like that; it is a grand stream. But, my dear fellow, we must drop our conversation, I’ve to be off with a very early train; so I must wish you good-night.’

‘Good-night, De Courcy, and thanks; I’ve been quite interested with your description. You must write an article on the philosophy of salmon farming, and send it to my friend “Baily.”’

‘Happy thought! I shall embalm our dialogue in print so soon as I get back to Garrygrogan and have leisure to do so. Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you of buffalo-hunting and the Red Indians. Pray take care of your scalp.’

‘When I return, De Courcy, I shall look you up in your castle

‘of Garrygrogan, and tell you how I hunted the buffalo. Good-night, my boy.’

‘Adieu, Major, and good-night. When you return, count on a fortnight at the Garrygrogan salmon farm. Think about it, Major —it will be a pleasure to both of us. Again, good-night, and *bon voyage*.’

THE LEGEND OF BEDDGELERT.

HISTORIC DOUBTS DISCUSSED AND SETTLED.

BEDDGELERT, or Bethgelert, as the Saxon has it, is, as every visitor to Snowdon knows, a pretty village at the foot of the mountain, and takes its name from being the traditional grave of Gelert, a favourite hound of King Llewelyn, unjustly put to death by his royal master on a hasty suspicion that he had killed the monarch's infant son, whereas, in truth and fact—

‘The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.’

There were no smart sentries without, or portly beefeaters within, to guard the abode of royalty; but as his Majesty's kennel was all over the house, a chance intruder would be challenged in a way he would find it difficult to answer. The boy Jones—and there were many Joneses in Carnarvonshire—would not have shown himself more than once.

It is distressing to find that even the Welsh guide-books throw a doubt on the truth of the story, as if it were not the bounden duty of pleasure-providers to support, and seekers to believe, with implicit faith every local tradition of a romantic character. There are the stones where the faithful hound is buried; there is the village whose very name has told the tale for centuries; and there is the tradition itself. What more can people want? And yet these terrible Colensos tell us that the stones may cover the remains of a holy man who probably made himself uncomfortable, by means of a horse-hair shirt, abstained from outward applications of water, and lived on leeks; adding, with their flippant omniscience, that the story of the dog comes from the East, as if we had nothing original in the British Isles. Bad luck to these reasoners!—they have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge till they have soured their digestion and can swallow nothing.

It is a comfort to think that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not likely to make a grant of public money to open the grave, and allow Professor Owen to examine the bones (if any) that lie there. Relying on this assurance, let us continue in our blissful belief, and inquire what sort of dog Gelert was.

A little book, price sixpence, published by H. Humphreys, of

Carnarvon, commences thus: 'King John had given Llewelyn the 'Great not only his daughter Joanna in marriage, but, as a prize little 'inferior, a fine *greyhound* of superior breed and great beauty, who 'was wont to take the lead in all his expeditions, and to bring 'down the game in gallant style.' Thus is he painted in words on the signboard of the public-house which marks the spot where once the great Llewelyn held his court; he is, or was, depicted as a greyhound about to die by the sword of a gentleman in a dress of Henry IV.'s time. But what of that? the artist was not up in the annals of costume. If Julius Cæsar, landing in Britain, were represented in a spiked helmet, with an advanced guard of Uhlans, it would only be an anachronism, and in no way justify our doubting his descent upon the island.

These examples are cited to show that the popular idea of the faithful hound is, that he was a greyhound. Now, as it is necessary that all the readers of 'Baily' should be correctly posted on all matters relating to dogs, ancient and modern, let it be henceforth understood that *he was not*. His name tells us otherwise, and gives a clue to what he was. Mr. Scrope, in his well-known work on deer-stalking, tells us that 'the mastiff and the greyhound both appear 'from the old Welsh laws to have been used from a very early 'period by that people, and were termed by them, the former *Gellgi*, 'and the latter *Milgi*, which latter is evidently the same word with 'the appellation of "Miol chu," given by the Highlanders and Irish 'to the deerhound.' It appears from the same author that England was more famous for her mastiffs, while the deerhound prevailed in the other countries.

We must bear in mind that the mastiff was used in England for hunting the boar and other large game which then abounded. Now, as we learn from the legend and the well-known ballad that the 'peerless hound' was 'the gift of Royal John,' it follows that the English monarch would present his son-in-law with one of the breed which England alone possessed in purity and excellence, and not one of which he had already plenty; *ergo*, he gave him a mastiff, which, when he reached Carnarvonshire, would become one of the *Gellgi*; and hence the name *Gelert*, whose resemblance to the generic term at once strikes us as identical. May it not be that *Beddgelert* signifies 'the mastiff's grave?' Will some of your contributors kindly favour us with an article upon the breed of *Argos*, the dog of Ulysses, who is the subject of a picture in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy?

T. H. G.

A NIGHT'S SHOOTING AT MAHUMBA BAY,
WEST AFRICA.

SOME years ago, when I was first lieutenant of a cruiser on the West Coast of Africa, I was sent for one morning by the captain, who said—

‘Oh, Mr. B——, the surgeon is very anxious to get some fresh meat for the sick; do you think, if I anchor in Mahumba Bay, you could manage to shoot a deer or two? If you can, I have no doubt it will benefit all hands a good deal.’

‘Most certainly, sir,’ I replied; ‘if you will let a boat’s crew of Kroomen land with me, to select a spot and prepare an ambush, should we be fortunate enough to find a drinking-place.’

The ship was at once headed in for the land, and soon after noon the anchor was let go in the bay; one of the cutters was manned, and accompanied by the surgeon, who was an ardent sportsman, I shortly after left for the shore. Fortunately we found little or no surf on the beach, and we had no difficulty in landing nearly opposite a small native village, the inhabitants of which crowded down to receive us, evidently surprised at our visit; but as one of them had resided at Fernando Po, and spoke very good English, I soon made them understand what I wanted, and he, much to our delight, informed us that there was a pool of fresh water, much frequented by all kinds of game, about two miles inland, to which for a suitable ‘dash’ (present), he himself would guide us; that the chief would sell us as many fowls as we liked, but that they had no cows.

Having purchased a number of these, as we did not intend to return to the ship until the next morning, I sent the cutter off, keeping our head Krooboy to help us, and after drinking a few calabashes of ‘tumbo,’ or palm wine, we started to reconnoitre the pool. Leaving the village, after picking our way through a patch of thick prickly shrubs, planted by the natives to prevent a surprise by any hostile tribe, we struck a well-beaten path, leading directly into the jungle, which was intensely thick and dense. Following this path, half an hour’s brisk walking brought us to the edge of a large plain, covered with thick bushes, interspersed with clumps of banana-trees, and patches of ground-nut, and yam roots. In the centre of this we found a pool of brackish fresh water, covering a space of about four or five acres, and showing by the countless tracks and footmarks on all sides of it, that it was much frequented by game of all sorts.

Having selected a spot where the marks appeared the freshest, we set a couple of natives to work to dig us a pit, about four feet deep, at the foot of a solitary cotton-tree, that towered like a king over the thick brambles and bushes by which the pool was nearly surrounded, and leaving them to get it ready for our occupation during the coming night, we proceeded to beat the yam patches for small game, and got some very fair sport with the guinea-fowl, which were abundant. These birds give good sport, but from their disinclination to rise,

and the rapidity with which they can use their legs, it is decidedly hard work to make a good bag of them, and they bother one's dogs immensely; however, we contrived to get six brace and a half of them, and a couple of porcupines, which, by-the-way, are delicious eating.

Returning to the village, we found 'chow-chow' prepared for us in the 'Ju-ju' house, or temple, and after doing justice to a mess of fowl smothered in palava sauce, and washed down with 'tumbo,' we adjourned to the king's house, and were entertained with an *al fresco* concert and an exhibition of favourite dances by the young girls of the village.

The songs and dances of these people are, as may be supposed, of such a character as would considerably surprise a London audience; nor are they peculiar either for the modesty of their action or sentiment. The accompanying instruments are rude drums, hollowed out from a block of wood, or made of calabashes, flutes made of reeds, and a kind of harmonicon made of pieces of hard wood, and struck with small wooden mallets; these are struck and blown with stunning violence, whilst the attendant multitude join their voices to the wild and savage din, while the dancing-girls work themselves into a perfect frenzy, jumping, twisting, and posturising with a comical flexibility, which is to them the 'poetry of motion,' and it is astonishing the length of time these damsels can 'keep the floor;' but then they have not an iota of clothing on to incommode them.

Shortly before nightfall we left the 'gay and festive' scene, and having plentifully besmeared our necks, faces, and hands with a mixture of palm-oil and earth, wended our way to the pool, and getting into the pit, waited for what the gods would send us.

For the first two hours, nothing save birds and insects came near, but as the night advanced and the moon rose, the cries of various wild animals began to mingle with the ceaseless melody of the cicadæ and other disturbers of the night, and the expectation of sport made us unmindful of the incessant attacks of the thousands of midges and mosquitoes by whom we were invaded. Presently, with light and dainty footsteps, an antelope scarcely larger than a goat tripped out of the bush, and, unthoughtful of danger, quenched its thirst within three yards of us. But his time had not come; we wanted larger game; so he drank in safety, and presently, disturbed perhaps by something we did not hear, flashed off like a streak of light. Next, with a prodigious clatter, a couple of porcupines came: they, too, drank and departed. Then presently, with a vast amount of jabbering and snarling, a troop of dog-faced baboons made their appearance; but, evidently expecting or smelling danger, they tarried but a few moments. Another half-hour passed without any deer putting in an appearance, and I began to fear that none would come. The moon had gone down, but it was a lovely and enjoyable night; the cool land-breeze, heavily freighted with the most delicious perfumes; the cloudless sky studded with myriads of twinkling stars, and the thousands of fire-flies glancing and flashing in all directions, made

one forget that we were in the very abode of malaria and fever ; and I had almost dropped into a dose, when a rustling in the bush suddenly put me on the *qui vive*. An instant of almost breathless suspense ; and then three spotted deer slowly and cautiously marched down to the water. Whispering to the doctor to take the one on the left ; two pressures of our fingers, and the beauties rolled over in their last agony. To jump out of our pit, and draw a knife across their throats was but the work of a couple of minutes ; and to jump back again was the work of less, as a terrific crashing through the bush informed us that some other visitor was at hand. Before we had time to pick up our reserve rifles, a huge rhinoceros charged right over us, clearing pit and us in his stride. Picking myself up as quickly as I could, I sent a ball in the direction he went, but doubtless missed him. 'Good Lord !' said the doctor, 'what the 'devil was the matter with the beast ?' and we burst into a hearty fit of laughter, although, had we not have been cachi'd in our pit, the chances are it would have been no laughing matter for us. What the beggar charged us for, I cannot understand ; but I suspect he was as frightened as we (I can answer for myself) most certainly were.

Nothing more came near the pool during the night ; and at day-break, leaving the Krooboy to watch our game until we could send hands from the village to carry it in, we returned to the king's house ; but on looking over the bay, found the ship gone ! This was explained by our being informed that she had gone in chase of a strange sail, at sunset the evening before. Under these circumstances, all we could do was to make ourselves comfortable until her return with, as we devoutly hoped, a full prize—which hope was not realised.

Having enjoyed a tub and breakfast, we paid visits to the principal personages of the village, and were entertained with a superabundance of 'tumbo,' and then took our guns and beat the yam patches for guinea-fowl, of which we made a good bag. Early in the afternoon the ship hove in sight ; and as soon as she came-to, the cutter was sent for us, and, after making one or two little 'dashes' to the king and his principal chiefs, we embarked with our venison, and got on board.

We found that the vessel they had chased had turned out to be a peaceful trader ; but from her captain information was received which led to our capturing, two nights after, a slaver with three hundred slaves on board.

The supply of venison we had obtained came in most opportunely for our poor sick fellows ; but when we told the yarn of our misadventure with the rhinoceros, we had to submit to no end of chaff from the skipper and our messmates. But for our own parts, we were well pleased that the truth of the old adage, 'All's well that ends well,' was fully exemplified in our case ; as, with the exception of no little irritation of skin from the confounded mosquitoes, we suffered no ill effects from our night's sport at Mahumba Bay.

F. W. B.

CRICKET.

CRICKET is going on now at a pace that would astonish old stagers. There are no fewer than three distinct Gentlemen and Players' matches, three North and South matches, and, in addition, such contests as those between Gentlemen of the South and Players of the North, and Gentlemen of the South and Players of the South. The appetite of the multitude for cricket matches is apparently inexhaustible; yet, as the supply of cricketers is limited, it is probable that the later matches of the season will be somewhat flat and stale. Such an established fixture, for instance, as the Canterbury week can hardly fail to suffer from the immense amount of work got through during the past month by the leading players of England, amateur and professional. Especially severe must be the burden laid on the few wicket-keepers whom we possess. The past month has been remarkable for the total and signal collapse of the professionals in every match which they have undertaken against amateurs. It is true that they have played without their best bat, Daft; but then the Gentlemen have also played through the entire series of contests without their best bowler, Mr. Appleby. The professionals have evidently had too much of it; and though they keep on bowling day after day with mechanical excellence, their batting has sadly deteriorated. Some of their men are stale, some have trained off, and Daft, their champion, abjures London matches, and contents himself with fighting—and winning—the battles of his own county. As long as the public will pay to see repetitions of the same match, Secretaries will naturally oblige them: otherwise, the same thing over and over again becomes not a little wearisome, save to the admirers of Mr. W. G. Grace, who is always in his best form during the dog-days, and for whose honour and glory these matches appear to be instituted. Indeed, the leading idea of the Players would seem to be to let Mr. Grace make his hundred as quick as he can, and then to get out themselves as quick as they can. The first match of the series between the Gentlemen and Players of the South was a fair type of all of them, though the Players for once just managed to avert a single-innings defeat. Mr. W. G. Grace made 134, and his brother, Mr. G. F. Grace, 74 (not out). Mr. Absolom hit in his usual amusing style, and rattled up 49 runs in little more than twenty minutes. He is a thorough cricketer, whether batting, bowling, or fielding; and he hits uncommonly hard, and with a most praiseworthy disregard for correctness. The Graces and Mr. Absolom disposed of the Players easily in their first innings, and, though they made a better stand in their second, they only left a few runs for the Gentlemen to get to win—not enough to cause Mr. Grace to trouble himself to go in again. We need only remark that Silcock—a better cricketer than many who appear more often before the public—Charlwood, and Fillery—the most improved player in the South of England—were those who contributed most largely to the score of

their side. Still more disastrous were the two Gentlemen and Players' matches at Lord's and the Oval. Each of these was won in one innings by the Gentlemen, who never gave their opponents a chance. At Lord's Mr. W. G. Grace got 163, and at the Oval 158, and took seven wickets at the latter ground in the Players' second innings. Mr. Buchanan took ten wickets in each match. The best batting in the two matches on the part of the Players was that of Oscroft, M'Intyre, and Emmett; but, taken altogether, it was a feeble exhibition. Lockwood got a pair of spectacles, and seems quite to have lost his form, and R. Humphrey has gone off very much this season. The third contest was at Prince's; but the result was just the same—a one-innings victory for the Gentlemen. Mr. Grace only got 70 on this occasion; but Mr. Hornby took his place for once at the head of the score with a fine innings of 104, and Mr. G. F. Grace got 63. The Gentlemen lost Mr. Buchanan's services in this match; but the two Graces, with now and then some help from Mr. Francis and Mr. Ridley, disposed of the Players for insignificant totals, Oscroft and Emmett being again to the fore. Twenties and thirties, however, are of very little use against seventies and hundreds; and poor stuff as is most of the amateur bowling of the day, none of the professionals are able to knock it off. They seem to be beaten before they go in. Finally, the third North and South match was fairly run away with by Mr. W. G. Grace, who scored 192 (not out), or within about 50 of the total runs made by the North in their two innings; and if he had had any one to stay with him an hour longer, he might very likely have beaten the Northern eleven off his own bat. The rest of his side, except R. Humphrey, who played a good innings, did little. The collapse of the Northern batting was somewhat fearful to witness, though Wild and Oscroft put a little life into the game. Altogether, the Players will have no very cheerful recollections of Mr. Grace in the month of July, 1873. His play is so well known now that it is needless to comment on it. It is sufficient to say that he is as great this year as ever, and as far as ever above any other rival in the past or present in his extraordinary power of timing and placing the ball, and of obtaining runs off every description of bowling.

It is refreshing to turn from these monotonous and one-sided matches to county cricket, some of which during the past month has been pretty evenly contested. The position of the leading counties remains unaltered, Nottingham being, without the shadow of a doubt, far away the first, for her old antagonist Yorkshire has decidedly gone off this season. Yorkshire, it is true, beat Sussex in their first match in a single innings, but in the return at Brighton Sussex ought to have won easily; only when eight catches are missed in the field in the space of two or three hours, there must necessarily be weeping and gnashing of teeth among the unhappy bowlers. This is the second good chance of winning a match that Sussex has thrown away this season; and, though the Committee have sedulously striven to

introduce new blood into the eleven, they have not succeeded in establishing that unity of purpose in the field and that *esprit de corps* which are so essential to success. The Committee have been fortunate in getting Mr. Greenfield—a good all-round cricketer, full of energy and activity—to join the eleven; and, if we mistake not, he will find his way into the Cambridge eleven also next year. Mr. Jeffery also is useful, though his batting is hardly as effective as it promised to be; but there is room in the eleven for two or three good young players. Sussex made but a poor stand against Yorkshire in their first match at Sheffield—the northern county, though deprived of Emmett's services, winning easily in one innings; but in the return at Brighton a much better fight was made. Mr. Sharp and Fillery batted well for Sussex, and the Yorkshire wickets fell so rapidly in the second innings that there was a fair chance of Sussex winning, uphill though the game was. A succession of misses, however, to which we have already alluded, enabled Greenwood to hit off the required number of runs, and Yorkshire ultimately won by three wickets. Lillywhite and Fillery bowled well, and Rowbotham played a fine innings of 50 (not out) for Yorkshire. It would have been a highly creditable victory for Sussex had they pulled it off. Nottingham, as might have been expected, has won both the matches against Surrey. The first, at Trent Bridge, was won by six wickets; the second, at the Oval, by 119 runs. Daft, Bignall, and Oscroft were the leading scorers for Nottingham, and Jupp for Surrey. In the second match Jupp made 53 and 51 (not out), two fine examples of patient and steady batting. Jupp, furthermore, kept wicket in a very good style, and without any fuss or flourish. Surrey sustained also a smashing defeat from Lancashire, but made up for it by beating a strong Middlesex Eleven, considerably, we should say, to that eleven's surprise. The odd thing in this match was the extraordinary stand made by the tail of the Surrey Eleven. The first five men made 48 runs; the last five made 164. Southerton (34) and Street (45, not out) are not everyday occurrences. Surrey is making vigorous efforts to regain its position, but additional bowling strength is sadly wanted.

There will not be a better match this year than that which took place last month at Lord's between the Canadian Eleven—their twelfth man, Mr. Rose, was not well enough to play—and Fifteen of the M.C.C., including Rylott. Among the Fifteen were Mr. G. F. Grace, Mr. Brune, Mr. Tillard, Mr. Bird, and Mr. Lipscombe. The Eleven went in first, and Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Ottaway soon settled all the bowling opposed to them. The champion made 152, and Mr. Ottaway 52. Mr. Francis made 53 (not out), and Mr. Appleby—whose strong batting merits are sometimes forgotten, because of his superlatively good bowling—and Lord Harris added good contributions. The total amounted to no less than 391—a great score at Lord's—and, looking at the list of the Fifteen, we should have said that 150 was about as much as they were worth. The first half-dozen wickets fell rapidly; but when Mr. Bird and

Mr. Tillard got together, the score mounted with astonishing rapidity. Mr. Bird played a really first-class innings of 116 (not out), and Mr. Tillard one of 92. Thus the total reached 339. In the second innings of the Eleven the great man was disposed of before he had time to get to work; Mr. Ottaway, who was suffering from the effects of the solitary hot day that up to that time we have had this summer, was unable to go in; and the feature of the innings was the fine play of Mr. A. Lubbock, who obtained 46 (not out) in his accustomed style of excellence. The Fifteen had 191 to get to win; but the extraordinarily fine bowling of Mr. Appleby, who took sixteen wickets in the match, secured the victory for his side by 24 runs. Mr. Bird again distinguished himself by obtaining 30; and the match, which fairly occupied three long summer days, was appropriately terminated by a close and exciting finish. Mr. Jeffery, we may remark, bowled well for the Fifteen.

More, and more than ever, so goes the verdict; and far too many were the numbers gathered together at the Eton and Harrow match. The crowd has become so vast as to defy all control; and this year it broke through all bounds, and behaved itself in a generally disagreeable manner. We do not want to dwell at all on the concluding scenes of the match, because we are perfectly certain that any repetition of such misbehaviour would end in the discontinuance of the match itself. Horror-stricken at the thought of the loss of fifteen hundred a-year, the Committee of the M.C.C. issued a memorandum imploring 'old and young members of the two schools to assist them in future in 'preventing a repetition of such disorder.' As far as cricket is concerned, it is not of the smallest importance whether the match is continued or not, but to the Marylebone Club it is a matter of considerable importance. The real fact is, that the crowd is much too large for the capacities of the ground, and hence it becomes unmanageable. If fifteen thousand people are wedged into a space comfortably large enough for only five thousand, sooner or later a row must be the result. Let us turn, however, to the match itself. The prophets, as usual, prophesied falsely, and the layers of odds, as usual, had all the worst of it. So far from Eton being vastly superior to Harrow, two more equal elevens could hardly be assembled together, and if the match were played six times over, each contest would probably result in a close finish. Mr. Buckland is the most taking and perhaps the most accurate bowler in the two elevens; but Mr. Shand is much more difficult to play. Both sides have abundance of batting; so much, in fact, that the last man may be relied on for runs as much as the first. The weakest point all through is the fielding; and, certainly, lads of the present generation are much less active and energetic in the field than their predecessors. Both elevens also are well managed: indeed, the good captaincy added quite a new attraction to the whole affair. The match was well contested from beginning to end, and all the best-known players quite fulfilled the expectations that had been formed

of them. Mr. Shand and Mr. Buckland came off in bowling, and Mr. Hadow, Mr. Crutchley, Mr. Judd, Mr. Whitmore, and Mr. Alleyne in batting. If anybody caused disappointment, it was Mr. Lyttelton and his brother, who hardly came up to their real form. The two crack bowlers, Mr. Buckland and Mr. Shand, also did excellent service with their bats; and we must not forget to mention Mr. Long, who showed capital form in both innings. As usual in school matches, the hitting, as a rule, was not severe. The leg-hitting showed the batsmen to the best advantage; the number of off balls let off was astonishing. So close was the contest in the first innings, that Harrow only headed Eton by one run; and then, when Harrow had to go in again and get 166 to win, it seemed that, even if they succeeded in getting the runs, it would take nearly all their men to do it. However, they succeeded in winning with the loss of only five wickets—all of which, by the way, fell to Mr. Buckland. Mr. Crutchley hit well, and Mr. Hadow stayed well, and between them they broke the back of the Eton bowling. It must be remembered, however, that runs in this match come much easier in the afternoon, when the crowd waxes greater and the fielders are terribly obstructed. Fours are constantly got, which at other times would only be worth singles. Still the victory was well earned and well won, for Mr. Buckland is not an every-day sort of bowler. He has a precision rare in an amateur. Hour after hour he goes on bowling with hardly a ball off the wickets, and only patience and good discipline can effectually resist bowling of that class.

We add a list of the principal fixtures for the present month. The Canterbury week commences on the 4th, and the programme includes a fourth match between the North and South, and matches between Kent and the M.C.C. and G., and the Gentlemen of Kent and I Zingari. The first event of the week is the only one of real interest. On the 7th Surrey plays Middlesex, and on the 11th the same county meets Yorkshire. Sussex plays Nottingham on the 14th, and Nottingham and Yorkshire—a real cricketing treat—meet on the 18th. On the latter day also Surrey plays Kent, and on the 21st Sussex plays Surrey. On the 25th the indefatigable Surrey meets a formidable antagonist—Gloucestershire—and the time-honoured match between Sussex and Kent commences; and on the 28th we have Sussex and Gloucestershire: so that altogether the month of August will abound in genuine county contests, though we do not anticipate that their results will make much difference in the positions of the leading counties.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, which, thanks to the prestige of Prince Arthur's name as Commodore, and the energy of Mr. Brassey, the Vice, has already risen to considerable importance, put forth a very strong programme. Commencing with a cutter race in two classes, for which there were ten entries, they started with a fair easterly topsail breeze. Oimara was the big ship of the party, and led the way at first, while Iona's topmast soon went, which reduced her chance to zero. At the end of the first round, Fiona, Kriemhilda, Banshee, and Oimara were the leaders. Nearing home, Count Batthyany's ship was ahead, though Fiona looked within her time, and the result was watched with deep interest. Their arrival proved so close that the Committee did not announce their decision until the next day, when Kriemhilda was awarded the first prize; Myosotis took the second-class one. The next match, for schooners and yawls, was less of a success, as the wind gave place to fog, so they only went once round. Mr. Jessop's new clipper, Florinda, was the winner amongst the yawls, and the ever-ready Egeria of the schooners. The match was expected to test the relative merits of Florinda and last season's crack, Corisande, as well as to throw additional light on the moot point, Egeria *v.* Pantomime. Owing, however, to lack of wind, Florinda's victory, though possibly satisfactory enough to her owner, might reasonably fail to convince the opposition, while the fog put an end to the proper performance of the Pantomime, which ran aground, though fortunately without incurring any serious damage, as she was able to take part in the club race to Boulogne and back, which proved a capital affair. All sizes were admitted, and eighteen craft entered, ranging from Col. Kennard's schooner St. Ursula—which according to this club's measures ranks as 296 tons—down to Mr. Flashman's 15-ton cutter Juanita (formerly called Esthonia). With a fair S.W. breeze Fiona, Iona, and Kriemhilda showed the way, with Pantomime and Egeria in close attendance. Indeed, the rival schooners were making a very close thing of it all the way across, as were Kriemhilda and Florinda, who were first round the mark-boat at Boulogne, followed by the pair of schooners, and Oimara, Fiona, Gwendolin, and St. Ursula next. During the homeward voyage there were some smart passages between Florinda and Egeria; but the yawl was first by half a minute, the rival schooners making an absolute dead heat for second place, and the Hironnelle being more than her allowance astern. Mr. Jessop took the prize, Pantomime getting second honours. The club's very liberal programme concluded with another mixed match, this time over the usual club course; but again the want of wind rendered it comparatively a failure. After a tedious day's sailing, Kriemhilda, Fiona, Iona, Florinda, and Pantomime led home, and Mr. Ashbury took first prize, Florinda and Pantomime the others. Thus ended the Cinque Ports regatta; and the young club may be fairly congratulated upon the success they have so rapidly attained.

The Sailing Barge Match, Mr. Dodd's pet scheme, which has now reached

its tenth anniversary, was favoured with a moderate breeze and fine weather nearly all day—at any rate, the rain was insufficient to damp the enthusiasm of the spectators or the energy of the competitors. There is a historical banquet, at which we are told the guests arrived ‘in every sort of van or ‘cart;’ and assuredly the Barge Match might be its aquatic facsimile, for the craft pressed into the service on this occasion are of the most heterogeneous description. The *Panting William*, with its gay, not to say gaudily attired, freight, waging war upon the food and drinks with untiring zeal; the knuckle of ham and stone jar division, with missuses (let us hope) in proportion, making themselves jolly in every sense of the word, on board a newly-painted brick barge; the official steamers, with the Committee and other magnates of the occasion; and last, though perhaps not least enjoyable, the private steamers, on some of which there was room to turn and, if necessary, get a tankard to your lips without standing your neighbours’ legs an unasked-for drink. Taking the spectators all round, but few seemed suffering from thirst, and if a small percentage had put themselves outside of a skinful, it may be hoped that they at least acted the part of Helots to their friends, who will doubtless be warned by the spectacle, and refrain from doing likewise. Amongst the topsails, Frank Lloyd was an immense pot, and down to the Nore looked quite like a winner, Anglo-Norman leading by a few lengths, which was from time to time reduced; but when it came to beating back, *Alexandra*, which had rounded third, was first home by several minutes, Anglo-Norman nowhere, Annie Lloyd second, closely followed by Frank Lloyd. In the smaller class for ‘stumpies,’ Tweed led down, but was beaten by Mars on the return, and had to put up with second place; Victory third. The *Alexandra* has won before, and by now repeating the achievement has fully proved her own and her crew’s capabilities.

Henley Regatta was this year rather poorly attended, owing doubtless to the all-engrossing visit of the Shah and other attractions. It presented, however, most of the time-honoured characteristics, save that the traditional one day’s rain was of the mildest and most inoffensive kind consistent with the necessities of precedent. The Grand Challenge had four entries; and this being the first occasion on which the new rule—making holders row in the trials—came into operation, the Londoners, who last year won, had to perform on the first day. Eton having beaten Balliol, London made short work of Kingston, and in the final Eton fell an equally easy prey to them. The boys were a very good crew, and kept their form during quick rowing very well. As for the winners, they include several of last year’s men, and were a fine lot, rowing together in the finished style for which this club’s crews, whether strong or weak, have of late years been almost invariably noticeable. Kingston were their only opponents in the Stewards’, which is now rowed without coxswains; and Gulston’s watermanship being pre-eminent, this race was considered, what it proved, a moral for London. In the Sculls, Knollys, last year’s winner, was a hot favourite, but the wind was so much against him that he had no chance with Dicker, a Cantab; and Lawton, who was reported to be greatly improved since last year, was nowhere in the heat. Chillingworth and Herbert had a grand race in their heat; the former, after leading

well half the way, being just headed at the Point, after which he came again with so much gameness as to land himself a bare winner, Herbert stopping close to the post. This was a great performance for Chillingworth, who has generally been reckoned anything but a stayer, and it is the more praiseworthy as Herbert had proved himself the better man on a former occasion. In the final, Dicker had a very easy journey; and his performance shows him to be a very dangerous antagonist, as his form is capable of a good deal of improvement, which he will doubtless soon make. The brothers Close met Knollys and Trower in the first heat of the Pairs, and they were very level for the greater part of the distance, when Close, coming across into the others' water, fouled slightly, and the Cantabs were of course disqualified. The Kingstons were slightly gaining at the time, and what promised to be a fine race was thus spoilt. In the final, Long and Gulston, who had won their trial very easily, were strongly fancied; but Knollys and Trower, on the Bucks side, ran right away from them, after being called back for a collision, just after starting, in which the London men were undoubtedly to blame, though the wind was blowing so violently that a slightly erratic course might be excused. At the second start Kingston, again seeking the shelter of the Bushes, shot ahead, while London, this time making for Berks, got the full strength of the wind, and were astern from the commencement, the Red and White eventually winning by something like a hundred yards. We hope the men will meet again under more favourable circumstances. In the Thames Cup, London beat Ino; Thames ran away from Oriel (who appeared about the worst crew seen at Henley for some years), and in the final disposed of London almost as easily. The Wyfold introduced us to a powerful Irish team of the Kingstown Harbour Boat Club, who won both trial and final with consummate ease, and showed themselves a first-rate lot—so much so, that many regretted their absence from the Stewards'. The Irish division were also to the fore in the Ladies' Plate and Visitors', as they beat Eton in their heat, while Jesus of course beat Oriel, and Balliol, after a splendid race up the straight, just did St. John's, the Radley boys beaten off. In the final, Jesus, from the Bucks station, won pretty easily, the Dublin men out in the centre getting the full force of stream and wind, which, especially on the second day, made every event quite a handicap. They, however, secured the Visitors' Cup, as Balliol declined to try conclusions in the final, leaving them the tame honours of a w.o. Altogether the Green Isle did well, which every one was glad to see, and her representatives will doubtless continue their visits. A fair service of trains was announced by the railway company, but the times annexed were quite visionary, as those who left after the rowing found, to their annoyance, 8.30 starting meant 9.10, and 9.45 arrival was translated into Greenwich time 11.10. By time test, travellers had a very cheap journey, and most of the officials seemed in a blissful state of fog. Camping out appears much in vogue during Henley week, owing, doubtless, to the exorbitant terms asked, but we are glad to say in but few cases obtained, for beds in the town. Considering the duffing nature of the accommodation and service obtainable everywhere except at the old original meets, the Lion, Angel, and Wheel, when they keep the tariff within bounds, young fellows do far better camping out and waiting on themselves than paying

Doncaster prices and waiting for the waiter. Anyhow, plenty of young fellows thought so, and there were nearly a score of camps on the Temple Island, where high jinks were the order of the day and night. In the town itself there was perhaps less 'sound of revelry by night' than usual, for which the 'active and intelligents' were probably not sorry.

After the surprise in the Diamonds at Henley, the entry for the Wingfield was watched with interest. Knollys and Dicker were certain to start, and, in addition, Gulston, captain of the London Club, and Eyre, a well-known stickler in other branches of athletics. The latter's entry was scarcely in time, but, his opponents not objecting, he was allowed to start. The trial between Dicker, Gulston, and Eyre was rowed almost on the top of the tide, which was earlier than it would have been, owing to a strong wind down the river, which made parts of the course, especially between Hammersmith and Barnes, very lumpy. Gulston from the centre station led the way, and, pulling cleanly and easily, held a good lead to past the point, when Dicker, who had lain second, went ahead, and was never afterwards very seriously pushed. Gulston was second through Hammersmith, but soon afterwards Eyre, who had hitherto whipped in, went by him, and even occasionally looked like pressing Dicker, as the Cantab was kept at work all the way, though his win was never absolutely in jeopardy. He surprised most of the Londoners, who expected to find him come back to his men in the rough water, where, however, he certainly showed himself as much at home as either of the others. Eyre's beating Gulston was scarcely expected, though the Thames Club backed their representative to finish second, and his performance was altogether an admirable one. He stuck gallantly to his work throughout, and fully maintained his prestige as a stayer of the first order. Gulston rather disappointed his friends, and was probably a trifle overdone by his exertions at Henley.

The weather for the final was a perfect contrast, being quite smooth, and so far in favour of Knollys, who was popularly, and probably correctly, credited with more skill and less power than his challenger. The Oxford man got first away, but in fifty yards Dicker held his own, and, going gradually ahead, was never in danger, finishing with about a furlong to spare. Knollys is without doubt not what he was last year, and has probably had too many irons in the fire, having pulled bow in the Varsity boat, and more recently in pairs, fours, and eights, to the manifest prejudice of his sculling, as he does not now slide as well as he did last season.

The Metropolitan Regatta has assuredly failed in its object of getting Henley crews to keep together for Putney, and though the prizes, both challenge and presentation, are unusually valuable, it has but seldom happened that the events are contested by the best men of the year. Even the London Club were not able to bring their crack eight or four, and, the former being represented by what was almost a scratch lot, the Thames Club's Henley representatives had little difficulty in securing the big race. In the Fours, the Londoners managed to win, and the Pairs were easily scored by Knollys and Trower, who were not, as had been hoped, opposed by Long

and Gulston, owing to the former being unable to get to town. The Sculls, between Dicker and Knollys, resulted unsatisfactorily, the Cantab, who took a most erratic course, being disqualified for a foul. For the Metropolitan Eights (juniors) the West London brought up a remarkably good lot, who won their heat easily, and had no difficulty in the final against the North London. Twickenham had made a fine race in the trial against the North Londoners, and, considering that their crew had been only once together complete, the up-river men made a very good show, being beaten by a bare quarter-length, though none of the entries had a chance against the Wandsworth division. The Regatta at Walton was, as usual, a pleasant gathering, and the shady slopes of Mrs. Ingram's lawn attracted a large company. The Committee had wisely followed the example of the Barnes Executive, and announced Junior-senior Eights, which produced some good racing, the West Londoner's Metropolitan crew winning the final easily. For the Senior Fours, without coxswains, Thames ran away from Kingston, whose steering gear came to grief, but the Surbiton men took the Pairs with Knollys and Trower, and the Sculls, through the efforts of Conant, whose performance in rowing down the redoubtable Slater was very good, and, as he has youth on his side, we may expect to hear of him again. Whatever might be thought of the quality of the rowing, there was assuredly no falling off in the attendance, and the typical 'intelligent foreigner,' were he to judge of the district by Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Lucas, the young ladies who gave away the prizes, must have formed a very high estimate of the *personnel* of the neighbourhood. Of course there were the usual crowd of pleasure-boats all over the river, and Sunbury Lock was in a state of siege. Indeed, the tolls taken there might almost suffice to pay for a night-lockman, as the present official's immovable resolve not to work the gates after 10 P.M. is a great nuisance to belated travellers. The Molesey Club had a perfect day for their sports, and no lack of funds or local support; the banks were crowded, and the collection of youth and beauty on Platt's Island would have unsettled an anchorite, whose ideas might also have been advantageously enlarged by inspecting the stores of 'extra sec,' 'dry creaming,' curious salads, and other less ethereal provisions for the comfort and support of the youth and beauty aforesaid, not to mention their attendant cavaliers. If some of them listened to the predictions of gipsies, whose utterances consisted mainly of a 'wicked eye,' 'fond of sport and pleasure,' and other equally original phrases, in preference to studying the bad points (there were no good points) of Smith and Jones's pair-oared rowing, we can scarcely wonder; nor is a vain attempt at being photographed in a group in the shade, with a hayrick as a background, less exciting than watching a series of walks-over. At any rate, opinions differ on these questions, which we shall not attempt to decide. Tagg's Island, the head-quarters of the affair, was radiant with bunting, and afforded an agreeable promenade, with a good view of the finish of the races. Gulston, with Dicker as his partner, won the Pairs anyhow, and Slater turned the tables on Conant in the Sculls. In the Eights the local Club achieved an unexpected victory over the Thames, who, getting chopped at the start, were beaten all the way, though they kept the winners hard at work to the finish.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'The Warmth of its July.'

AND truly it *was* warm, not to say hot. We are not speaking of the atmosphere; that probably was temperate and pleasant. Sirius was not in the ascendant as far as we know, the dogs were not tortured by muzzles, nor was the demand for cooling drinks excessive. The locality, too, in which we found ourselves was most charming, and ought to have been everything that was agreeable. A wide strip of green turf, soft with moss and fragrant with thyme, lying between a broad belt of plantation on one side and a broad bank and ditch on the other. Down the long green vista, somewhat over a mile in length, are scattered gay groups of men and women, some seated under the shade of the trees, some picnicing on the grass, some feeding in broughams, some, apparently, doing a little love-making, others a little sharpening, here and there merry laughter—here and there (and considerably more here than there) some very strong language, and, in front of an antique building, a cross between a farmhouse and a barn, a great deal of shouting. It ought to be by rights, and by all outward and visible signs, a very jocund assemblage. Why, then, do we meet so many grave faces? why is the talk, where men do congregate, so serious and business-like? why do the women, and not all of them, do the smiling business? and why are their lords so dispirited and dull?

'Pleasant it is when the woods are green,' and all the rest of it. We remember when the meeting on the other side of the ditch—for it is of that, of course, of which we have been speaking—was a real happy land, on which we had a little agreeable racing, and the favourites always won. It is some time ago, we admit, but that such was the state of things we appeal to the pages of the Calendar to confirm. We have, however, been 'improving' the July. The sporting papers (some of them) abused it, found fault with the sport provided, and rated it not worth coming to. The programme must be 'strengthened,' it was said, and the Jockey Club were taken to task for not providing better fare. May the heavens be the writers' bed! We do not pay them the compliment of supposing that the Jockey Club much heeded their outcry, but perhaps the suggestion did germinate in the brain of an active steward, who forthwith proceeded to galvanise the quiet charming little July into new and somewhat boisterous life. Time was when we could lounge under the trees, or lazily look at the July from the top of the ditch. We once saw a good deal of the racing, we remember, from the plantation, *sub tegmine fagi*, or anything else you like, gentle reader, and enjoyed it very much too, but those days will never come again. From post to post they hurry me, might now be the plaintive cry of the old July *habitué*, who was content with six races a day, small fields, and 7 to 4 about the winner. Now we have a tearing new telegraph in lieu of that delightful old black and white board, from which it was so difficult to make out what was running—and Mr. Manning in a perpetual state of excitement. Formerly the July and the Chesterfield were quite sufficient for all our little wants; now we have handicaps, and maiden plates, and to spare. We hope the sporting writers are satisfied. They have their wishes accomplished. The July is now a large and important meeting, fast losing its pleasant rural aspect, half racing, half picnic; the people that come to it increase year by year; there is an air of business over the whole affair, and we all (the sporting writers, we are

happy to say, included) lose our money. We once wanted a second July, and meekly urged the idea on one or two members of the Turf legislature, but then we did not mean this sort of July that has just passed. Ours was the quiet *sub tegmine*, strawberry-eating, come-into-the-plantation-Maud, picnicing July, with just a little good racing thrown in. The one or two members of the Turf legislature didn't see it, and perhaps it is as well, but it would have been a very nice thing kept within proper bounds—three days, half-a-dozen races a day, with three-quarters of an hour 'time.' We are in such a hurry generally at Newmarket, and no sooner is one race over than Mr. Manning is fussing about the jockeys for the next. This does not do in July, you know.

But about the racing. Well, it was an awful week, and the horses were mad horses, doing everything they ought not to have done. As far as our shattered memory goes, there were only two, Prince Charlie and Ecossais, that ran up to what was expected of them; the rest performed in the most contradictory manner. Of course Ecossais made mincemeat of his field in the July, Fordham riding him out as if M. Lefevre wanted us all to see what a wonder he had got. And it was really a wonderful sight, and Mr. Henry Hill, as a representative 'oldest inhabitant,' was much affected; Mr. Swindella, too, had a good deal to say about it, which he said in his forcible way, and Ecossais was the hero of the hour. He certainly does win his races in a most extraordinary way; and though some people pretend to say he has beaten nothing, there is no doubt his speed is terrific. As to his winning the Derby there is a wonderful unanimity of opinion that he will not, and his breeding is certainly against him, and his fore legs still more. Still he is not a horse we should care to take liberties with, as we see some bookmakers, amateurs especially, are inclined to do; one gallant captain (everybody is a 'captain') obliging a friend of ours with two points and a half over the price Mr. Steel was offering on that July afternoon. The 'captain' was very pleased, and seemed to think he had done a sharp thing. Perhaps he had. M. Lefevre did not run Ecossais for the Gladiateur, depending on the highly-tried Exilé, a great big colt, wanting a little time apparently, and looking as if he would like a longer course than this. Mr. Winkle, whom Captain Machell purchased for 2000 gs. just before the race, was second favourite, and ran, as he always does, a very true and honest horse, but his 5 lbs. extra was too much for him, and the winner proved to be a son of Scottiah Chief and a half-brother to Perth, which Mr. Merry had given 1050 gs. for when a yearling. There are one or two very big youngsters among the Phantom Cottage string, and Revolver, who ran in a race the same afternoon, was, like Exilé, one of that description, wanting time and a man on their backs. Hunter could do nothing with Revolver, but when Fordham takes him in hand he will probably run another horse. The greatest performance of the first day was that of Prince Charlie in the Cheveley Stakes. The grandson of Blair Athol is always astonishing us in one way or another, and this season he has made us open our eyes very wide indeed. At Ascot he canters away with the Queen's Stand Plate, and makes Drummond stand still in the All Aged Stakes, and at Windsor distinguishes Mornington, giving him his year and 8lbs. He was not entered for the Stockbridge Cup, or we should not have heard of Couronne de Fer, and Mr. Bruton would not have had a Derby horse. By the way, is Couronne de Fer a Derby horse? We confess we thought that performance of his at Stockbridge a very first-rate one, but it has been rather pooh-poohed by some of the know-alls of the Turf, and indeed the horse has been rather abused than

not for it. He has not been mentioned, as far as we know, in the Derby quotations, and but that we hear Mr. Bruton has refused some thousands for him, we should be inclined to think we had made some great mistake in the high opinion we had formed of him. To return to Prince Charlie and his deeds. When he beat Blenheim so easily at Ascot, at a difference of a pound, both M. Lefevre and Joseph Dawson were very anxious for another 'cut in,' and so, when the two horses were handicapped in the Cheveley Stakes, at a stone difference, it is believed that M. Lefevre said, 'Now, infidel, I have thee on the 'hip.' There was Chopette, too, at 20 lbs., and the Baron and Hayhoe had their private opinion about her; so there was a belief not very strongly expressed, but still muttered under the breath, that the bonny chestnut was in danger that day. That great body, the British Public, never had such a belief, we need scarcely say. They never wavered in their path, more power to them! for 'the 'know-alls,' and 'the sharps,' and 'the clever people,' are not fit to hold any amount of candles to the B.P. Why, we distinctly saw that expression on the faces of some of the chiefs of the sharp and the clever ones, of a belief that they were ashamed to give utterance to, and if Prince Charlie *had* been beaten we should have been deafened with a chorus of 'I was sure of it;' 'I *knew* 'he couldn't give the weight;' 'What did I tell you?' (a very favourite expression this, the speaker, as a rule, never having told us anything). 'Don't you remember my saying—' (also fictitious)—&c., &c. But Prince Charlie did not afford them this gratification. He was set to do a task, there was no doubt, but he accomplished it easily; and though a stupid cry was raised of 'Prince 'Charlie's beat,' as they reached the hill, it was only French giving him a reviving shake when beginning the descent; and then, the way he overhauled the leaders was a treat to see. They had been doing all they knew, Blenheim and Chopette, but it was not to be, and M. Lefevre had the satisfaction of knowing that his good horse Blenheim had been defeated at a year and a stone by one who must be the greatest wonder of modern times. M. Lefevre is a true sportsman, and his first exclamation, that 'it was an honour to be beaten by such a horse,' was a graceful admission. Could Prince Charlie beat Ecossais at weight-for-age? was the thought that struck us, and doubtless a good many more after the race. Both are wonders: which is the greatest? We know; but nothing will induce us to tell.

The ill luck went on for four blessed days without a turn, and the groanings and lamentations over breakfast-tables at what was before us, over dinner at what we had gone through, were most distressing. For everybody seemed to know their fate after the first day, and shook their heads over the card with a despondency in which there was but the faintest hope. Wednesday was the severest day, for only one favourite's number went up, Trombone; but, when we think of it, Thursday was as bad, for there again was only one, Sweet Note. We put Ecossais on one side, because there was no betting on the Chesterfield, and therefore his win, as far as money goes, went for nothing. By the way, Ecossais has spoiled the market, and there is no money to be made out of him. When he made his *début* it was odds on him, and it has been going on from bad to worse ever since. Now Captain Deuceace does not like this at all, and says it is all very well, but he does not think it quite the style of thing, 'not 'what we have been accustomed to, you know, old fellow;' and he shakes his head regretfully. The Captain's meaning is this, that M. Lefevre has been much too open and straightforward about his horse. He had every reason to think he had a good one, and he said so, and everybody knew it, and everybody was on. 'How different from what we have seen before,' says Deuceace. 'Why, if old Baccarat, or Sir Couter Main, or Tommy Vantoon had had

'Eccossais, they would have crabbed him, and we should have been "in the "know," got on at 100 to 15, and won a hatful of money. It's too bad.' We can only meekly sympathise with the gallant Deuceace, and own that 100 to 15 would have been more agreeable than 6 to 4 on, and are about adding something to the effect that M. Lefevre is a thorough sportsman,—when the Captain turns away from us in disgust.

But to return. The luck then went on. What ailed ye, ye Uhlans, Tichbornes (no contempt of Court intended), Drummonds, Devotions, and Delays? You took our money, but you didn't allow us to take our choice. And then *after* every race how clever we were, and how we beat our breasts, and said, 'Why, of course we should have backed Tiglath Pileser, only we 'didn't know he was trying;' and we had been waiting—merciful powers! how long had we *not* been waiting?—for Mrs. Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, and the jades slipped us after all. It was very affecting, and the only person who enjoyed the July was Mr. Tattersall, and he amused himself by selling yearlings, brood mares, and horses in training, and was at it nearly all day, to his (we hope) great profit and delight. A wonderful clearing out, by the way, it was, and some noblemen and gentlemen seem to keep a few horses just for the pleasure of selling them now and then. It must be a real pleasure to get rid of *some* brutes in training, we have no doubt. A good deal better than shooting them, because there is the satisfaction of feeling that some one else is burdened with their existence, paying tax and corn bill, trainer and jockey, for such a wonderful animal, for instance, as that promising three-year-old Shallaballa, by the King of the Cannibal Islands, out of Tammaammaloo ('Let me call your attention, 'gentlemen, to the breeding of this horse,' says Mr. Edmund), who has never won a saddle, and never will; and, beyond an attempt on one occasion to devour his boy, has failed to make that 'mark' which clever sporting writers, taking long pulls out of tankards beneath the shade of spreading elms, staked their reputation on his making when he was a yearling. Oh, yes, it must be great fun getting rid of the Shallaballas of the Turf—at least when we can. Some of them have a way of sticking, though, to you, like the curses which benighted Easterns compare to young chickens, because 'they always come 'home to roost.' To be sure, they can always be turned into steeplechasers, and, should they win a hunters' stake or two at Ropeington-in-the-Mud, 'that 'highly popular metropolitan gathering,' they are sure to be among the favourites for the Grand National, and then—why then their owners know what to do with them much better than we can instruct them; so we leave the Shallaballas to fulfil their destiny. We have sat behind one or two of them up that steep ascent to Goodwood racecourse, and expect to meet more in 'dual gatherings' to come.

And so enough of the July. It is an old story by this time. Our wounds are healed, and only a few of us know where the scars are hidden. Captain Deuceace's little account wasn't at Albert Gate on the following Monday, but that has happened before; and, as the bookmakers rather like the Captain, he will soon be among us again, and everybody will be glad to see him. There was a little 'temporary pressure' and a good many bill-stamps, 'spoiled' or otherwise, and so we buried the past and turned to the present in the shape of 'merrie Sherwood,' a sandy desert in the vicinity of Nottingham, on which races are held, and that charming Aintree which, in its summer garb, was hardly recognisable. Being rather a pleasant place than not at this season of the year, of course no one went there, and there was very little to see if they had gone. The Aintree July did not turn out quite so bad as the Newmarket one (we did meet one or two men who had backed one or two winners); but still

we failed to spoil the Egyptians, and those were wise who selected the quietude of Abingdon, and were content with such small mercies as Berkshire stables offered them. They did manage things very well at Abingdon, we must say, and we have made a mental note that we will go there next year. The favourites all won, though, by the way, we think they had the good taste to give the fielders a race each day, and it was all pleasant and serene. Liverpool was a very mixed affair, and there was great grief over Barmston in the Cup. This was the good thing of the week, a money-coining speculation which was to tide us all over until Goodwood. He had shown some very commendable form at Ascot in running second to Reine when (so the clever people said) it was all out of the latter, though about that we have our doubts. There was no doubt, however, that the form was good enough to invest on over Aintree, and he was pounced upon by the analysts with great unanimity. The Old Italian was another good thing without the slightest credentials for his being so, but still he kept his place in the market on the strength of his light weight, until John Peart brought him to Aintree, and candidly told every one the horse would run untried, upon which the fever left us. He was reported as coughing into the bargain, and so Barmston came to 7 to 4, and they offered '5 to 1 bar one.' Lord Derby was the dangerous horse, as he always is when backed, and Mr. Moffatt told every one he was sure to beat Barmston. They meant it, did the Lord Derbyites, that day, but what Barmston meant by behaving as he did we should like to know. He was last off, never seemed to run kindly or go up into his bridle, and how Ashworth got him fourth is best known to himself. Lord Derby was very near it, but could not quite do it; and Jarnac, who has not had a turn for some time—though, by the way, he won the Granby at Croxton Park, beating this very ne'er-do-weel Barmston in a canter—did Mr. Moffatt's horse almost on the post. There was again much beating of the breast and great confabulation over the event. Noodle said to Doodle, 'We *ought* to have backed Jarnac, you know,' and Doodle gave his head a Burleigh shake. Clever fellow Noodle. He sees a thing so quickly after it has happened. We don't know any one we could handicap with Noodle in this respect. He comes and explains it all to you with the greatest lucidity, and leaves you with the impression that if you had but that man for your (racing) friend your fortune would be made for life. Mr. Port's win was deservedly a popular one. It is not often he has a turn, and we hope he and his friend, Mr. Loyd Evans, won a stake. There was a rather offensive paragraph, by the way, in 'the largest circulation in the world,' respecting Mr. Port (the racing name of a member of one of the oldest families in Staffordshire and Cheshire), which might as well have been omitted. But 'the largest circulation' is not famous for the good taste of its articles, sporting or otherwise, and so we must make allowance for that. The owner of Jarnac could well afford to pass it by unnoticed, but we happen to know it disgusted those of his friends who chanced to read it. If it is any gratification to 'the largest circulation' and the brilliant writer to know this, they are welcome to the intelligence.

The Severn, *not* 'raging with tumultuous flood,' as is the fair Sabrina's wont about the time of the autumn meeting, welcomed us to Worcester right pleasantly, and a very good little meeting we had. Nothing very extraordinary in the way of form, though we saw a two-year-old win here—Genevieve—who may turn out to be something very good indeed—as good perhaps as anything we have yet seen. The way she won the Croome Nursery, carrying 10 lbs. penalty for winning at Birmingham the previous week, was extraordinary. She did not gallop, and Archer had only to sit still and hold her

hard. She is another of those speedy scions of Saccharometer, who all race, and, as one comes out better than the last, we more than ever regret the loss of such a sire. Unfortunately, Genevieve has no engagements, and belongs to some good sportsmen who seemed to have lacked the means of knowing what a treasure they had. To the annoyance of his stable, who had but the merest trifle on him, Bassoon showed he could stay and win the Worcester-shire Stakes by sheer gameness. On all other occasions when Bassoon has run he has carried a small fortune (we ourselves put the family plate upon him at Liverpool), and now he ran almost loose. What a game it is! and how can you, dear Jones, and you, dear Brown, win at it, when the clever people are unable to do so? It may turn out that Bassoon has been running out of his course, for Tangible gave him a lot of weight and beat him over five furlongs at Liverpool, while here at Worcester he seemed to like a distance. Mr. Reginald Herbert we were glad to see win two races with Mystery, a daughter of Trumpeter and Charade, and bred by Sir Robert Peel—a speedy, useful sort, though the first time she won, Mr. Herbert, owing to the wretched way in which his horse Batsford cut up in a previous race, was afraid to trust her with much. Sir Charles Rushout had the Coventry Stakes at his mercy with Sweet Agnes, and the Cup was booked to Restless, for whom it was an undoubted good thing, but for her slipping up coming round the top turn, by which that good little fellow, Mr. Dalglish, got a bad fall; or, rather, the fall would not have hurt him so much, but two or three horses behind him galloped over him, and he got badly kicked in the forehead. This casualty made it a very open race, and Moonraker had certainly the best of it at the distance, but when Alderley came alongside of him he began to run abifty, and the former beat him by a neck. The favourites all ran badly in the Flying Stakes; and that wonderful old Worcester, of course, won the United Hunt Cup, carrying 13 st. 3 lbs. No weight will stop him. For the rest, we had the usual pleasant race dinners at The Bell, presided over by those two conscript fathers of Worcester racing, Mr. Barnett and Mr. Webb, without whom there would be no racing at all on Pitchcroft, we are inclined to think; Mr. Bentley sold us a few yearlings, there was the usual holiday held on the Cup day, a good deal of liquor consumed in the faithful city (we can answer for The Bell) and its neighbourhood, and that was about all.

But enough of racing. July is a very fervent month for the Turf devotee, in which he has plenty of his favourite pastime to occupy himself with, provided he be not very particular about the quality. And we must say this for the devotee—that, with all his faults, he is not fastidious or over-nice, nor does he give himself the least airs about the fare provided for him. He will take anything rather than nothing, and, like the tuft-hunter immortalized by Tom Moore, who was so fond of Lords that

' . . . at a pinch Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all,'

so a meeting at Lillie Bridge, or in the shades of Kennington Oval—a meeting is to him. This is very nice of the devotee; and we like to see him going in a hansom to the suburban rendezvous, intently studying the card, and to hear him talk about it on his return—though a little of that goes a great way, and he is apt to be a bore. But he means well. He believes in suburban meetings, and is quite surprised if you don't know what is running for the Peckham Rye Plate, or what has won the Whitechapel Nursery. How well one knows these men! The *habitués* of the Turf are a small body; but there

is an inner ring of little men who you may count by the score—men whose faces one gets terribly tired of before the season is over. Old Vantoon is a representative of this class—an immaculate, well-got-up old boy, who makes his appearance at Lincoln Spring, and quits the field after the last race at Bromley Winter with a heavy heart. We have tried once or twice *not* to see Vantoon at a race meeting, but he always turns up; and at the sporting papers they keep his name in type. He has 'a crock' or two which he is fond of airing in the suburbs, and sometimes enters one for a big handicap, and then some sporting paper says, 'We hear Mr. Vantoon's Snuff gelding is receiving 'a special preparation for this event. It will be remembered he ran forward in 'the Kidleywink Handicap at Thunthington,' &c. &c.; but few people take the bait, and after figuring in the quotations for a little time at some nominal price, the Snuff gelding retires from the scene. Vantoon is said to belong to what is called 'the clever division;' but he never has any money, and, though his account is ready every Monday, it is generally on the wrong side. Poor old Vantoon! He knows no other way of life—so we must not be hard on him. There is a busy world of business and pleasure going on about him, but he is not of it or in it. Par and premium, the fall of empires, and the shattering of reputations are as nothing to Vantoon; and, if you talk to him about them, he will interrupt you by asking if you are sure the winner carried the right weight in the Thunthington Plate. Peace to him!

Town thinned visibly after the Shah's departure. Society was used up after his visit, and there was nothing left but the dregs of the cup of pleasure. The king of kings managed to see nearly everything, but still some people were never tired of pointing out the many desirable things he had left unseen. The Eton and Harrow match, an Exeter Hall meeting, a midnight ditto (deeply interesting with Miss Blanche Vavasour in the chair) at the St. James's, a day with 'the Claimant,' Ascot, Wapping, the Soho Bazaar, the Thames Tunnel, 'Eugene Aram,' and Rosherville, were among the many institutions of our country which, as we are proud, the Shah ought to have seen. It was really proposed to have a meeting of the Four-in-Hand and the C.C., a joint affair if it could have been managed, but the police authorities begged the idea might be given up. They said—and no doubt with justice—that it would be wellnigh impossible for them to deal with such a crowd as would flock to the Park on such an occasion; so the coaches did not meet. Perhaps the Shah would not have understood it if they had. The sight of a lot of gentlemen driving their own carriages would, we think, have been perfectly incomprehensible to the Eastern mind. It is as well, perhaps, the Shah was not at Lord's on the Eton and Harrow day. The larking and jollying which the youngsters indulge in after the match concludes degenerated this time almost into a row. The boys would have amused themselves in boyish fashion, we believe, and no harm would have come of it; but there is always a certain amount of the rough element even at an Eton and Harrow, ready to improve the occasion and indulge in horseplay after a clumsy if not brutal fashion. So hats were knocked off, policemen assaulted, and the space before the Pavilion was a little bear garden. The Committee of the Club took notice of it; and we hope we have heard the last of what may become an intolerable nuisance. Fun is one thing, but the boys must remember that fun does not enter into a rough's composition; and we are not entirely thinking of the ragged vagabond rough when we say this.

Verbum sap!

What did we do besides go to the Eton and Harrow? The heat that set in with such severity in the latter days of the month so knocked us into several

cocked hats that, to tell the truth, we did not want to go anywhere. As Mark Twain said of that Arab steed whose owner had such a high opinion of his mettle and fiery disposition, 'He only wanted to lean against something and 'think'—so we should have been quite content to sit in our easychair and meditate, with something cooling before us. But there was a good deal to do—what with afternoons at Hurlingham and Lillie Bridge, a pleasant day at Middle Park, another at Alexandra ditto, when Woodyeates' master came out strong, and gave such a luncheon on the occasion of the dispersion of his stud that nothing like it had been seen before, and one or two Special Commissioners were affected even to tears. We wish sincerely William Day had had a better sale; but he professed himself not dissatisfied—though some of the lots ought to have fetched more than they did. Then there was that Middle Park Saturday, which drew such a crowd together to see Rosicrucian and Sir Joseph's brood mares—a crowd that put us in mind of old times in the array of buyers and the prices, at least for 'the popular Baronet's' lot. By the way, why is he never called 'the popular Baronet' now? Time was when to take up a sporting newspaper was to see these words conjointly with some allusion to 'the cherry jacket.' Why do we never see them now? Did Sir Joseph cease to be 'popular' when he ceased to be a winner? or was the cherry jacket no longer in favour when its owner chose to do what he liked with his own? Alas! alas! for racing 'popularity.' But Sir Joseph sat on the box of his brougham on that Saturday smoking his cigar and heeding none of these things, only occasionally glancing approval at Mr. Chaplin when the latter bought something—notably when he bought Rosicrucian. This horse has not put flesh upon himself nor thickened much as yet, but he is a model of symmetry, all quality from his head to his hocks. He was cheap at 6,200 gs., and we almost wonder the Stud Company did not outbid Mr. Chaplin. The mares were, on the whole, cheap, while some of the yearlings fetched their full value, if not a little more. But then, when we get a sister to Rosicrucian and brothers to Blue Gown and Pero Gomez, there is such a glamour thrown around them that our judgment, perhaps, gets a little blinded. It was a very good sale, however, and the best of the mares, we are happy to say, remain in this country.

Did we do any Polo? Of course we did. We missed that grand day at the end of June when Imperialities and Royalties came to Lillie Bridge and took tea—and sorry we were so to do. But we had one or two pleasant afternoons since that amidst flounces and furbelows, boots and breeches, and very well they seemed to agree. We are not sure, by the way, that our facetious 'Punch' was far wrong when, with prophetic pencil, he sketched the '*Polo post futurum*' in his almanac. There were one or two fair ones who looked on at the mimic warfare with flashing eyes, we thought, as if they, too, but for those vile petticoats, would have been Poloites. There is something very stirring in the game, doubtless, and onlookers catch the spirit of it very quickly. Not confined entirely to the golden youth either is it, and when we saw Lord Fitzwilliam one afternoon, all booted and breeched for the fray, going at it with as eager a zest as the youngest of them, a great shame fell upon us in common with all gentlemen on the shady side of their eighth or tenth *lustrum*. Lord Fitzwilliam's sons, too, are great Polo players; but the Messrs. de Murietta are very hard to beat, and one of them, Mr. A. de Murietta, has the best pony we have yet seen. By the way, they can run a bit, these Polo ponies, as was shown at the Swinton Club Meeting at Windsor, where they fairly astonished the Browns. It is surprising in how short a time a pony with the slightest go in him gets clever,

and knows how to avoid the chance of a knock from the stick. The exercise gets them into rare condition, too; and we would recommend a little Lillie Bridge work to some of those metropolitan 'crocks' who never carry off a saddle. Polo is now firmly established as one of the most popular games of the day, and by next season will be more widely extended still. The Club has increased its members considerably since the beginning of the season, and Capt. Macqueen, Mr. E. Hartopp, and others of its promoters may well be proud of its success.

And there was a festive little banquet got up about the middle of the month, which was not altogether festive either, though we tried to make it so, seeing that it was the occasion of saying good-bye to a distinguished Poloite and a very good fellow, who we, in all probability, shall not see among us for some time. Mr. E. Hartopp has sailed for India to join his regiment, the 10th Hussars; and some five-and-forty or fifty of his numerous friends, previous to his departure, entertained him at dinner at Willis's Rooms. Many were unavoidably prevented from joining the party, to their great regret, but still those that were there made amends for absentees, and the wine cup went round, and many 'a reason 'fair' was given 'to fill one's glass again,' be sure. A very merry evening, with Hungarian and other minstrelsy to excite or soothe us, as the case might be, and the good wishes for the outward-bound were fervent, sometimes perhaps savouring a little of incoherency, and the farewells, if they were occasionally wild, came from the heart. May he make it as hot for his adversaries in India as he has at Lillie Bridge!

Under the title of 'Newmarket and Arabia,' Captain R. D. Upton has published a thoughtful and intelligent book, well deserving of careful perusal at a time like the present, when the 'horse question' is felt to have become something more than a subject for after-dinner conversation. Captain Upton is a man thoroughly convinced of the supreme value of the Arab horse. From that blood he holds that the English racer has acquired his renown, and to that blood he considers we must go back in order to reproduce qualities that have been lost, or that have deteriorated since breeders became oblivious of the parent blood. The author does not confine himself to mere statements of opinion, but quotes the indisputable logic of the 'Stud Book' to prove his case. This portion of the work, it may be mentioned, has been carried out with singular exactness and care, and the worth of its statements is not to be denied. The most interesting portion of the book is that in which the home of the Arab horse is described, and an allusion made to the whereabouts of the purest and most valuable strains of blood. On these points Captain Upton is probably better qualified to write than any one of the day, and the remarks of so accurate an observer and so truthful a narrator of his experiences possess a value that can hardly be overrated. It is not to be expected that Captain Upton's views will at once be generally endorsed. In the breeding of horses people are singularly wedded to custom and tradition. 'Fogeyism' will regard with horror the main theory advanced in 'Newmarket and Arabia.' The customary amount of shallow and spiteful criticism may likewise be expected from those who jump to the conclusion that breeding interests, as they at present exist in this country, must of necessity be affected injuriously by the carrying out of Captain Upton's views. But those who read and consider dispassionately will rise from a perusal of the book impressed with the facts laid before them by one who is thoroughly master of his subject, and has supplied a contribution to the history of the horse of remarkable interest and importance.

The Committee appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into our Horse Supply, and which was ushered in with such a flourish of trumpets, have made their report, and a more feeble one it would be difficult to imagine.

'Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.'

One solitary practical suggestion does it contain, namely, that the horse dealer's license should be repealed. No great thing, indeed, although it seems greatly to alarm the Committee, who think it necessary to make an apology for their one recommendation, and to show that it would cost the country a mere trifle.

'The Committee have not considered the present system of racing and its influence on the breed of horses in the United Kingdom.' Do the Committee consider that the system of weighting the good horse Alpha, so as to bring him down to the level of the bad horse Omega, to be an encouragement to breeders of thoroughbred stock? Or do they think that the prevalence of races of four or five furlongs, a distance that a roarer might compass, is calculated to increase the number of the sound and the stout? At any rate, the Committee have left the thoroughbred horse to the tender mercies of the most bitter enemy that the good horse ever had.

'The Committee do not desire to propose any special or detailed scheme for providing army remounts.' In our simplicity we imagined that this was one of the primary objects of the inquiry, but it appears that they 'consider such details to be questions for the military authorities.'

'They are not disposed to recommend the formation of Government military studs.' Did any single witness that was called before them suggest anything of the kind? We should have thought that, with the experience of the expense and little success of such establishments in India, no one could have been in favour of such a scheme.

The Committee evade the question of this country having lately had to resort to a foreign supply for harness horses, by stating that 'It is difficult to ascertain the exact truth.' However, they do admit the scarcity of agricultural horses, although they do not propose any remedy, but are content to give an opinion 'that this scarcity of agricultural horses will gradually right itself.'

The Committee do not propose 'that Government should keep stallions of its own in various parts of the country.'

The Committee do not propose 'that there should be an examination by Government Inspectors of all stallions covering other than the owners' marca.'

The Committee almost harden their hearts to recommend 'that the Government should give, or add to, prizes at agricultural shows to stallions which have covered a number of mares, at a certain low price, in particular districts.' But when it comes to the point, the Committee shrink from making any proposition, and seek shelter under the wing of the agricultural societies.

They stick throughout the whole report to the principle of inaction, and they conclude thus: 'These, indeed, are the sole suggestions which the Committee have to offer.'

Valuable suggestions, truly, which suggest so little, and leave so much to private enterprise! We think that the Committee might just as well never have sat.

The otter hounds of Mr. Trelawny have had more than average sport during this month. On the 7th the Meet was at Lopwell, on the Tavy. They quickly got on a trail of a bitch otter, and carried the line for a mile and a half, marking her in a hover at the root of an overhanging oak-tree. The terriers, *nomine* Tear-him and Toby, were at her at once, bolted, and she crossed the shoal or stickle into deep water. Here the hounds hunted merrily up and down the deep pool, and the river-chase of the stream line, with the whimpering hounds carrying on and enjoying the clustering bubbles as they burst on the surface, afforded a true specimen of otter hunting. She sought refuge in a drain, but Toby caught fast hold, and they both came rolling over into the water with the hounds snapping at her; she escaped, and gave them a chevy down-stream into a large swim, where, rising for a vent, a hound snatched, but missed his hold. Up-stream again, and landing in a wood, she ran a good half mile; taking the water again at Denham Bridge, under the bridge, in view, landed and crossed the beat to the Mill Pool. This was a large and deep piece of water, and Mr. Courtenay Bulteel, jun., with Mr. Reed, R.N., joined the hounds up to their shoulders in water, cheering, and making the scene altogether lively. In this place she baffled the hounds for an hour, and it was not until the dam was opened, and the water let off, that they could dislodge this brave otter. Not beaten yet. Away again to the Tavy, landing in an orchard, running the bank, over the rocks to the weir-head into the Mill leat, and, turning down-stream for half a mile, gained the Mill Pool a second time. Too much exhausted to remain under water, the otter crossed the orchard and got into a drain, where she was bolted by Tear-him; again to the river, through it to the leat, where she was pulled down at last, after having stood before the hounds without cessation of hunting for four hours and three quarters. It is not often that such a long chase without intermission or check occurs, and then it serves as a recompense for many a long and weary hour of shivering by the waterside on a blank day with a nor-easter off the moor.

Saturday, July 12th, Lairy Bridge.—A hot trail along the meadows led to the slate quarries in Cann Wood, where 'Waterwitch' marked the game. A pickaxe and shovel quickly afforded entrance to Toby, and he bolted a brace, one of which was nearly chopped; he fought bravely, however, and got safely, though well punished, into a hover, and was left for the moment, and the hounds were clapped on to the other. This one had left the river and got into the canal, with the water muddy and foul. Here he was hunted up and down for a considerable time without any check—now on land, then returning to the water, with Mr. Courtenay Bulteel, sen., and Mr. Reed, in their accustomed place with the leading hounds, up to their necks in water; after this fashion they were at him in the canal for four hours before they pulled him down. The other otter was bolted afterwards; but gaining a deep pool, and it being late in the day, he was left for another chevy. The Messrs. Courtenay Bulteel, *père et fils*, are equivalent to several couple of otter hounds. In this species of chase, instead of second horses, a change of flannels should be handy, with the wherewith to have a comfortable 'nip.'

We are reminded of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Cattle, Horse, and Hound Show, a great festival which that broad shire holds annually—this year at Harrogate on the 5th of August and following days. They have got a capital show-yard, a first-rate entry in all departments, and, as the Council never allow any one who has acted as judge of horses, cattle, or sheep at the Royal to judge for them the same year, every exhibitor has a new trial. Mr. Parrington is the zealous and indefatigable Secretary, and the business arrangements of the Show are always admirably conducted.

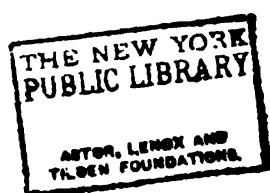
We have to notice the death of Thomas Melrose, the first whip of the Tyndale, from the effects of a fearful accident on the 26th of December last. The poor fellow's sufferings were awful, and from the first there was no chance of his recovery. He was a benefit member of the Hunt Servants' Society, and, of course, in receipt of an accident allowance therefrom up to the day of his death.

We strongly advise all our readers who are fond of coaching (and now their name is legion) to look in at Messrs. Biggs and Co., 21, Conduit Street, where a picture of the Coaching Club, with portraits of several of the members, painted for Lord Carington, by Mr. W. Wheelwright, is on private view; for it is acknowledged by all men well up on the subject that Mr. Wheelwright is the only artist of the present day who knows how to paint a coach or put a team together on canvas. He has commissions, too, for paintings of the Weybridge, Tunbridge Wells, and Guildford coaches, in addition to several from members of the C.C. who have followed their Vice-President's lead.

And, while on coaching, we are happy to give favourable reports of the well-doing of all the public ones that make Piccadilly so lively of a morning and afternoon. They have with hardly an exception loaded well—Dorkings, Westerhams, Reigates, Weybridges, Guildfords, &c. &c., and their coachmen have stuck to their work most zealously. By the way, in an article in 'Bailey,' last month—'The Road in 1873'—the writer was led into an error about the time of the departure of the Hampton Court and Weybridge coach, and also the place it departs from. This coach, which is admirably horsed by Captain Walter Otway of the Coldstream Guards, and Mr. Williams, leaves Hatchett's at 11.30 A.M., and has had a very successful season. All the horses are sound young hunters, and the proprietors mean to run on until the end of September.

Coaching, we know, thrives in Scotland in the tourist season, by the force of circumstances, but the teams are somewhat different from those that trot over the stones of Piccadilly—and so are the advertisements. The following, from a Scotch paper, is startling:

'The Duchess of — leaves the Duke's Arms, —, at 7.15 every morning except Sunday.' This is painfully early; at least some of our lady friends who purpose visiting the Highlands this autumn will object, we are sure; but we suppose the exigencies of the road demand it. How much more fortunate are we Londoners!





Henry W. Petre

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

HON. HENRY PETRE.

THE subject of our present sketch is the well-known Master of the Staghounds that hunt the Roothings of Essex, and are called after the owner's name. Born in 1820, the second son of the late and the brother of the present Lord Petre, an historic name among the old Catholic families of this country, Mr. Petre—who was formerly Master, with a Committee, of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds—has kept the Staghounds for the last six seasons, three of which he has hunted them himself. The Meets are confined to the Roothings, and the country generally rides somewhat heavy, the fences requiring 'doing.' Among many of the hard-riding men—and a great many of this class are to be found in the ranks of the young farmers—Mr. Petre seems to combine a happy union of pluck and judgment, and is very hard to beat. He possesses that wonderful knack, or gift, of sticking to his hounds and being always with them, even through the most difficult parts of his country. The Hunt partakes a good deal of the nature of a private one, the support being confined to but comparatively few. Lord Petre has always been one of its principal patrons, and, in addition to his handsome subscription, supplies the deer from Thorndon Hall. The late and much-to-be-lamented Charles Buxton was also a strong supporter of the Hunt. The kennels are at Ingatestone, and the hounds usually hunt one day a week up to Christmas, and three days a fortnight during the remainder of the season.

Mr. Petre, as one of the original colonists of New Zealand, deserved well of that country by laying the foundation of a good breed of horses therein. He took out two thoroughbred sires—one a well-known horse of his day—Ether, by St. Patrick, and bred by the late Duke of Grafton; the other an Emilius horse, bred by

the late Mr. Thornhill, but never trained. These two sires have done much for horseflesh in that now thriving colony.

Mr. Petre and his hounds are deservedly popular in Essex, and the hearty welcome given and substantial breakfasts provided by the farmers at the various Meets show the feelings of the occupiers of the lands over which the pack hunt, and tell their own tale. Mr. Petre, who is a member of the Legislative Council in New Zealand, married, in 1842, the daughter of Richard Walmesley, Esq., of Middleton Hall, Essex.

QUEEN'S PLATES.

PERHAPS the Select Committee 'appointed to inquire into the condition of this country with regard to horses, and its capabilities of supplying any present or future demand for them,' has exercised a wise discretion in declining to consider the present system of racing and its influence on the breed of horses in the United Kingdom. They evidently did not underrate the importance of such a question, but they wisely shelved it, having in view the indefinite prolongation of their labours, which had already been extended over more time than the production of so meagre a report might seem to warrant. Verily, had they undertaken a solution of the problem of the 'Deterioration of the thoroughbred,' they might have sat through the dog-days, and only adjourned for Doncaster and the Newmarket Meetings. The evidence of 'Senex,' to judge by his effusions in the 'Gusher,' would have occupied some weeks; and after 'Juvenis' had been heard on the other side, the army of trainers, owners, and jockeys would crowd the lobbies of the House, each anxious to be heard on the question bearing so intimately upon their professions. But the most conscientious and painstaking Committee could never expect to effect a settlement of the dispute as to whether our Cremornes and Flageolets are worthy successors or otherwise to Cup heroes of ancient times. Lord Rosebery and his colleagues found that, in value and in numbers, thoroughbreds had shown no falling-off, and the evident prosperity and popularity of the sport was sufficient proof of its vitality. There had been no complaint as to the quantity of race-horses bred, and the Committee felt themselves under no obligation to constitute themselves judges of their quality as compared with that of their predecessors. Therefore those who expected another war of words between the Admiral and his opponents were sent disappointed away, and the combatants on either side occupy much the same position as before.

Incidentally, however, they touched upon a subject which is continually cropping up in connection with horse-racing, and which has, from time to time, occupied the attention of Turf optimists and pessimists alike. 'A disadvantage,' says the Report, 'of not going into the Racing question is, that the Committee have precluded themselves

‘ from dealing with the subject of the present application of the fund for Queen’s Plates, which, in the opinion of some witnesses, might be applied more efficiently than at present to the improvement of the breed of horses.’ Now, this question of the advisability of the present system of apportioning and settling the conditions and weights for Royal Plates has been laid violent hands on and appropriated by detractors of the national pastime, with whom it is a favourite stock argument that such races fail to produce sufficient competition, and, therefore, fall proportionately short of their original object, the improvement in the breed of horses. But this argument will scarcely hold water if we consider, firstly, the vast alteration in our racing system at large; and, secondly, the difference in value at the present day of the prizes offered to that which ruled at their first foundation. Queen’s Plates are a relic of the ancient days of racing; but it does not follow that they are altogether valueless, any more than the institution of Doggett’s Coat and Badge proves that our present style of rowing is less effective than in the old days of heavy boats and long courses. Weight-for-age races for prizes of any high value, although they may attract brilliant entries and promise exciting contests, are often sadly shorn of their interest by withdrawals or accidents; and if the magnificent pieces of plate annually subscribed and contended for at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster are often reduced to mere burlesques in competition, how can it be expected that owners will enter their Cup horses to run over country courses for the very insignificant sum of one hundred guineas? Cup horses cannot be manufactured by a series of Queen’s Plate victories; and the consequence is, that any moderate stayer, or one even possessing a reputation for stamina, can pick up a nice little sum during the season by farming Her Majesty’s Guineas at various small meetings, where there is no crack on the spot to go to the post for the sake of his expenses. Sprint racing, rightly or wrongly, is all the rage; and, doubtless, many animals who might easily be trained to compass a distance are considered to be more profitably employed in harassing the starter at half-mile posts, and cleverly manœuvred so as to land the coup to pay their training bill at the end of the season. We doubt not of the policy, but of the profit, so far as sport is concerned, of encouraging weight-for-age races over even shorter distances than Queen’s Plate courses—so entirely have handicaps monopolised the attention of owners and trainers, and so unaccountably has the weight-for-age race declined in their estimation. We may be allowed to diverge a little from our line of argument to attempt to assign a reason for this. We regret that such reason as we shall adduce is founded on facts in the main unsatisfactory as regards the character of sport. Weight-for-age races do not foster speculation in that degree which even chicken handicaps are wont to excite, as the form of nearly every animal engaged in them is approximately known, either through previous encounters or collateral running, and their issue is thus reduced to that ‘moral’ which, however pleasing it may be for backers to try and utilise, does not suit the pockets of

those who are professional layers of odds. There remains, of course, another very good and substantial reason why Queen's Plates fail to meet with public support, and that is the smallness of the stake itself, comparatively sufficient in former times to attract a goodly number to the post, but grievously failing to do so in these latter days, when monetary considerations are gradually becoming of more importance, and the places of our higher class of sportsmen are filled with petty adventurers educated in the 'Metropolitan Meeting' school, and dregs of the trainer and jockey confederation.

Some have been found to advocate a total alteration in the method of distributing the money at present voted for Queen's Plates, and have advised that, instead of the sum being spread over many localities, it should be more concentrated in its operation, and four or five substantial sums be added to as many long-distance races at headquarters. It is maintained that such a measure would bring out better horses and larger fields, and so go further towards attaining the object of the annual grant from Parliament. But the higher class of horses have their Cups to contend for, and would speedily monopolise such other prizes as would be furnished by the amended system, to the exclusion of that class of animal which, at present, derives the greatest benefit from Queen's Plates; namely, in most cases, horses with some pretensions to stay, whose public form is thoroughly known, and whose vocation would otherwise seem taken away, excepting in so far as they might be useful in trials at home. A better plan of popularising Queen's Plates might be the establishment of penalties, by means of which one horse might at least be prevented from sweeping the board; and this would only be assimilating them to the Goodwood Cup, a sort of hybrid between the weight-for-age and the handicap—which has certainly not proved unsuccessful, if we take as any proof of its success the many surprises which have taken place in connection with it, without which racing would be monotonous in the extreme. Animals of the Caller Ou stamp have sometimes monopolised the 'Guineas,' at meetings all over the country; but then, on the other hand, the presence of such celebrities has benefited small gatherings, to say nothing of the chance presented to owners of having a cut at the crack and a good public trial at little or no expense. The distances might be reasonably shortened in some cases to prevent the repetition of such farces as we have seen, where the 'walking-gentleman' performance has drawn down derision on the contest, and given occasion for the enemies of sport to blaspheme.

We think there are several reasons why it is inexpedient to 'improve' Queen's Plates from off our racing programmes, or to alter their present form of distribution, excepting in minor particulars, such as in the case of failure of any meeting, or the advisability of transferring them from one recipient to another. First and foremost, Royal Plates are, notwithstanding the elaborate arguments of the 'Daily Telegraph,' to the contrary, something more than mere inducements for horses of a certain class to compete for; and

the gift of money, from what source soever acquired—whether from Civil List or Privy Purse—is the embodiment of a sentiment denoting the patronage of the Crown extended to a time-honoured national institution. We should be as sorry to see such support, however inadequate to the exigencies of modern ideas, withdrawn by the Crown, as we should be to see the Royal Kennels vacant and Windsor Forest disenchanted of her echoes of horn and hound. It will be an evil time for the people of England when Royalty ceases to interest itself in their sports and pastimes, and declines to take the lead in developing the natural characteristics of its subjects. Fortunately, if we may judge from the tastes and pursuits of the younger generation of the highest in the land, there is no fear of their interest in or patronage of our racing system being withdrawn; and the instinct of Parliament, which, after all, adequately represents the general feeling of the country, has, on more than one occasion, shown itself in opposition to any attempt to curtail the pleasures and amusements of the people. Official reformers of the Hughes and Lusk type will occasionally arise to remind us of the existence of that maudlin school of sickly sentiment which exalts one form of muscular Christianity at the expense of another, and draws an invidious line where the function of man ends and that of the horse commences. But the genteel cackle of such respectable fanatics is speedily drowned in the flood-light of commonsense brought to bear upon it, and the House deems that it has no more concern with regulating racing affairs than with an alteration in the rules of the M. C. C.

Against the policy of dividing the whole annual grant into half a dozen or so of more valuable Plates we have already protested, and the recent failure of the Alexandra Plate at Ascot is a case in point, where only one animal could be found to go through the farce of trying to make Cremorne gallop, and the third money (about the value of a Queen's Plate) was not thought worth while starting for at all. Such would be the case over and over again at Newmarket, or whatever place was deemed worthy of the honour of having a £500 prize assigned to it, and one or two of the 'cracks' would establish as great a monopoly of them as Prince Charlie now does of five-furlong spins. The opponents of racing, who ground their arguments against its continuance on the gambling inevitably associated with it, must see that Queen's Plates least of all encourage such a practice; and observers of racing will record their experience that, although a good public trial has often been obtained by an owner pitting his horse against an opponent of some 'credit and renown,' there is less roping and pulling in races of this description than any others. At some places of popular resort, too, the Queen's Plate forms the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon, and a sort of sacred importance is attached to it by the crowds who see in Her Majesty's name something of that awe which is accustomed to surround things better known by report than by sight or experience. Would Hampton be 'appy' without its 'Cup' day? and how would half

a score of the minor meetings manage to fill up their very meagre cards without the assistance of the Master of the Horse? In our more crowded meetings, too, the introduction of the Queen's Plate on the slide is a signal for momentary cessation of that turmoil which arises so suddenly at the commencement of any other race, and book-makers and backers alike have breathing time until actual hostilities recommence. So that the institution benefits alike both great and small, and the simple 'dollar' admits the home-wonder of any local sportsman to cut in with 'crocks' and cracks.

Lord Coventry's notice of motion before the Jockey Club—'That on and after the 1st of January, 1874, no horse of the age of three years and upwards shall run in any race which is a shorter distance than one mile'—comes to hand as we conclude these remarks. His Lordship has previously been before the public as a Turf reformer, with a proposal which would in effect have abolished the occupation of light-weight jockeys, by enacting that no horse should carry less than seven stone in certain races. Any proposition in favour of disestablishing feather-weights and sprint races might be regarded as the act of a fanatic, did it not emanate from so thorough-going and disinterested a reformer as Lord Coventry. We do not suppose that the present temper of the Jockey Club will induce them to accept that which, a few years ago, they so emphatically rejected when proposed by so experienced a colleague as Sir Joseph Hawley; but perhaps the latter's scheme was somewhat too comprehensive, and the small amount of practical good in it was negatived by complications which could not recommend it for immediate adoption. Longer courses and heavier weights may be in store for us at some distant period; like the Ballot, long threatened, they may come upon the scene at last, and perhaps, like the latter institution, be discovered to be nothing so dreadful after all. But their time is not yet, and no Berkeley is to be found in the governing body to agitate, year after year, until his pet project receives attention. We hope we have made out our case, on the Conservative side, for an immunity of alteration, for the present at least, in the conditions of Queen's Plates. The day may come when their utility will be more apparent than at present. In the meantime they will remain as a proof that racing is a national institution, not in name only, but as existing under the patronage of the highest in the land—a characteristic which would inevitably be lost for ever, should it once be suffered to lapse or become annihilated under the influence of an economical or puritanical section.

AMPHION.

THE KING OF THE WEST.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

DEDICATED TO M. F. BISSET, ESQ., MASTER OF DEVON AND SOMERSET
STAGHOUNDS.

CAPTAIN and leader, and lord of the herd,
Bold and alert when his mettle is stirred—
Lithe as a lion, and light as a bird,
 Royal in crest,
Dashing the dew from his frontlet and head,
Pillowed on purple, and russet, and red,
Rises in state from his heathery bed,
 The King of the West.

Stands for a second erect in his pride,
Listens before, and behind, and aside
To the tongue of the tufters that gallantly chide,
 Staunch on the quest;
While louder and deeper the challenge resounds,
Till it rings through the Combe in a chorus of hounds,
And the music of death with its echo surrounds
 The King of the West.

Like a storm-driven cloud, like a hawk on the wing,
Like a shaft from a bow, like a stone from a sling,
How he shoots over bracken, and boulder, and ling—
 They may gallop their best!
But the horse and his rider shall labour and strain,
The rowel be reddened, and tightened the rein;
And the staghound shall droop ere a furlong he gain
 On the King of the West!

From acre to acre the moorland is spread,
And acre by acre fleets under his tread,
Untiring and swift, as he stretches ahead,
 For life to contest,
By the ridge of the mountain, the copse on its side,
By tors where they glisten, and streams where they glide,
The swamp that can swallow, the wood that can hide
 The King of the West.

For the yell of their war-cry is borne on the wind,
And the ruthless pursuers are raging behind:
He must scour his dominions a refuge to find—
 Nor fail in the test,
Though before him the bounds of his monarchy lie,
Where the blue of the sea meets the blue of the sky,
And above him the raven is hungering on high—
 For the King of the West.

Where a rent in the precipice yawns on the deep,
 Unfaltering—undaunted—he makes for the steep ;
 With antlers flung back gathers breath for the leap,
 To extremity pressed ;
 And launched from the brink of it, fenceless and bare,
 'The fate of each element eager to dare,
 He cleaves through the wave, as he clove through the air—
 This King of the West.

Low down on the waters the sunset hath spread,
 From sky-line to shingle a pathway of red,
 Like a curtain of blood, to close o'er his head,
 Where he sinks to his rest.
 Pursuit and pursuers, outpaced and surpassed,
 With a mantle of royalty over him cast,
 He dies, undefeated, and game to the last—
 The King of the West.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXIV.

THE departure of St. Prix and his hounds from Carhaix cast a gloom not only on our little circle, now reduced to a trio, but also on the whole town. His yearly visits, in the execution of his duty as Louvetier, being productive of so much benefit to the community, both by the wolves he killed, as well as by the coin which he and the followers of his hunt so liberally expended, were the chief subject of interest and conversation for weeks before his arrival. But not for the foregoing reasons only was the Louvetier regarded as king of men in that district, nor because he was a Breton, noble by birth and lineage, and the proprietor of vast territorial possessions, extending from Callac, near the Black Mountains, to Morlaix, on the shores of the Atlantic, but rather because he was the most generous of human beings, kind and courteous to all classes alike, and a nobleman, in every sense of the word, to the backbone. It is, however, as a Chasseur that we have chiefly to speak of him in these pages : as such, whether as a horseman or a houndsman, at home in the saddle and thoroughly understanding the nature and habits of the wild game he hunted, and the best mode of hunting it with success, he was second to none, either in Brittany or any other country. 'In breeding 'my hounds,' he said to me as we were one day jogging together to cover, 'I don't go in so much for clean throats and straight legs as 'you do in England ; but, if a hound will hit and drive, and throw 'his tongue when he hits—for those are the cardinal points in a 'hound's character—I'll never draft him for his uncomely looks.'

‘Quite right too,’ I replied. ‘The chase of the present day, however, in your country and ours is so very different, that a hound in every respect qualified for your work would probably very soon find himself “out of the game” in an English fox-chase. Pace is the first consideration with us; and a hound must need be straight in his limbs and clean in his growth, or he could never blow his fox in forty minutes, and, above all, keep clear of the horses pressing on his very stern. These, with condition, are the indispensable points required in a modern English fox-hound; and if, on a flag-inspection, the puppy lack them, he is never given the chance of showing what merits he may possess as a chase-hound: he is drafted at once, and either goes to some inferior pack or to the colonies. So, as I scarcely need add, many a good hound, throaty and out-at-elbow—faults supposed to be incompatible with speed—is parted with in this way.’

‘No doubt about that,’ said the Louvetier. ‘A throaty hound almost invariably possesses a good nose, and, as I have often proved, a hound, though crooked in his legs as a *dachshund*, may be a rare one to drive for all that. But, if you are so particular in your selection of hounds, the breeding and rearing of them must be a heavy item in the cost of producing a first-rate pack.’

‘Very true. Fifty couple of puppies are annually sent to walk to replenish the wants of a single grand pack; out of which number, after due trial and examination, both in kennel and afield, when they come up, perhaps not more than twelve couple are admitted as entries into the regular pack; the remainder, as I have before stated, are drafted without a scruple.’

‘Ah, well,’ said the Louvetier, as if lost in astonishment at the boundless wealth of the English people, ‘a master of hounds must have a mine of gold at his command to support such a system.’

‘Doubtless,’ I replied, ‘vast sums have been expended from time to time in bringing the fox-hound to his present perfection; but, as a general rule, men even of moderate means, provided they keep off the Turf and do not gamble, are rarely brought to ruin by keeping hounds; on the contrary, the office of M.F.H. is often considered the best safety-valve for a young man on succeeding to his property, as, being at least an innocent and manly occupation, its tendency is to divert him from less enjoyable and more hurtful pursuits.’

St. Prix’s observation, which I chronicled at the time, respecting the cardinal points required in a hound’s work—namely, that he should be quick to hit, a hard driver, and never fail to throw his tongue on making a hit—left an impression on my mind that, if it had fallen to his lot to handle a pack of fox instead of a pack of wolf hounds, he would have earned a distinction in the craft equal to that of Mr. Tom Smith or Anstruther Thomson; and, like the latter, would have taken to ‘Welsh blood,’ or any blood, no matter how unfashionable, that possessed in a superior degree the above requirements.

On the following day, after St. Prix’s departure for Morlaix, our

horses having been already sent forwards, a voiture, drawn by a pair of dun cobs, the property of a M. Dinguff, conveyed Keryfan, Shafto, and myself with great comfort to Gourin—the distance being just five leagues, and the charge for conveyance, including the coachman, only eight francs. Our destination being the Hermitage, still some four leagues farther, access to which had never yet been attempted by a carriage slung upon springs, ourselves and baggage were now consigned to some rough ponies, which a friendly charcoal-burner for a few francs had placed at Shafto's disposal. Unkempt and grimy to the last degree were these poor ill-conditioned beasts; and when Keryfan's Parisian dressing-case and grand portmanteau, ornamented with fancy buckles and brass studs, were strapped aloft on the back of one of them, it was impossible to forbear a laugh, so strange was the contrast between the sorry beast and the gay burden. But, with this weight only on his back, the charcoal-burner seemed to think the animal insufficiently freighted, for he constantly solicited Keryfan to mount behind his baggage, avowing that, by the additional weight on his rump, the forelegs of the beast would be less likely to give way. One glance, however, at the knees, which had been recently sorely barked, convinced Keryfan he had far better trudge any distance on his own legs than trust his neck to so frail a jade.

The Hermitage has already been described in a previous chapter as the residence fitted up by Shafto for the purpose of pursuing the wild, fierce game inhabiting the forests that surrounded it on every side; and so far as its out-of-the-world, solitary site could warrant it, no human habitation was ever better entitled to that name. The robbers' nest occupied by the Doons in that Exmoor gorge could scarcely have been more inaccessible—having a rocky waste on one side, ravines and forests on the other, with a footpath, only fit for a goat, leading up to its rude and massive walls. Yet that rugged approach, from long usage, had become as familiar to Shafto as the steps of his club to a loungee in Pall Mall; on foot or on horseback, by night or by day, he traversed it with equal confidence. His friends too, remote and roadless as the country was, found their way to the Hermitage with little difficulty; and once there (for, as Keryfan said, was it not a temple dedicated conjointly to St. Hubert and Hospitality?) the difficulty was to get away.

While on the subject of inaccessible localities, an anecdote of the great Bishop of Exeter, Henry Phillpotts, occurs to my mind, and may not be inaptly quoted on the present occasion. In that vast and unwieldy diocese, over which he presided for upwards of thirty-eight years with such signal success, making his presence and his power known from the Phœnician mines of the Cassiterides to the rugged cliffs of Prawle Head, he was for some time baffled in his wish to visit the parish of St. Cuthbert by the rector, who, to every proposal on the part of his lordship to come and administer the rite of Confirmation to its inhabitants, ever answered that, the road being so steep and impassable, he doubted the possibility of his being able to reach St. Cuthbert on wheels, but that he (the rector) would bring his candi-

dates to meet his lordship in some adjoining and more accessible parish. Now, the rector, a man of fair means, had yet conceived a reasonable dread of the expense attendant on entertaining the bishop and his retinue even for one night ; and hence, in reality, the plea of bad roads, by which he hoped to scare the prelate from taxing his hospitality. In every country-house, however, for miles around, wherever the bishop dined, there he invariably met the rector of St. Cuthbert ; and at length, on hearing the old plea again repeated, he could restrain himself no longer : ‘ Well, Mr. K——,’ said he, in his measured, caustic, yet most courteous style, ‘ if the *access* to ‘ St. Cuthbert be so difficult, the *egress* from it appears to be easy ‘ enough ; for I have had the pleasure of meeting you every night at ‘ dinner for the last week.’ It need scarcely be added that, after such a rebuke, a Confirmation was held at St. Cuthbert the first time the bishop visited that neighbourhood again.

It is said of Julius Cæsar that he felt greater pride in making a good road than in gaining a battle ; and we know for a certainty that, wherever his conquering legions marched, his roads paved the way for future civilization, and left a mark behind them ineffaceable to this day. Yet he, the *Victor hostium et sui*, was content to describe one of his grandest achievements in that line by the following curt but most comprehensive inscription :

‘ Hanc viam, inviam, rotabilem fecit.—J. C.’

From the condition of the roads, however, within many miles of the Hermitage, it must be considered very doubtful if Julius Cæsar, after conquering the various tribes of Armorica, ever penetrated the rugged region of Celtic Gaul which is known as the backbone of Brittany. Nor did the Romans occupy that country permanently till the year A.D. 383, when a Roman officer called Maximus, resident in Great Britain, revolting against the Emperor Gratian, withdrew to Brittany, and, carrying with him two Roman legions and a vast number of Celtic islanders, conferred the government of Armorica on Meriadec, a warlike Celt and a chief among his followers. This, the first great emigration of Britons into that province, was soon succeeded by many others, the immigrants finding peace and protection under the rule of the Celtic chief.

Shafto, who had preceded our party by an hour or more, came out to meet and welcome us as we hove in sight of his *porte-cochère*, and the loud greeting he gave us at a distance of some hundred yards reminded me of that given to Ben Jonson when he was approaching the country mansion of his supposed friend, Drummond of Hawthornden.

‘ Welcome, welcome, honest Ben !’

shouted the host, as he spied the poet wending his way on foot up a stately avenue leading to the house.

‘ Thank’ee, thank’ee, Hawthornden !’

responded the expected guest, with that readiness in rhyming for which

he was so remarkable. But the poet laureate would have eaten his chop at the Mermaid Club with his friends Raleigh, Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher with a thankful heart, could he have foreseen the cruel terms in which Drummond described his character, after a three-weeks' visit, from notes taken at the time, and at a subsequent period published to the world. In this respect, however, Shafto's welcome was a very different one; he would have gone to the stake rather than treated the man to whom he had given the right hand of fellowship with such disloyalty.

Amid a chorus of music, too, from hounds, setters, and spaniels, every one of which had come out from his *barrique* far as the chain would permit, we were welcomed to the Hermitage; while Owen Mawr and his busy little wife proceeded at once to relieve the ponies of their baggage, and to express in the strongest terms their delight at the return of their master and the cessation of the solitude to which of late they had been so frequently condemned. It did one's heart good to witness the honest, homely fashion in which these uncontaminated rustics sought to serve us in every possible way; nor, from their downright refusal to accept a single franc on our departure, could the imputation of mercenary motives be attributed to their service; but, on the contrary, it was all given, beyond a shadow of doubt, as a veritable labour of love and a homage due to their master's guests. 'Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!' may we well say in this independent age of education and communism.

Flakes of snow had been falling intermittently during the day, and before we had fairly settled into our nooks at the Hermitage the leaden aspect of the world around gave token of more to come. The rocky slopes of the hill-side had already changed their hue, and the dark forests below, unruffled by the wind, were gradually growing whiter and whiter under the soft feathery flakes now gathering densely upon them.

'I don't like the look of the weather at all,' said Shafto, as he led Keryfan and myself across the courtyard to a kind of outhouse which he called his larder, 'for, should it continue snowing thus steadily for the next twenty-four hours, it will go hard with us if Owen Mawr has not made ample provision for the impending siege.'

So saying, he flung open the door of the outhouse, which, from the contents it revealed, looked far more like a butcher's shop than an ordinary larder; for there, suspended by hooks to a cross-beam, hung a calf and two little sheep newly flayed, the hind-quarters of a bullock, and a couple of heads of wild boar recently killed in the forest of Kilvern by Kergoorlas' and St. Prix's hounds.

'Provision for a month at least,' observed Keryfan, 'and no fear of short allowance even for a longer period, provided the garrison counts, as it now does, but five heads.'

'Add five-and-twenty to that number and you will be nearer the mark,' said Shafto; 'for every hound will have his black bread moistened with good broth out of that stock. Annette is a rare

‘kennel-feeder, and would help a favourite hound to the first cut out of a leg of mutton sooner than see him stinted in his food.’²

During this time a lively conversation was going on between Owen Mawr, Annette, and the charcoal-burner, whose ponies, already well fed and re-bridled, stood with their heads close to the *porte-cochère*, as if eager to be off on their homeward route. But there was a hitch somewhere; and, from the ominous expression of the charcoal-burner’s face, who ever and anon looked upwards with alarm, shaking, as he did so, an avalanche of snow from his broad-brimmed hat, it was evident that he was not so ready as his beasts were to turn his back on the hospitality and safe shelter afforded by the Hermitage. ‘It’s only three leagues off, I tell thee—not a *mètre* more,’ said Owen Mawr and Annette in the same breath, bent, as they had welcomed him, to ‘speed the parting guest’ to the utmost of their power. But the guest, like the Squire of the pad in the old ballad, who

‘Often took leave, but was loth to depart,’

still lingered on the threshold, urging that night was at hand, and that wolves would beset his path ere he could possibly gain the walls of Gourin.

‘Here, then,’ said Owen, impatiently thrusting a box of lucifer matches into the man’s hand, ‘take that for thy protection. Thou hast enough there, with the aid of St. Francis, to scare all the wolves in Brittany.’

‘I would rather trust to these walls than to all the saints in the calendar,’ said the charcoal-burner; ‘and as for the matches, let me but listen to the crackling fagots on thy hearthstone, and I’ll give thee all I have earned by my day’s labour with a thankful heart.’

Vain, however, were the poor fellow’s entreaties for further hospitality. As well might he have hoped to move the mercy of Pluto and the Eumenides as that of Owen Mawr and his wife, who, seeing it was but the commencement of a snowstorm, apprehended no danger whatever from the attack of wolves, and attributed the man’s disinclination to quit the Hermitage to his appreciation of the good fare he had found therein. His fears, they believed, were a mere sham; and accordingly, as Owen all but thrust him from the gate, Annette bid him, with a pitiless grin, tell his beads every yard of the way, or the *Loup-garou* would have him as well as his horses before he reached Gourin.

But the joke was a grim and a cruel one for the charcoal-burner’s ears. His beasts, indeed, trotted merrily out the moment the gates were opened, but he himself went forth to the lonesome hill-side with the dread of a man driven to his doom. That very night the wail of a wolf startled me in my dreams, and quicker than lightning to my thoughts came the visage of the charcoal-burner pleading for protection at the gates of the Hermitage; and, as again and again the dismal howling was answered by other wolves near and around the circuit of the walls, I could not help fearing the poor fellow’s fore-

bodings would be realised to the bitterest end. I was safe as within the walls of a fortress; yet, in listening to the weird cry of the brutes, a chill of awe penetrated to my very marrow, and I could no more have slept during that hideous concert, broken as it was at intervals by the savage uproar of the hounds, than if the walls of the Hermitage had been assaulted by a band of brigands. At length the sharp report of a gun rang through the building, and this, followed by the voice of a woman shrieking at the wolves, brought the serenade abruptly to a close, and effectually scared the brutes, at least for that night, away from the premises.

It was Annette who had fired the gun, her husband having point-blank refused to rise from his bed, declaring, as she roused him to do so, that the howling of the wolves was music to his soul, and that he was right glad to find there were still a few left for their sport another season. The window of their sleeping apartment, however, formed in the outer wall, and looking out on the forest, happened to be in close proximity to the larder, in which the newly-slaughtered meat was hung, and this attraction for the wolves' noses caused them to make frantic efforts to clamber in at that recess; and it was not until Annette had twice seen the pricked ears of a wolf, as he clung by his claws to the sill of the window, that she could summon courage to seize her husband's gun, and fire it in the face of the assaulting foe.

The next morning, on examining the ground, not a trace of the wolves, beyond the indentation of their claws on the mossy wall, could be anywhere seen, so steadily had the snow fallen even till break of day. The layer could scarcely have been less than two feet deep; and, as there had been no wind to cause it to drift and accumulate in particular spots, an uniform depth of snow had enamelled the whole country, and transformed its withered, haggish old face into one of exceeding fairness and dazzling beauty.

'Have you any idea how many they were?' said Shafto, interrogating Owen Mawr as to the night attack.

'By their tongues, I should say not more than three or four—probably an old bitch-wolf and a brace of young ones.'

Annette, however, who, head and shoulders out of window, was supervising the examination of the ground and wall, was of a different opinion. 'How can he know their number when, the more the wolves howled, the louder he snored in answer? I'll be sworn there were a dozen at least knocking hard for admission at this window.'

That, of course, was an exaggerated estimate, suggested by the fear and imagination of the woman, as there had been no snow previously, nor weather bitter enough to cause the wolves to pack for mutual help and more aggressive depredation. But Shafto, pretending to accept Annette's view of the number, shook his head ominously, and said, with a solemn air, 'Then, I fear me, that poor fellow and his ponies made a grand meal for the brutes when they found themselves baulked by our walls.'

'God forbid!' said the woman, now stung to the quick at the

recollection of the merciless manner in which she and her husband had treated the man. 'If indeed such a fate has befallen him, the Loup-garou will terrify my thoughts, awake or asleep, to my dying day.'

About an hour afterwards Owen Mawr was despatched to Gourin, with instructions to inquire if the charcoal-burner had arrived safely at that town, and if, as Shafto himself much doubted, the ponies had been equally fortunate; for, if the wolves had attacked them, the man would have been utterly powerless to protect all his four little beasts with a box of lucifer matches only, although, by standing over one, he might possibly save its life from the cowardly brutes. Not a scrap of intelligence, however, could Owen gain of the man and his ponies at Gourin; neither he nor they had been seen in the town since they had quitted it on the previous day; nor could any tidings be gleaned from the gendarmes, who were at once started in search of the man, by order of the chief officer commanding that force.

A whole week had elapsed with a similar result—no news of the charcoal-burner—during which time the conscience-smitten alarm of Annette and the misgivings of her husband would have been painful to witness, if Shafto's faith and argument had not assured us that in all probability neither the man nor his ponies had been attacked at all. 'For,' said he, 'I looked at my watch when Annette fired off the gun—it was then three o'clock; and as the wolves of the neighbouring forest, attracted by the fresh meat, certainly passed the livelong night under our walls, it is quite clear that they, at least, could have had nothing to do with the charcoal-burner's disappearance after he quitted our gates. To my mind, the long serenade they gave us is a sufficient *alibi* in their favour to acquit them of this charge.'

On the seventh day after that memorable night Shafto, by St. Prix's especial request, had taken his hounds to the forest of Glomel to kill, if possible, a wolf that had been doing great damage to the cattle of the Count de Saisy's tenants. This forest lay due east of the Hermitage, near Rostrenen, on the northern slope of the Black Mountains; and although, from one point to the other, the distance could not have been less than six leagues, we found ourselves—men, horses, and hounds—at the cover-side at half-past seven o'clock, just at the break of day. There was still a thin layer of snow covering the earth, so the *piqueurs* did their work with little difficulty, bringing back a goodly list of the rough game that had gone into lair during the night, namely, badger, fox, chevreuil, and one old wolf—the latter, from his broad splay feet and long claws, being, without a doubt, the culprit on whose doom we were bent. Accordingly, by the help of the snow and a couple of rare tufters, we soon roused him from his slumber, and in less than half an hour six couple more were hard at him, waking up the old woods with a roar of melody. Before, however, the sharpest of the peasants could reach the far end of the forest, the wily brute had broken cover, and like an arrow had gone straight away for Pontargoned and the great forests beyond Huelgoed.

The scent was too good to stop them, so there was nothing for it but to follow the hounds as we best could to that vast woodland ; and, luckily, the roads, proving more favourable than usual, enabled us to catch an occasional view of them as they broke into open ground or topped a hill on their onward course. But now arose a difficulty with which, in that labyrinth of cover, it was hopeless to contend. No sooner had the hounds reached the dense portion of it that lies on the Monts d'Arrée side, than a brace of fresh wolves were roused, and from that moment Shafto, Keryfan, and I did our utmost to stop the hounds. This, however, was no easy task, and, but for the accidental help of some peasants engaged in felling timber and clearing the brushwood, might probably have been more than our jaded horses would have enabled us to accomplish.

While thus engaged, an unexpected but a very welcome object, in the form of a man, emerged from a turf cabin hard by. This was no other than the lost charcoal-burner, who, little aware of the intense anxiety occasioned by his disappearance, was somewhat surprised at the warm greeting he met with from our party. His story was soon told. On quitting the Hermitage, he had travelled but a short distance before he fell in with a company of woodmen proceeding to Pontargoned ; and, being persuaded by them to take a share of the labour in which they were engaged, he had struck in, and from that day followed the vocation at which we had found him. On hearing the glad tidings of the man's safety, Annette's relief can scarcely be described, and the following night—the first for a whole week, as she declared—were her dreams undisturbed by the terrible Loupgarou.

THE COWES WEEK.

WHAT Goodwood is to other gatherings of a kindred nature, or the Eton and Harrow match to other cricketing contests, so is the Regatta week at Cowes to other yachting festivals. That the Royal Yacht Squadron monopolise the largest share of popularity may not be due to the offering of more substantial prizes, or to the better management of their races, in which particulars perhaps the Thames Yacht Club is entitled to be considered *facile princeps* ; but still their annual Regatta invariably attracts a larger concourse of yachts and yachtsmen than any other aquatic meeting. It has been suggested, and no doubt with much reason, that the interest taken by the Queen and Prince of Wales in the welfare of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the fact that some members of the Royal family are always present to witness the races, sufficiently account for this exceptional popularity ; but we think, in addition, the very happy combination of time and place ought to be considered a cause. First, as to time—the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta always follows the Goodwood Races ; and though it is true there are

the Brighton and Lewes meetings to attract the inveterate Turfites, yet there is no 'lawn' at either of these two places to lure the fair owners of pretty costumes and still prettier faces; in plain English, the former is the most fashionable gathering, and those who constitute 'the fashion' have, after the Goodwood week, the first week at their own disposal since the close of the London season.

Then, as to the place—there is certainly no seaside resort in this country so suitable for a yachting rendezvous as Cowes; there the fine-weather sailor is in his glory, and the ladies never need fear such inconvenience as, no doubt, many of them have experienced on the voyage from Dover to Calais.

The harbour forms a miniature bay, just capable of holding a pleasure fleet, and when the Roads are crowded with vessels, as they invariably are this week, the *coup d'œil* is certainly one to be seen nowhere else in the world. This year the scene was rendered additionally attractive—first, by the presence of H.M.S. *Ariadne*; and, secondly, because the two Royal yachts in attendance on the *Cesarewitch* were moored close to the *Victoria* and *Albert*. These veritable tritons among the minnows were, of course, objects of interest to sight-seers, but the Russian yachts did not strike us as either presenting the appearance of beauty or conveying the idea of speed. The Club-house gardens were fuller than usual; but we have no space for a list of the visitors, which would form a tolerably large abstract of the 'Court Guide.' It is to be regretted that many of our most famous racing yachts were conspicuous by their absence. The *Oimara*, *Florinda*, *Corisande*, *Fiona*, and others were not present, and the *Guinevere* and *Aline* were content to be silent spectators.

Some said that time allowance frightened them away; but the scale has not been altered since last year, when there was a far larger muster, and the Town Cup, which usually attracts a score or so of competitors, was this year contended for by twelve vessels only, and of these two at least must have sailed merely for the sake of increasing the entries. There was much speculation among the critics as to what the old *Arrow* would do. Since last year her owner has lengthened her six feet by the bow, and there is no doubt that now she is one of the handsomest and fastest cutters afloat; but whether she can be made *the* fastest is a question. Her mast, we think, is in the wrong place, and ought to be shifted more forward, and her topsails are about the worst specimens of sail-making we ever remember to have seen; but with these drawbacks she managed to give the 'sixties' a most unmistakable thrashing. The *Kriemhilda* is, without doubt (given certain conditions), the fastest cutter on a wind we have; nothing could look at her with smooth water, and we take it it will be some time before any vessel is found to equal her. If we had to cross the Atlantic in one of these two vessels we should unhesitatingly select the *Arrow*; but for all racing purposes we prefer the *Kriemhilda*, at any rate as far as the vessels are sparred and sailed at present. She is not as stiff as we

should like to see her, considering her size ; but perhaps with the canvas she carries we ought not to expect that in a racing yacht which owes its existence to Ratsey. The Egeria, as usual, sailed well, but she had it all to herself. With such a fleet of fast schooners as we have, it was certainly remarkable that only the Pantomime and the new and untried Morna (the Duke of Rutland will pardon us for omitting the Shark) were present to try conclusions with her. The Egeria is decidedly a fine-weather clipper, but *then* a clipper indeed ; and without in any way wishing to speak disparagingly, we cannot help fancying, that when the weather allows her to set her enormous balloon sails she is bound to go.

The Morna, the new Gosport-built schooner, is a fine, handsome, and powerful vessel, and if she could borrow the Alarm's masts (which certainly seem more or less useless just now), we think she would show the way to some of them in a breeze ; her present spars are decidedly, as an old sailor told us, 'nothink.' The Pantomime sailed well, and, with the wind just abaft the beam, is, undoubtedly, a very fast vessel. Colonel Markham must now regret he ever parted with her, since his last acquisition, the Harlequin, is decidedly the reverse of rapid. In the races at Cowes there may be said to have been the Kriemhilda, Arrow, Egeria, and Pantomime, and *preterea nihil*, since while the breeze was true these four vessels steadily dropped all the others ; but of the rest the Arethusa and Iona may be selected as deserving a word of commendation. Mr. Broadwood has altered and much improved the Arethusa, and we quite expect to hear more of her : the way in which she ran up to the Arrow, and stuck to her till the big cutter hauled her wind, was a caution. Mr. Ashbury's Iona has done well this year. At Queenstown she showed her superiority in a strong wind and sea, and at Cowes, in the race for the Club purse, she showed what she could do in a light breeze. The Yankee clipper Sappho was in the Roads, but made no sign ; we fancy her owner must have given up racing, since when we recollect all the tall talk about her in the American papers, we cannot possibly believe that any misgiving as to the result could have deterred him from entering his vessel. True, alluding to the English Channel, our Transatlantic yachting brothers have declared their objection to sailing in a duck-pond ; but we never could understand the applicability of the expression, unless indeed it is that geese, for instance, prefer more open water. The fireworks, after the race for the Queen's Cup, were better than usual ; but Lord Wilton's instructions as to when the different yachts should illuminate were not attended to, and a magnificent spectacle was consequently lost. On Thursday the Cowes Town Regatta took place, and a prettier sight cannot easily be imagined. It almost seemed as if the clerk of the weather had been communicated with, so bright and pleasant was the day and so calm the sea. The Alberta was anchored close to the station vessel, with the children of the Prince of Wales on board, and all round her the water, unruffled save by the faintest of summer breezes, was studded with boats of every description. The

artist's pencil might imperfectly delineate the scene, but the pen is powerless to do even that.

The only unpleasant occurrence that at all marred the enjoyments of the week was the presence of certain officious members of trades' unions, who visited the different yachts and endeavoured to prevail on the crews to strike. To the great credit of the men be it said, they resisted the overtures of these meddling mischief-makers, and they were compelled to depart 'with a flea in the ear.' Had their departure been expedited by a display of agility on the part of Jack with his feet, or suggested as advisable by the cogent reasoning of a rope's end, every one would have been better pleased, for it is well known that these gentlemen acknowledge the force of only one argument when dealing with those who differ from them, and that is the *argumentum ad baculum*!

The conduct of the crews was referred to at the Royal Yacht Squadron meeting, and highly commended, and the whole matter is to be seriously discussed at the Annual General Meeting in March next. The Club dinner was as pleasant and festive as ever, though, unfortunately, it being the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday, the Royal party dined *en famille*, so none of the Princes were present; but their healths were drunk, it need hardly be said, with equal enthusiasm in their absence. We were glad to see Mr. Delmé Radcliffe there to honour the toast of 'Fox-hunting,' which he has done now for so many years, and we cordially hope the author of 'The Noble Science' may be spared for a long long time to make his annual response. It was observed with great pleasure and satisfaction, that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales appears to take a growing interest in yachting matters; last year he sailed in two of the matches with Mr. Chamberlayne in the Arrow, and this year he honoured Count Batthyany with his presence during the race for the Queen's Cup on board the Kriemhilda. It was obvious to those on board that he entered into the spirit of the thing *con amore*. And here one cannot help observing, that though it is certainly not necessary to suggest any particular line of conduct to his Royal Highness, by which he might still further increase his popularity, yet to take a real interest (as he does) in the manly sports and recreations of Englishmen is sufficient in itself to exterminate the whole gang of theoretical Republicans. Were we in Mr. Bradlaugh's shoes, we should have as much thought of advocating our principles on board the Kriemhilda after the race for Her Majesty's Cup, as we should of attempting to make an intimate acquaintance with one of the lions at the Zoological Gardens ten minutes before feeding time. It has been said that the road to an Englishman's heart lies through his pocket, but we won't believe a bit of it; find out his favourite sport; only let it be a manly and honest one, and you have the key to his affections. Imagine, for instance, a loyal cricketer meeting a Republican ditto (only we don't admit there is such a person), and remembering they have both played in the same eleven; the right hand of fellowship would be at once extended, or, if it were absolutely

necessary to try conclusions, their differences would probably be settled by a single-wicket match.

To our mind, the strongest argument against the whole band of sneaking Socialists is their notorious ignorance of or dislike for manly sports. We will not believe in the sincerity or bravery of a self-dubbed patriot, who will prate loudly of what he calls liberty and the rights of the working man, and yet whose cheek would grow pale as the yacht dipped her lee bulwarks in the rising sea, or whose chief thought would be of his pads as a swift ball was delivered at his wicket, or whose 'soul would sicken' as a Leicestershire fence showed itself not a few yards from his horse's head. The esteem and respect of a *genuine* Englishman must be won in other ways than by a mere display of a noisy rhetoric; for truly there is more real logic in deeds than in words.

We ought to ask pardon for this digression, but really the Cowes week may be said to be reasonably suggestive of such thoughts. Yachting is one of the most characteristic of English amusements; the only other nation which at all encourages it is America, and are not Americans half Englishmen? Now that iron and steam take the place of wood and canvas in our navy, yachting is more than ever useful, if we would not let the true British tar become extinct. It would perhaps be a little out of place here to attempt to discuss the question of whether the Royal Yacht Squadron do all that ought to be expected from them. They have been rather roughly handled lately in the public journals, and unfavourable comparisons have been freely drawn between them and other yacht clubs. True, the modest sum of 100*l.* does not seem much when offered as a prize by the wealthiest society in the country; but after all, the question arises, what more could they do? There is no time for more racing in the prescribed period of four days, and the sum of 75*l.* as a first prize and 25*l.* as a second prize are equal to what is usually offered by the other leading clubs. But anyhow their popularity is certainly not on the wane, and if all seemed *pleased* it does not much matter if a few are not *satisfied*. Again, exception has been taken to the conditions attached to some of the races, whereby yachts are compelled to sail in 'sea-going trim'; but as the inventors of this expression are not yet agreed as to its exact meaning, discussion would appear premature. If it is desirable to encourage the building of yachts that shall be *both* fast and comfortable, some definition of the words is necessary, and the condition ought to be an invariable one. We know full well the inside-out sort of state into which a racing yacht is brought before she starts, and we have always reprobated the practice, inasmuch as we think a 'gentleman's yacht' ought to sail as such, and we do not think much of a craft that requires overhauling and partially dismantling before she is considered fit to compete. We recollect some years ago going on board the famous *Mosquito* during a race, to procure assistance for a disabled vessel, and the state of that yacht astonished us not a little. The cabin was almost destitute of furniture, and some straw and a chair or two

were the sole attempts at comfort visible. Out of this straw the owner with no slight difficulty extracted some bread and cheese and a bottle or two of beer, and we thought with regret not unmingled with surprise of the capital cold lunch we had seen laid out on the vessel we had just left. On our asking the reason for this representation of chaos, we were told 'the vessel had been got ready for racing!'

Again, we were once on board the Cambria, and have a vivid recollection of being peremptorily ordered by the skipper to keep our heads below the bulwarks; and so trying was this unaccustomed position to us, that we had to crawl on our hands and knees down into the cabin, and there try and recover from what is commonly called 'crook in the neck;' meanwhile we could observe that on board the Arrow the gentlemen were reading the newspapers, and the ladies had parasols! We could not help wondering whether she would have been still further ahead had the same rigid laws been enforced by her skipper. The best definition of 'cruising trim' is *the normal condition of a pleasure yacht*; bring your vessel to the starting-post as you would when ready to take a pleasure sail. It is not meant that your yacht should race as if she were ready to start for the Mediterranean, and hence we consider it was absurd to make each competitor carry two large boats as the Royal Yacht Squadron did last year. No one going for a sail round the Nab Light would think that necessary; but what *would* be necessary for comfort and safety on such a trip ought to be carried in a race over such a course. We fear the outcry against 'sea-going trim' comes chiefly from those who are interested in vessels which would make but a sorry show were they not allowed to be 'got ready.' Some gentlemen of fortune build racing yachts which they themselves seldom board; they are perhaps business men in London or elsewhere, and with a few energetic young friends on board these clippers are sent round the coast on a grand pot-hunting expedition. They carry enormous sails, and carry away their spars with unfailing regularity, which are promptly replaced, money being, of course, no object; and at the end of the season the lucky winners are safely deposited on the mud until racing begins again with the spring; the owners meanwhile are dubbed 'yachtsmen,' and point proudly to their sideboards! We are decidedly of opinion that the building of such craft *solely* for the purpose of racing should be discouraged, and the sideboards of these disconsolate 'yachtsmen' replenished from the silversmiths' shops.

There has always been a manifest desire on the part of the Royal Yacht Squadron to exclude as far as possible mere racing machines from their matches. They were the first to forbid shifting ballast, and they have made at different times different rules as to what sails should be carried and what time should be allowed, and other restrictions, which almost aimed at the very existence of pot-hunters; and though it is only right to add that these rules were sometimes vexatious and unsatisfactory, and even impracticable, yet the object in view was a good one, and we hope the result of these tentative

measures may be an increase in the number of 'yachts that shall combine great speed with comfort and seaworthiness. The Royal Yacht Squadron has a far wider influence among the yachting community than its members imagine; and although yacht racing goes on round our coasts all through the summer, yet the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron attracts the largest share of public attention; other meetings sink into insignificance when compared with it, and so while people are talking of the Kriemhilda and her victories at Cowes, they are apt to forget or ignore her defeats elsewhere. All the public journals have articles on yachts and yachting, the idea being evidently suggested by the Cowes week, and this year it has been reserved for the 'Saturday Review' to consider the matter in its most unpleasant aspect. Generally quick to discover defects, and with a disinclination to praise anybody or anything, the 'Saturday' regards the liability of the human race to suffer from sea-sickness as a strong argument against yachting; and without altogether admitting this, we confess we should regard the presence of the writer of the article on board our vessel in a cruise as a veritable kill-joy, 'whose heart,' to use his own words, 'would be generally in his mouth,' and, as we take it, something else, at times, a great deal more disagreeable than that. There is also, of course, the usual comparison between yachtsmen who cross the ocean and others who sail mostly on the smooth waters of the Solent, and we think the inference most unfair. If a man has no time or inclination to proceed in his yacht to the world's end, why on earth should he be invidiously compared to those few who do so? It is insinuating that he is afraid to 'brave 'the stormy sea'—a conclusion which is certainly illogical and, as we believe, invariably false. A yacht is the only species of property that critics tell us we ought not to do what we like with, and it is especially vexatious to be told this by landsmen who know nothing whatever of the matter which they venture to discuss. Anyhow, whatever be a yachtsman's duties, we consider one is to take his yacht to Cowes during the Regatta week. It is a graceful tribute of loyalty to place his vessel under the very walls of the Queen's residence. Her Majesty, it is well known, takes a great interest in yachting, and long may she be spared to honour with her presence and patronage the festivities of the 'Cowes week.'

THE DONCASTER SALES.

MESSRS. WEATHERBY have considered the Doncaster sales of blood stock this year to be of sufficient importance to justify the issue of an extra number of the 'Racing Calendar;' and the columns of No. 35 will be perused eagerly by the supporters of the great national pastime of our country. We often wonder when we read leading articles in the sporting papers that writers on Turf subjects almost invariably adopt an apologetic style, as if racing *per se* could

not be defended, and is only to be tolerated by the reputable portion of the community on account of the encouragement it gives to the breed of horses. We are not of the number of those who undervalue the advantages which have been derived from that improvement; and we unhesitatingly express the opinion, in contradiction to the *laudatores temporis acti*, that the horses of this country in the present day are superior to those of forty or fifty years ago as regards temper, symmetry of form, and gracefulness of action; and we attribute this improvement principally to the infusion of gentle blood into the baser sort through the medium of the thoroughbred sire.

We maintain, however, that the improvement of the breed of horses ought to be a secondary and not a primary object with those who encourage racing as a great national pursuit; and we indulge the hope that, with the improvement of the material prosperity of the people, the drunkenness, rowdyism, and excessive gambling which at one time were the curse of Turf pursuits, may be eliminated from them, and that racing may become one of the purest and most delightful of social amusements.

But we must return to the Doncaster Sales, and fill a page or two with gossip on the various collections of thoroughbreds which will be marshalled before the rostrum of Messrs. Tattersall in the Leger week. Glancing over the advertisements, we arrive at the conclusion that there will be no lack of fashionably-bred yearlings to supply the buyers who wisely abstained from competing with the magnates of the Turf at the sensational prices of the earlier sales, and have reserved themselves for the chance of buying a colt or filly of lineage perhaps not inferior to the highest-priced gems of Sir Joseph Hawley or the Cobham stud, without the necessity of laying out the income of an estate in the purchase.

For several seasons previous to the sale which dispersed the gigantic stud of the late Mr. Blenkiron over the world, Middle Park overshadowed the establishments of smaller breeders; and the latter, when they brought their yearlings under the hammer in the Leger week, found too frequently that high lineage and good looks availed but little in an overstocked or preoccupied market; and the persuasive tongue of Mr. E. Tattersall, *facile princeps cauponum*, and the simple unadorned eloquence of Mr. Pain, were alike unavailing to extract more than half the cost of rearing for a large proportion of the yearlings offered at Doncaster. It is true that breeders of experience, such as Mr. Cookson and the Johnstones of Sheffield Lane, occasionally obtained handsome prices for yearlings the sons or daughters of winners, or of dams whose stock had recently distinguished themselves; but even to them the result of their sales must have been not unfrequently disappointing. This year, however, the circumstances are changed; the dispersion of the Middle Park Stud has reopened the market. The younger Blenkiron is following in his father's footsteps; but, as he wittily observed on the morning of his first sale, he had this year only a scratch pack, and it must require some length of time and patient attention to the business

of a breeder before he can hope to equal his father in the quality of his stud. In its extent we scarcely suppose he will care to do so.

The Cobham is yet on its trial, and it remains to be seen whether it is to collapse, as the Rawcliffe Company did when the prestige of Newminster no longer availed them, or whether it is to become a magnificent success, taking the lead as the first breeding establishment in Europe. So far all promises well; and we can only express the hope that the personal attention of its able manager may prevent its falling into that state of neglect which is the inevitable fate of every breeding establishment, great or small, when personal supervision relaxes, and stablemen are left to manage (or mismanage) at their will.

Sir Tatton Sykes and his *fidus Achates* Snarry have proved what personal attention can effect in bringing the thoroughbred to early excellence. It is said that, when one of his yearlings (we think it was Doncaster) was brought into the Sale Ring, some of the intelligent bystanders exclaimed, 'Fat as a bull!' 'Will never win a saddle!' Snarry, in his caustic manner, observed to Mr. Tattersall, 'Deed they're never satisfied; if we bring 'em lean they ask us if we reared 'em "workus" or "skillagolee;" when we bring 'em beefy, they tell 'us to sell 'em by t' poond at Langham: they'll not think him oiver 'fat on Darby Day.' If this be an authentic account of the conversation, we can now appreciate more fully Snarry's dry humour, and also give him credit for looking forward to a coming event with more foresight than the cloud of tipsters who are wise after the event.

Sir Tatton, with characteristic modesty, advertises his yearlings as the property of the breeder, without the insertion of his own name. Sister to Morphia, the colt by Trumpeter out of Doncaster's dam, and a brother of Géant de Batailles, are, however, names of strength, and if equal to their predecessors, which we have no reason to doubt, they will excite great attention and realise good prices.

Mr. Crowther Harrison is less reticent than Sir Tatton Sykes, and gives a list of some of the winners he has bred, in which are included Léonie, Flying Childers, Grand Coup, &c.

On the Thursday Mr. Tattersall proposes to sell for him Battle-axe, an own brother of Tomahawk (the winner of the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate in a field of nineteen, including Couronne de Fer). Battle-axe is by Thormanby out of Bathilde (the winner of the Cambridgeshire), by Stockwell; his pedigree includes an unusual number of winners of great races; and as he is built on a powerful scale and stands remarkably well on his forelegs, and has great depth of fore-rib, a strong back, and powerful hind-quarters, he looks like developing into a first-class horse, and may win some of his engagements, in which are included the Derby, Leger, and Grand Prix of Paris. He will have as his companions at Doncaster a filly by Thormanby out of Etruria, the dam of Flying Childers, a horse which in Billy Nichol's hands has won nearly twenty races, and may win as many more when fairly handicapped. At present he is usually favoured with nearly the

top weight, as if he were about the fastest horse of his year at his favourite distance. His half-sister is a filly of great length and very beautiful quality, and is thought to bear a strong resemblance to her paternal granddam, Alice Hawthorn. The last but not the least of this breeder's trio is Will o' the Wisp, a bay colt, by Knowsley out of Ostentation, a mare that won several races, in one of the Northern stables, a few years ago—we think it was John Osborne's. This colt is more like a two-year-old than a yearling, and promises, when fully grown, to be a very fine animal; he has extraordinary good limbs, and looks like striding along at a terrific pace over a flat course; he is entered in the Doncaster St. Leger and Grand Prix of Paris.

The attractions of Thursday's Sale will be increased by the addition of the remainder of Mr. Merry's Stud, as the celebrities Student, St. Mungo, Macgregor, and King of the Forest are to be offered; but as the ominous words, 'without reserve,' are cautiously omitted from the programme, we do not feel quite sure that the great ironmaster may not, like Grisi, have several farewell benefits before finally retiring from the scene of former triumphs. The Turf cannot well spare such men as Mr. Merry and Sir Joseph Hawley, who have kept an unblemished reputation amongst scenes and characters in connection with which virtue is thought to be difficult and honesty next to impossible. This is, however, a vulgar error, as the career of such men as Lord Falmouth, Earl Zetland, Lord Glasgow, Mr. Savile, Baron Rothschild, and a host of others abundantly testifies.

It is the curse of racing that the evil deeds of a few are visited on the many, whilst in other pursuits, such as Importing, Banking, Shipowning, and the other 'ings' of mercantile life, the 'blackening-brush' is not smeared over the whole class because now and then a forger is detected or a ship-scuttler brought to justice.

Mais revenons à nos moutons; and speaking of sheep brings us back to agriculture. We rejoice to see that Mr. W. H. Clarke, who so much distinguished himself as a breeder of hunters, is now gradually increasing the number of his thoroughbred mares, and, as he goes in for plenty of power, if the produce should not race, they will, in any event, not have to be thrown away as useless weeds. Allington, the dam of Tolu, a filly by Lozenge, is the strongest thoroughbred mare we ever saw; and as Parmesan got all his best stock from stout mares by King Tom and Rataplan, we shall not be surprised if Lozenge should also succeed best with strong, roomy mares. We saw a filly by him the other day, out of Mr. Broadley's fine old mare Fascini, the dam of Welton, that looked to us like making a racehorse, in the hands of one of the Dawsons or any other first-class trainer. Some of these Yorkshire worthies attempt to train their thoroughbreds with the help of stud-groom or gardener, but they might almost as well try to win the Derby on a rocking-horse.

The Yardley Stud is becoming of large proportions, and the year-

lings for sale on the Tuesday comprise an Oxford, a Miner, an Adventurer, a Lozenge, two Macaronis, eight Dukes, and seven others. We really think Messrs. Graham should change the name of their establishment to the 'Dukery.' The success of Somerset as a two-year-old gave their sale last year a fillip; and as their mares are generally fine, powerful young animals, and their yearlings by sires of celebrity, buyers will, no doubt, again patronise an establishment which has former successes to recommend it.

Mr. Everett has four yearlings by Paul Jones, one by Sundeelah, and another of duplicate parentage. From what we have seen of the youngsters by Paul Jones, they appear to us particularly wide, stout, strong animals; and we hope Mr. Everett's spirited patronage of the world-famous son of Buccaneer may be rewarded to his heart's content.

Colonel Astley opens the ball on the Leger day. (By the way, we should like to have his recipe for securing a plurality of colts which outnumber his fillies in the proportion of ten to two.)

The brown colt, by Broomielaw out of the Colonel's dam, will no doubt (to use a hackneyed phrase) be the pick of the basket; and as this colt has the blood of Queen Mary in his veins, and that of Melbourne, the combination ought to nick, as the breeders say. The Colonel is a really good horse; and we shall not be surprised to see the stock of Knowsley distinguish themselves, now that his age is matured. These great horses require time to develop their powers at the Stud, whilst little horses often succeed best in their early offspring. We have heard a gentleman of great observation and experience say that the same holds good with mares. In his words: 'A mare of large frame often breeds two or three very inferior foals before she produces a real good one, whilst the first foal of little mares is often the best.' The Earl of Scarborough has two or three home-bred ones by Rataplan; but our eyes of envy are fixed on the chestnut filly, by Wallace out of Lady Alice Hawthorn; and she may yet revive the reputation of Wallace, who is thought by many to have been the best horse of his year.

But we must bring our remarks to a close. We have purposely tarried amongst the *minora sidera* of breeders. We shall not presume to criticise the yearlings of Mr. Cookson, or those of the Glasgow and Sheffield Lane Studs; the deeds of their sires, grandams, and brethren, are they not written in the books of the 'Chronicles of Weatherby?' and he who shall diligently search therein may find whether he shall wisely dispense his shekels of gold in their purchase; or, if the mercantile spirit of the age has caught hold of him, let him leave the pleasant scenes of country life, and repair to the back lanes of Cornhill, and there invest in bales of cotton that the sea may swallow up, casks of tallow that may melt in the sun, bars of iron and tons of coal that are sure to go down in price, or stacks of timber that the fire may burn. Or, if he prefer paper to produce, and love large interest, let him invest in Bonds bearing 10 per cent. interest; and when his more spi-

rited friend has won the Derby, or Leger, or Grand Prix of Paris with a thoroughbred bought at the Doncaster Sales, 1873, let him open his strong-box, and, lo! in the place of the Securities which he hoped should bring him heaps of treasure, he shall find he has invested in withered leaves.

ORION.

LAMMERMUIR, 1873.

I.

'Twas on a May morning we set out to fish,
My gallant boy and I,
And three score and ten were the years of me,
But he was young and spry ;
And the water was *comme il faut*, they said,
And the wind it was *comme il faut*,
And 'twas just the very day for the Whitadder, they said,
And 'the fush would rise like onything below.'

II.

But, ere we set out, said my gallant boy,
' I don't like the sound of the wind,
' And I don't like the looks of those beastly heavy clouds,
' And I fear the rain is gathering behind.'
But they said they saw no harm in the bonnie fleecie clouds,
And the wind gey cannilie did blow,
And 'the flees round our hats were just the vara flees
' That the fush were a 'louping at below.'

III.

And so we sallied forth, my gallant boy and I,
But soon it came to pass,
That he was all right in his doubts and his fears,
And the world was a downright ass ;
For the drizzling rain began to fall,
And the howling wind to blow,
And we poor lunatics persistently toil'd on,
While the fish lay and wink'd at us below.

IV.

And so we toil'd on, my gallant boy and I,
In silence and in dudgeon,
And every now and then a starveling trout we got,
The size of a half-grown gudgeon.
And the soaking rain more heavily did fall,
And the wind more lustily did blow,
While the little fish did rise now and then at our flies,
But the big ones lay a-sulking down below.

V.

And still we toil'd on, my gallant boy and I,
And the big fish naught would stir 'em ;
When a native passing by said we were wrong to use a fly,
'Ye should fush the day, mon, wi' a worrum.'
But the worm was not at hand, and we couldn't understand
Why the fish should serve us so ;
And so we toil'd the more, though the wind did loudly roar,
And the rain lash'd the water's face below.

VI.

Then, to tempt the fish to rise, we tried a host of flies,
Red hackle, and the burly big March brown,
And the yellow dun and blue, and the gnat of sable hue,
And the fly that evermore looketh down.*
But 'twas all of no avail : like a tub thrown to a whale,
Or a whistle to the wind to make it blow—
Do anything or naught, they'd be blow'd if they'd be caught,
So they lay and wagg'd their tails at us below.

VII.

But turbid now and brown the wicked flood came down,
And thick and dark and muddy grew the water,
And a wailing voice was heard of some unhappy bird,
Or perhaps the water kelpie or her daughter.
But one thing was quite clear—'twas no use to tarry there,
Or to tire our wrists with yet another throw ;
So we slowly turn'd about and we bann'd the surly trout
That were bolting worms and creepers down below.

VIII.

And so we toddled home, my gallant boy and I, •
But we came not in sulk or in sorrow,
For we thought of the beer and the whisky toddy here,
And we hoped for better luck on the morrow.
And we smoke the birdseye strong, and we troll our evening song,
And our hearts with genial rapture overflow,
And we revisit in our dreams lovely vales and pleasant streams,
And we think that all's not barren here below.

T. C. S. K.

* Oak-fly, down-looker, down-hill fly.

THE FEAST OF ST. PARTRIDGE.

'THE accounts of the nests are generally favourable. The coveys are large on the average, and, on the whole, well in advance. This might be expected, as the hatching season was fine in most quarters, and not cold enough to do any harm. The birds early in August were pretty well on their legs, and taking to their wings, but were not beyond being hurt by heavy rains or thunder showers. Extreme drought, on the other hand, is said to have been bad for the very young birds, as the ground cracks with the heat, and as they run about they get caught or imprisoned in the fissures.'

Such are the prospects for the season of 1873. The suggestion of the loss of young birds in fissures caused by extreme drought is very ingenious, to say the least of it, and perhaps it may be true, but certainly only to a very limited extent. Anyhow, there was no lack of parent birds left last season; and, notwithstanding the new system of driving, the birds became so wild and superior to the wiles of the gunner, that they were at length suffered to remain unmolested. 'There can scarce be a doubt,' says a writer on this subject, 'that the changes, through modern agriculture, in the face of the country, the close-shaven stubbles and trim hedgeways, and the introduction of the red-legged species, have exercised an influence on the habits of the partridge which appears to be more markedly inherited by the bird each succeeding year. The partridge appears to possess a vigorous instinct for self-preservation, and to accommodate itself with striking facility to the altered conditions under which it has to exist.'

Undoubtedly, great numbers of partridges are annually destroyed since the modern agricultural improvement in mowing even has been introduced; and, moreover, the destruction is increased by the fact that the birds are driven to build their nests in cornfields, since the spirit of economy has prompted the farmer to utilise the grassy banks wherein they used to find shelter. By the abolition of reaping, too, and the adoption of the scythe, a fine stubble is becoming a thing only to be talked about as having existed in a remote age.

To be seen in London on the 1st of September ought to be a source of never-ending disgrace to a man with anything like a sporting tendency. The season—the London season of pleasure and frivolity—is over; Rotten Row is an unfrequented wilderness; Grace has played his last match at Lord's and the Oval long ago; and 'Smugs,' in outriggers and skiffs upon the pellucid Thames, alone represent the sporting element, the strange fascination of rowing still retaining a goodly crew of its outside votaries. What can a sporting man be doing in London?

'What, you walking down Fleet Street on the 1st of September! Mercy on us! who would have thought it?'

'Business, my friend—business. The fact is, I am looking after

'the printers, and have various literary matters of all kinds to look after.'

'Business, eh—and on such a day as this? Why, it's absurd.'

'I suppose you are going to have a turn at the birds?'

'Yes; I am now going to my place, and hope to pull down a brace or two before night.'

Mr. Jones was well known as a crack shot, and, what was more to the purpose, had very comfortably situated and well-stocked shooting-quarters of his own not far from town. It was still early morning, and a tolerably long day was yet before us. Mr. Jones was seated in a lofty dogcart, with wheels of eighteen spokes, and behind a celebrated black mare—the fastest trotter in all London or anywhere else. With such a mare, the time taken in getting to the ground would be inconsiderable. Business somehow became odious even in name in face of such temptation; but how to inform him of it?

The omniscient Jones read my inmost thoughts, and he actually roared with laughter as he drew in to the flags, and sung out:

'Jump up, sir, jump up! Blow the literary stuff for to-day! It's a disgrace for an Englishman to be seen about here, and your heart can't be in your work on the 1st. Jump up, sir!'

And in I jumped without further remark, and without the slightest notion as to how I was to get a suitable equipment for a day's shooting. In the course of our drive I mentioned my predicament, and the provident Jones at once gave consolation, saying:

'I'll make all that right. Got the dogs all ready, and you shall have the smartest little Westley Richards you ever handled; so if you can't make music out of the lot somehow, it will be your own fault.'

After getting beyond the ruck of vehicles, the black mare made play, and we sped away to our destination with the speed of lightning. It would be unfair to state where they were, and it must suffice to say that they lay beyond Putney Bridge. At Putney we refreshed, but, not staying more than a few minutes, were out and at work before eleven o'clock.

Colonel Hawker advises leaving partridges undisturbed until the day is somewhat advanced, and treats with some incredulity those assertions of some great practitioners who have bagged such extraordinary numbers before breakfast. Much, as he says, would depend upon the hour at which that indispensable meal was enjoyed. He did not himself recollect ever having seen great execution made among partridges before breakfast. But the misfortune is that, unless you have trustworthy watchers to be out and about before you, so great is the desire of all lovers of the trigger to be up and at it on the 1st of September, you are more than likely to find that the coveys you expected to fall in with have been disturbed.

No such misfortune awaited us, however, for Jones was a thorough man of business in all sporting matters, and upon my hinting to him that we should probably be forestalled, he coolly replied:

‘All right, all right. My men were up since five o’clock, and ‘we shall walk straight into the coveys without any trouble.’ And he was right, for we had no difficulty in finding such birds as belonged to our demesne.

Jones was a great stickler for pointers, swearing that at the commencement of the season no other dogs could compete with them for partridge-shooting; and certainly, if his own well-trained brace might be taken as average specimens of pointer excellence, nobody would be justified in contradicting his assertion. He had not hied them away ten minutes before they were both pointing at a covey of twelve birds, two of which fell to his gun and one to mine. The arena of our operations was of a very limited description; but we were fortunate enough to mark down the rest of the birds, and at our next attempt we both secured a brace. My friend was in ecstasies of delight at the prowess I displayed, and with the killing properties of the little Westley Richards.

The remainder of the covey we were not destined to fall in with again that day, as they sailed clean away to the shooting-quarters of a noble lord, who preserved with unnecessary strictness close by, and the fat of whose game generally fell to the lot of Mr. Jones and his friends. His lordship was known to be from home, and it was understood far and wide that there was no shooting party of his out on the 1st.

Not so his lordship’s head keeper, however, as I was doomed soon to find out to my cost. That gentleman was very much at home, and, in his zeal for duty during his master’s absence, did not think it beneath his dignity to prowling about in the hedgerows with a view to potting any stray sportsmen about. I am afraid that Mr. Jones’s cockney friends were not too particular about observing the boundary-line of their grounds, and that some of them had, on former occasions, betrayed an unaccountable forgetfulness of the extent of property within which their adventures were supposed to be restricted.

Except upon this assumption, I am at a loss to explain the strange behaviour of that dreaded functionary, the keeper referred to, upon my getting over a hedge to pick up a partridge I had been so fortunate as to shoot. We had got upon a fresh covey of very fine birds, Jones again accounting for a brace and I for a single. My bird fell out of bounds, the artful Jones never warning me of the danger I incurred in going in search of it. As ill-luck would have it, I came full butt upon the keeper, who was in his most vicious mood, and armed with a most formidable-looking cudgel.

‘Hollo!’ says he—‘what the d—— are you up to?’

Of course he would hardly have expected a reply to a question so abruptly asked, and, as he must have very well known what I was up to, I did not deign an answer. Wherefore he continued:

‘Do you hear me? Don’t you know you are trespassing, you ‘confounded cockney snob?’

‘I was not aware of that fact, my man.’

That was a finisher. To call a head keeper 'a man' on the 1st of September was too much for custodian nature.

'Don't tell me,' said leggings: 'you know all about it, and I know you. You are one of that d——d Jones's lot—that's what you are—and burn me if I don't have that gun o' yours, and no mistake!'

By this time I had secured my bird, and was beating a precipitate retreat, when leggings bore down, brandishing his cudgel in most menacing manner.

'Put down your stick, you great hulking lout, and cockney as I am I'll treat you to a round or two with the fists, and the best man shall have the gun. Hang me if I care much about it!'

Mr. Jones fortunately heard the concluding words of this gallant challenge, which I may observe I had no real intention of abiding by in case of acceptance. I had had a lengthened experience of gamekeepers, and well knew that an appeal of that nature was rarely responded to.

The appearance of Jones upon the scene—probably fearing an issue of the contest adverse to his interests in the matter of the gun—immediately produced a mollifying effect upon the keeper, who at once assumed his most truculent and conciliating manner.

'Oh, Mr. Jones, sir, I didn't know as you was hout, I'm sure! What sport, sir?'

'Oh, pretty tidy, thus far. But what's the row?'

'Didn't know the gen'lman was a friend o' yours, Mr. Jones, and thought as he might have been taking the change out of you as well as my lord.'

'It's all right. The gentleman didn't know the boundary, you know; and, after all, he only came over after his own bird.'

Hereupon ensued some expressive and mysterious pantomime, and the hand of either actor fumbled the breeches pockets of their respective owners, by which it was easy to guess that affairs had been amicably settled upon that most successful plan, tipping.

After regaining our happy shooting-grounds, we again came upon the covey, and this time we both bagged our brace; but Jones was destined to learn a lesson concerning his pointers and their imperfect utility for every emergency of which, till then, he was unaware. The dogs, though excellent in stubble and for general partridge-shooting, were not of much good on landrail and the red-legged species. 'They are,' as Mr. Daniel remarks, 'everlasting runners, never lie well, and seldom rise within gunshot.' They afford but mongrel sport at the best, and as a table dainty they are greatly inferior to the common partridge. We managed to bag a couple of landrails; but a wounded red-legged partridge, having once got to the hedgerow, baffled all our attempts at capture, and quite shut up the powers of the pointers. Spaniels alone are of any use under such circumstances.

Mr. Jones was forced to admit that there were occasions when the pointer is of less service than the spaniel. But his dogs had done their duty well, and we were well pleased with our day's sport.

Some of our birds we enjoyed for supper; and I hope I am not betraying any confidence if I state, that my lord's head gamekeeper joined us during the evening, and drowned all recollection of the morning's unpleasantness in a stiff jorum of grog; and actually drank the health of 'one of that d——d Jones's lot,' whose pugilistic qualities he had been, happily, prevented from testing.

SIRIUS.

FIESTA DE TORO.

'Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.'

Childe Harold, Canto I.

Tired as we were, and late as it was, when we arrived at Madrid, towards the close of a hot day in September, 1872, our first inquiry after securing our rooms at the 'Hotel de Paris,' was 'When does the next bull-fight take place?' The question was put to the porter of the hotel, a well-known character at Madrid, and in truth through all Spain, a tall, good-featured, reserved-looking man, speaking every language perfectly, and in himself a perfect encyclopædia. Nothing goes on, or takes place in Spain, but the 'Mysterious Pole,' as he is commonly called, knows it at once. When questioned as to his birthplace, he replies that his mother was a Dane, and that he was born at Constantinople, but his communications here drop, and he never seems inclined to renew the subject. It was to this mysterious individual that we made our anxious inquiry.

After looking at a list on his desk for a minute, he replied: 'Monsieur was most fortunate, he had two places to spare.' Only six were allowed to be taken by each hotel for the convenience of strangers, and the remaining four places had just been taken by some gentlemen staying at the hotel.

Then came our next inquiry, having been previously warned to make it, 'Were the tickets *Boletins de Sombra*,' "Tickets in 'the Shade.'" The Pole looked seriously hurt, and gravely replied, 'Did Monsieur think he would offer any other?'

This settled the matter, and we retired to our rooms to await the excitement of the morrow, with a full assurance from our friend that we should have no trouble whatever in arriving at the arena.

Punctually at half-past two o'clock the next day we left the hotel, determined to have ample time to observe all the preliminaries of the great National Sport. As we turned into the *Prado*, we fell into a line of carriages, all driving in the same direction as ourselves; but not until we reached the *Campos Eliseos*, at the top of which the bull-ring is situated, did we see Spain in its true national colours. The majority of the crowd that pressed round us was composed mostly of the lower class, and those that had failed in procuring any kind of conveyance. Some of these, we were told, had walked many a mile from the small villages scattered over Old Castile, but no

distance too great to see a *Corrida*. Old and young, men, women, and children, water-carriers, fruit-sellers, all with the same eager, excited look, and all talking on their one favourite topic; a people who will grudge themselves the commonest necessities of life, and yet out of their meagre wages will save money enough to spend it every Sunday through the summer months on this all-absorbing sight. First to Mass, then to the bull-ring, is the day's programme.

Many a well informed and educated Spaniard will tell you that to Spain the bull-fight is a necessary thing—that what to us colder Northerners is a revolting spectacle, acts chiefly upon this hot-blooded and excitable people as a safety-valve. They will tell you that, if the people have not this certain excitement weekly during most of the year, they will seek and find it in other ways, in constant insurrections, more dangerous and expensive to their country than the 400*l.* the Government is obliged to spend on each *Fiesta de Toro*.

Soon we stop about a hundred yards from the entrance, and have to leave the carriage owing to the crowd pressing towards the different entrances. Struggling on with them, we have time to observe the ugly and heavy-looking building before us, built by Philip V. in 1749, who, after vainly endeavouring for years to suppress the national sport, found himself in such disfavour with his people in consequence, that, to reinstate himself in their good graces, he built the present edifice, spending an immense sum in the erection of it. It was on this spot that the same king, trying in vain to appease a tumult, with French grace and Bourbon phrases, was received with Spanish shouts of 'Bulls, bulls, my lord, give us 'bulls,' which appeal Philip V. had already gained sufficient experience in Spain not to know full well was one not to be disregarded. The crowd is anything but an orderly one round the principal entrance, consisting mostly of the very refuse of Madrid, who have collected tickets from many of the lower orders, who at the last minute may have been prevented attending. These bought from them at a quarter of their value are now offered to many in the crowd who may be minus tickets, and who are glad to get them at a reduced price. Pushing through these, we find ourselves at last inside the wooden entrance, where our tickets are taken from us, and we are motioned to find our own way upstairs. From the top of the clumsy steps we see before us a large, wide, circular passage, with doors, all numbered, leading into the interior. A man came forward, glanced at the pass given us below, and opened a door before us. A row of tightly-packed benches now presented themselves before us, over which we clambered to reach our two numbered seats in front. How willingly, had we the chance, would we have paid for two extra seats, or even one between us, for the further comfort and accommodation they would have afforded us, as the pressure was intense on each side of us, and the heat and general inconvenience in consequence most oppressive.

A man occasionally came round with small leather cushions, for the loan of which a *real* was asked, and readily given.

We now found the value of our *Boletins de Sombra* well worth double the price of those our opposite neighbours had invested in, as on that side of the arena the afternoon sun was still pouring down on the luckless heads that could find no shelter, except that afforded by large paper fans, which we observed on entering were sold at the doors. And now, having settled ourselves as comfortably as our limited seats would permit us to do, we have time to look round and take in that strange scene—so strange and novel to our Northern eyes that, once witnessed, the impression of it will never leave us. A large, wide, sanded, oval-shaped arena, quite empty now, but looking strangely awful in its emptiness. A dense mass of heads, packed close together, all round. Perhaps the effect was heightened by the people being entirely dressed in black, which the Spanish women universally wear, except a few in white mantillas, which are only worn on any great gala day.

Before us a young couple have just pushed themselves in, evidently fresh from the country, and perhaps crowning their wedding festivities by attending a *Fiesta Real*. Next to them another couple with a small boy seated by them, whose black eyes already glistened with anticipated excitement. On our right a fat Turkish merchant from Bucharest, accompanied by his interpreter; and on our left four Englishmen from our hotel, evidently the owners of the four remaining tickets that our friend the Pole had secured.

What was it that carried our thoughts back so many hundred years, as our eyes fell vacantly on the sandy area below us? Unconsciously we were peopling it with moving actors, but this time men *versus* bulls and wild beasts instead of *matadores*. Can the difference be so great in reality? Does not the same spirit preside in the mass before us, nothing wanting save the dying martyrs, and the pitiless thumbs turned down? Aye, and in later times than that, can we not picture to ourselves Philip II., surrounded by his courtiers, gazing with savage and fanatical interest at the human tortures being enacted before them at the stake, the fire reflected in their own dark eyes which has never quite died out. We shall see it again presently, blazing up in those countless eyes before us. Ferdinand VII. knew best how to please his subjects, when he celebrated the swearing of their allegiance to his daughter Isabel II. by giving them a succession of *Fiestas Reales*. Now a murmur rises, and all eyes are turned towards the royal box. Several men enter it, and one takes the President's chair. Not the King, Amadeo, as, in spite of its being a *Fiesta Real*, he is not yet Spanish enough to patronise the bull-fight often with his presence; and the Queen has more than once shown her decided disapproval of it.

As the clock strikes three, the large double-doors on the opposite side of the amphitheatre are thrown open; and, heralded by a flourish of trumpets, the procession of the whole performers enter.

First the *alguacil*, or mounted police, a class by no means looked upon with favour in Spain; then the principal *espada*, or *matador*, who is received with enthusiastic shouts. We look at him with interest, doubtless shared by all present, as this is the hero of the

afternoon. His face wears a grave expression, retained, we trust, from the solemn scene he has just gone through with his confessor, in one of the small chambers at the back of the arena, where his spiritual adviser still waits, to know whether his services will yet be claimed to administer the last Sacraments of the Church. Peradventure the lithe, active figure we now see before us may be dragged out in another half-hour, a maimed, crushed mass, like his hapless but celebrated predecessor, Blanco, who was gored to death on the same spot two years ago.

Now come the *banderillás*, each armed with a small red flag, called the *muleta*, to which a barbed dart is affixed. Then follow the *picadores*, mounted on sorry-looking jades, that disgrace the splendid attire of their riders. These last we observe wear immense heavily padded boots, that come well up the thigh, and remind us of the old-fashioned jack-boots of the French postilions of bygone years.

Each of the horses has a bandage tied across his forehead, ready to be pulled over his eyes before he receives the charge of the bull. These wretched animals are the only things about the whole of the bull-fight that the Spaniards economise in. They are only rescued from the knacker's yard to die a more lingering and brutal death. After these follow the *chulos*, a band of runners with red scarves, active, athletic men, requiring great nerve, as the part they take is a dangerous one. Lastly come a team of gaily-harnessed mules, led by the muleteers in scarlet jackets and silk hose. These are destined later on to drag out the mangled remains of the horses each in their turn; and finally issue forth the monarchs of the day, the gallant *toros* themselves.

As the procession proceeds round the arena, it stops before the royal box. A mounted *alguacil* comes forward, bowing low over his saddle, holding out his hat. The President then rises and throws down a key, the handle of which is adorned with bows of ribbon. This is the key of the *toril* or den. If the *alguacil* catches it in his hat he is loudly cheered, but if he lets it fall to the ground he is hissed, and, after picking it up, gallops off the arena in high disgrace, amidst the hoots of the populace.

Now the *matador* turns and leaves the arena until his own exciting part arrives, and the rest of the procession range themselves at the extreme end of the arena.

A breathless silence, and all eyes are turned to the heavily-barred door which confines the bull in his den.

The amphitheatre is now so still that I can hear nothing but the beating of my own heart. Suddenly in the intense silence we hear a click and the dropping of a bar; the heavily-grated doors fly open, and from the darkness within, into which all eyes are strained, bounds forth a small but splendidly made black bull, ornamented with a bright rosette of coloured ribbons that has been fastened at the back of his neck by a small sharp dart. This is called '*la devisa*,' and serves to designate the breed of the bull. For two minutes he stands motionless, gazing round at the sea of heads above and around

him everywhere, dazzled at first by the glare and the light after the darkness of the den out of which he has just emerged. How different a scene from the peaceful pastures on the slopes of the Guadarrama or the watered banks of the Jarama, from whence only yesterday he was taken. As by degrees his eye gets more accustomed to the scene before him, it lowers and fastens itself on three of the *picadores* standing against the wooden screen opposite to him. They return his gaze unflinchingly, and now with a snort the bull scents danger, paws angrily, and, lowering his head, makes his first charge. At this moment, springing from behind the *picador*, a *chulo* appears with his red scarf fluttering in his hand. With this he rushes forward to meet the bull, swerving on one side as he approaches him, so as to allure him on, and divert his attention from the *picadores*, who now stoop forward and draw the bandage over the eyes of their trembling steeds. As the bull pursues the *chulo* and gains upon him, another of his companions darts forward, waving the crimson cloth in his face, and thus diverts his attention to a fresh antagonist. These *chulos* or runners are picked men, and show the greatest nerve and agility. They are generally the prime favourites of the spectators, and, although paid much less than the others, they serve to amuse the people and keep them in good temper until the more serious part of the spectacle begins.

Sometimes they await the charge of the bull, and when he is lowering his head to gore his enemy they plant one foot lightly on his head, and vault over his back, amidst deafening cheers from all sides.

Presently a trumpet sounds, the *chulos* quickly disappear by springing over the wooden barrier, and the *banderillas* step forward.

No need now to try and rouse the bull's mettle, who is restlessly moving about and searching for fresh objects on which to wreak his vengeance. In one instant he spies his fresh foes, and rushes, head lowered, towards them. One of the *banderillas* stops for an instant, unfurls his *muleta* quickly, holding it sideways and at arm's length.

For a moment he drops his right hand, grasping in it a sharp barbed dart gaily decorated with ribbons. As the bull charges full at the flag the man springs aside, plunging the dart in the bull's neck; if he is clever at it, he keeps two in his hand, thrusting in the second at the same time on the opposite side of the neck. This is called by the Spaniards a *buenos pares*, and requires the greatest quickness and firmness of hand, as he retains possession of his flag the whole time.

Before the bull has time to turn a fresh tormentor takes his place, and so the maddened animal runs the gauntlet through half-a-dozen of them, each one adding fresh darts to his smarting and bloodstained hide.

Now the Spanish blood is warming up amongst the spectators, and cries of '*Picador, picador!*' resound through the building, and from the furthest end hitherto left unmolested by the bull we observe a stir among the horsemen. They give a final look at the

bandages to see that they are well across the eyes of their wretched steeds, and then advance to the different sides of the arena. The *picadores* then lower their lances, pressing them tight against their sides under their arms. It is their turn now;—the bull, maddened with pain, rushes at them, but is turned by the sharp point of the lance, which is dexterously plunged into his left shoulder, while the horse is suddenly wheeled to the right by its rider, and thus for this time escapes. We observe that the *picador* has managed at the same time to snatch the *devisa* from the bull's neck, which, if he escapes unscathed, he will soon present to the girl he loves best. She will dance all the lighter and more gaily to-night at the *Boldero*, with the gory badge floating on her bosom, the envy of all her companions.

A *chulo* now vaults over the barrier, and attracts the attention of the bull to the next horseman.

Our hearts are beating faster now and our eyes strained on the fearful animal, as, caring now no longer in his agony for any fresh thrust of the lance, we see him swerve suddenly on one side, lower his head, and dash himself with all his force against a horse and his rider. A confused mass is hurled against the wooden screen, crushing the rider against it; we see the man dragged over the barrier by his companions behind it, and we see the bull turn on the next *picador*, who has now come up behind to take his turn. The wretched horse who has just been gored staggers to his legs, and in his blindness and agony tries to limp away with all his entrails protruding. I hear an English voice near me exclaim, 'My God! is there no one who will cut that poor brute's throat?' I turn away sickened, and instinctively look round at my fellow-countrymen seated near us. Two of them have already left their seats and struggled out of the living mass wedged in behind them. My eyes next fell on the couple before me; the country bride, fresh, evidently, to the scene, was holding her mantilla before her face. The woman next to her was gazing intently at the conflict below, her white face and wild eyes quite in keeping with it; but the boy between them—how shall I find words to describe young Spain; as each fresh horse was gored he clapped his diminutive hands, and shouted with his father and the rest, '*Viva el Toro!*' a mocking cry to the poor brute whose life is numbered by minutes now—for, hark! another blast of the trumpet calls our attention to the stage below. Two men close under us are trying to stuff tow into the gaping side of one of the horses. Another wretched animal is being flogged and dragged across the arena by its rider, in hopes of reaching the opposite door before the bull, that, now employed in ploughing up the sides of a dead carcass under his feet, may turn his attention upon them. Vain hope! for as we look the wretched horse throws up his head, his tail quivers for a moment, and he comes down in a heap on the sand, death mercifully putting an end to his sufferings. Two other dead horses are being hastily stripped in the distance, as, once dead, their gay trappings are instantly taken

off them; the men then vault lightly over the barrier, and the *matador* enters alone. He is received with deafening shouts, and turns and bows to the President. He then walks up with singular grace and dignity towards his foe; he is dressed in gaily-coloured silk tights, fastened at the knee with embroidered garters, and surmounted by a loose vest richly wrought in gold thread. In his left hand he holds the same red flag we have observed in the hands of the rest, but in his right hand is a thin Toledan blade, so supple that as he walks we see the blue steel quiver in his grasp like a rush. His hair, which is allowed to grow long, is gathered up and tied in a knot at the back of his head. This last is the distinctive mark of a *matador*, as no others are allowed to wear their hair in a similar manner. His face is very pale, though fixed with a determined look, as now is the moment that he has to judge of the kind of animal with which he has to deal. If the bull runs straight at the flag when unfurled towards him he is safe, but if he swerves and runs at the *matador* instead the chances are greatly against him, or, if wearied by pain and loss of blood, he refuses to charge at all, the difficulty of killing him is greatly increased.

There is, however, still sufficient strength and courage in the animal before us to make many a charge yet if his life be spared long enough; and so Matteo knows, for he at once begins to parry and thrust. Few who have not seen it can imagine the quickness and dexterity the *matadors* display. When the bull turns quickly and plunges his horns, as we think, in the man's body, he has sprung to the other side of him, always close; and yet his life seems a charmed one, so narrowly does he escape.

Five minutes pass in breathless suspense, not a sound is heard through the whole amphitheatre, when the bull, with a sudden snort, lowers his head, and makes a rapid plunge at his tormentor a few yards from him. We see the *matador* spring forward and then swerve aside, there is a flash of bright steel for an instant in the air, and the *matador* stops and looks at the bull, crossing his arms and leaning against the barrier. The bull is five paces off, glaring at him, yet motionless. He seems for a minute to be carved in stone; and why? down in the very centre of his neck behind we see the handle of the sword. Matteo has dexterously severed the spinal cord. One moment more, and we see his whole frame convulsed with a shiver; he drops first on his knees, giving up his gallant life by degrees, and then in another minute rolls slowly over, resigning it altogether. Right royally has he fought, and equally so has he died.

Now come the shouts of 'Matteo, Matteo!' 'Viva Matteo!' Hats are thrown into the arena from all sides, which he picks up, and throws lightly back to their owners. A *chulo* now appears, and draws the fatal blade from the body of the dead bull, where it is lying deeply buried between those herculean shoulders, and, wiping the hot blood from it, presents it back to its owner, who, after receiving it, walks up to the President's box, and demands in

a loud voice whether he is satisfied by the manner in which he has performed his duties. We do not hear the answer, but we see the President lean forward and throw a well-filled purse at his feet. We are told that it contains sixty Isabellinos.

The opposite gates are now thrown open, and the team of mules gallop in. Men run by their sides flogging them, as instinctively they shrink from the black heap before them, which even in death looks terrible; but at length they get them near enough to fasten the ropes to the horns of the bull, and now they plunge forward, dragging the remains of the hero behind them. A few dead horses scattered about, and a red path in the track of the mules in the white sand, are the only traces left to mark the conflict that has just taken place.

Now, amidst the stir and confusion of voices that rises all round us, we hope to get out, as we had seen enough, but this is impossible; no moving now, as the numbers have increased behind us, many of the outsiders having forced their way in at the last. Already the arena has been quite cleared and fresh sand thrown over the crimson marks. Unlike their theatres, the Spaniards will allow no long *entracte* or delay here; and the form of a powerful iron-grey bull even now let loose warns us that we must witness the same spectacle through five others that are to follow in their turn.

Four of these seemed but a repetition of the first, selling their lives dearly, and making a gallant fight to the last; but when the sixth bull was turned out he stopped short, glancing at his tormentors. In vain the *chulos* sprang towards him, waving their red flags in his face; he took no notice of their taunts. The *banderillas* then came forward in hopes of being able to rouse him, but on feeling the first dart plunged in his neck he turned and retreated towards the door of his den. Cries of '*Cobarde! cobarde!*'—'*Coward! coward!*' resound through the amphitheatre.

As the cowed animal presses near the barrier he is assailed by the common people in the lower seats, who, leaning over the wooden parapet, vent their disappointment in striking him repeatedly with short stout sticks headed by a knob of lead at the end, called *la chivita*, with which they come armed for the purpose. The poor brute runs the gauntlet of these, assailed by cries of '*Vacas,*' or '*Cabras,*' '*Cows, Goats.*' At one time he tried in vain to escape by leaping over the barrier, to the consternation of those seated immediately behind it, but this the bulls rarely succeed in doing.

And now the spectators rise unanimously to their feet, baulked of their last closing bit of excitement, and we behold a Spanish populace in their true colours. In their anger and disappointment they turn to the President's box and demand *un altro toro*, but seldom is a *toro de gracia* granted unless there is no chance of appeasing the *vox populi* without.

We stand up with the rest to witness the fast increasing clamour: our cushions under us are instantly seized and hurled with hundreds

of others into the arena below, accompanied by hats, sticks, and anything that the people in their fury can lay their hands on. 'Fuégo, fuégo,' 'Fire, fire,' is the cry we next hear, and we then behold the wretched animal transfixed by the same barbed darts we have seen before, but now with squibs and crackers affixed to them, which explode as they are plunged into his body.

The poor brute is now capering about like a kid in his agony. Every one is shouting and leaning forward, even the women waving their handkerchiefs and calling for an *espada* with a knife to despatch the craven animal, that is not considered worthy of a more honourable death by sword and *matador*. Now, now is our time to escape, we turn and scramble out over the benches, through the crowd behind us, until we push our way to the door beyond.

I look round once more and see a man advancing to the poor brute with a sharp-pointed knife in his hand; the air is heavy with the smell of gunpowder and singed hair; we force our way through the door and down the wooden stairs into the open air outside, and for the first time for two hours breathe freely, as the fresh air blows on our heated faces. No crowd now, save at a distance near the back entrance of the bull-ring, where the five slaughtered bulls are being cut up and sold to the people at about fourpence a pound. All the rest are still shut up and shouting in the building behind us.

We turn to walk home in the still quiet evening, with the orange glow of a southern twilight round us, and a strange stillness in the air after the noisy scene we have just left; we neither of us care to talk, and enjoy the silence, broken only now and then by the low and monotonous cry of the water-sellers, '*Agua, agua, fresca.*'

Later on we sit down and watch the crowd streaming past us on their homeward course, their faces all flushed with excitement, as it has evidently been a day of great pleasure to them in spite of their disappointment at the finale, which perhaps only added to the excitement of it, and with the recollection of this they will exist until next Sunday comes round again.

How can we blame them? Brought up to it from their earliest youth, to them it is the same laudable sport as fox-hunting is to us; and,—shall I confess it? several times that afternoon a strange feeling of excitement had crept over me, as by degrees the whole programme had developed itself more clearly to my understanding. Any way it is over now, we have pulled the strings, we have seen the play, and we must pay the price, in incurring the censure of our friends at home by witnessing such a barbarous sight. But who would wend their way across the Pyrenees, on into the heart of old Castile, and not see a bull-fight, when they had the chance?

In years to come if we live to cower over our fires, on the verge of our second childhood, we shall relate it to our grandchildren as a tale of the past. Already the milestone of 1872 is a shade smaller, and in our old age it will be but a speck then, merely a white pebble that marks a scene out of one of the happiest years of our life spent in wandering across the sunny plains of Spain.

CRICKET.

A RARE event happened at Lord's towards the end of July. One of the less-known counties sent up an Eleven to play the M. C. C. and G., and, for once in a way, was not utterly over-matched, but, after a very fine finish, succeeded in winning by one run. Leicestershire, which achieved this unexpected victory, ought to have plenty of materials for a good Eleven, for bowling comes by instinct to the lads of the stocking villages. We suspect, however, that the game is not supported as it should be in the county, the inhabitants going mad about fox-hunting, and caring for very little else. There is, or was, one regular cricketing family—the Randons; and F. Randon, if we mistake not, has been tried more than once for Nottingham, his home being just on the borders of the two counties. Bishop also is a downright good bowler of the old-fashioned school; and in Mr. C. Marriott the county possesses an able batsman and a first-class field. The two bowlers and the one batsman came off well in both innings; and the good fielding of the county team, and the fine bowling of F. Randon in the second innings of the M.C.C. and G., brought about the result which we have mentioned. Such a victory ought to be very gratifying to a new county, and ought to enlist a large increase of support for it in future years. Rylott, A. Shaw, and Biddulph were the professionals engaged on the side of the Club, and the eight amateurs were certainly not overwhelmingly strong. About the same time Kent was winning a well-contested match against Surrey, and two Kentish amateurs—Mr. Renny-Tailyour and Captain Fellowes—did excellent service with bat and ball. Jupp, as usual, in both innings, and R. Humphrey in the first, maintained their reputations. Rowbotham's Benefit Match was a complete success, and he well deserved the privilege, in return for his long services to his county. As a long-stop he has rarely been equalled; and, though not a certain bat, he is a remarkably fine and free hitter, and when he is well in his batting is always worth looking at. Nothing could have been better chosen for the occasion than a match between Yorkshire and Gloucestershire; and though Emmett was unable to play for Yorkshire, the Elevens, with that exception, could hardly have been improved. The bowling of the Graces disposed of Yorkshire easily enough in their first innings—fifteen years ago the Players of England would have laughed at such bowling—but in their second the north countrymen showed some of their real power. Greenwood (89) played a fine innings, and Lockwood and A. Smith did good service. For Gloucestershire Mr. W. G. Grace (79) and Mr. Townsend (88) were the highest scorers; and the county of amateurs had little difficulty in winning the match by six wickets. The return match ended almost in a similar manner, Gloucestershire winning by five wickets. The Yorkshiremen played with unflagging pluck against their formidable adversaries, and their scores of 182 and 287 would have been sufficient to settle

any Eleven save that which includes the three Graces. Emmett (104), Lockwood (55 and 30), A. Smith (41 and 27), and Betts, a very promising Colt (44, not out), were the leading run-getters for Yorkshire; while Mr. G. F. Grace (165, not out), Dr. E. M. Grace (64), and Mr. Matthews (76), knocked the Yorkshire bowling to pieces. Mr. W. G. Grace was got rid of cheaply in each innings, but that stroke of luck did not help Yorkshire much. It is noticeable that Emmett did not get a single wicket in the match. It is a great pity that the contest between Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire has been abandoned for this year; though, looking at the Yorkshire and Nottingham matches, we can hardly believe that the first professional county of England would lower the colours of the county of the Graces. No bowling, however good, avails to prevent the Gloucestershire Eleven from amassing a huge pile of runs; and, on the other hand, the Gloucestershire bowling, however bad, is backed up by such splendid fielding as invariably to accomplish its purpose. Continuing our *résumé* of county cricket, we find that Surrey was victimised both by Middlesex and Yorkshire. There is so much Surrey cricket, and so much of it that is the same from week to week, that we need only say that Jupp, as usual, was the mainstay of the Surrey batting in the first innings, and that Palmer made a successful second innings. For Middlesex Mr. I. D. Walker kept up the fine form he has been showing all the season, and the latest importation into the Middlesex Eleven, Mr. P. F. Hadow, did excellent service. He takes an immense time to get his runs, and his style is a wonderful contrast to that of his elder brother; but he gets runs without fail, and his more brilliant brother not unfrequently does fail. In the second innings of Middlesex, Mr. C. E. Green, who seems especially designed by Providence to make runs at the rate of two a minute when time is precious, hit away in fine style, and won the match for his county by nine wickets. This was just the beating that Surrey received from Yorkshire also, in a match remarkable for the form displayed by the two veterans, Rowbotham and Thewlis. The 113 of the former were made by that dashing and vigorous hitting which he has so often displayed, and came aptly towards the close of his "benefit" season. Without Jupp (23 and 54) Surrey would have sustained a single-innings' defeat. At last, however, Surrey secured a victory—though it was only just won—against a very weak Eleven of Kent. Again the county must thank Jupp for pulling them out of the fire. His 76 and 20 were the result of his usual steady and accurate play. A new amateur, Mr. Read, made his appearance for Surrey in this match, and achieved a creditable 39. Kent made a poor show, with the exception of M'Canlis and Willis, who in the first innings obtained (with extras) 111 runs out of a total of 119. We must not omit to notice that Southerton took twelve wickets in this match, and altogether it was one of his best bowling performances this season. The crack county match of the year, Nottingham and Yorkshire, was unfortunately drawn on account of the rain; but so

far as it went it was a grand contest between two worthy rivals. The weather interfered a good deal with the wickets, and made it, on each side, a bowlers' match. Still for Yorkshire A. Greenwood (42) and Rowbotham (47) successfully resisted the formidable Nottingham bowling, while Daft (21) was the highest scorer for Nottingham. Nottingham were only just able to commence their second innings, and the game was left in a most interesting stage. Nottingham had all their wickets standing and about 145 runs to get. The state of the ground might very likely have prevented this task from being accomplished; but the game would have been well fought out. The bowling was in the ascendant on each side. Hill and Emmett for Yorkshire, and Morley and J. C. Shaw for Nottingham—the latter took seven Yorkshire wickets in their second innings for twelve runs—were in their element, for it was a bowler's wicket, and only Mr. W. G. Grace would have got his 'hundred' on it against first-class bowling.

Poor Sussex has been getting on very badly, having suffered two hollow defeats from Nottingham—as might have been expected—and only being saved by kindly rain from an equally hollow defeat at the hands of Surrey. Nottingham is far too high game for Sussex to fly at, and disposed of the southern county in its first match by nine, in the second by ten, wickets. At Nottingham Sussex made an excellent first effort of 170, thanks to Mr. G. Cotterill (30), Fillery (29), and smaller contributions. Nottingham, with Daft (38), Oscroft (84)—this has been Oscroft's best season since he came out for his county—made an adequate response, and, Sussex tumbling to pieces in the second innings—Fillery again distinguishing himself—there was very little for Nottingham to do in order to win. On their own ground the discomfiture of the Sussex men was still more complete. The weather was fine, the wicket (according to the local papers) was faultless; neither M'Intyre nor J. C. Shaw was required to bowl; yet the Sussex Eleven disappeared for nineteen runs, of which Mr. Greenfield made 9 and Mr. Jeffery 8 (not out). The Nottingham men hardly felt on their mettle after such a poor exhibition as this, and did not get, or perhaps did not care to get, more than 101 runs. Oscroft (23) was again top scorer. Sussex did a little better in their second innings, thanks to Lillywhite (34), who woke up for once in a way, and hit about him in his old style; but still Morley and A. Shaw sufficed to get rid of them for 96. The fifteen runs required for Nottingham to win were obtained by Wild in four hits. This match was a fresh proof of the great deterioration of Sussex, and the somewhat inglorious escape from defeat in the return match with Surrey could not have afforded much satisfaction to the supporters of Sussex cricket. The Surrey Eleven were pretty easily disposed of in their first innings, with the exception of Jupp, whose 94 was a moiety of the total score. But the Sussex men were still more easily settled by Street and Southerton, with the exception of Mr. J. M. Cotterill, who made 41 out of 91. Now, Street and Southerton are good bowlers no doubt, but no one would call them

unplayable on a good ground, favourable for run-getting, such as is the county ground at Brighton. And if Mr. J. M. Cotterill—a fine hitter, but not remarkable for his defensive powers—could get 41 in the first and 65 in the second innings, the Sussex Eleven must be sadly fallen to pieces if none of them could back him up with any degree of efficiency. It is true there was a goodly array of small double figures in the second innings of Sussex, and Fillery (22) was well in when he was run out; but the Surrey bowling was never fairly broken except by Mr. Cotterill. Surrey had to get 102 to win, and one hour and twenty minutes of time. Mr. Grace and Mr. Green would have accomplished this task with ease, and Jupp and R. Humphrey made a capital attempt, and got within twenty of the required number when the clock struck six—an unnecessarily early hour for drawing the stumps—and the game was abandoned as drawn. Practically speaking, however, it was a hollow victory for Surrey, and Sussex must be adjudged to have fallen very low in the list of cricketing counties. This is the more surprising, because Sussex has such excellent materials. On paper the Sussex Eleven are far superior to the Surrey; but the Sussex men either cannot or will not play up, and hide their talents under a bushel.

We have reserved the Canterbury week for the latter part of our paper. The fight between North and South has been so effectually settled this season that another match would not have been of the slightest interest, save for the reappearance of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Appleby in the cricket field. Even with that addition to the strength of the North, the contest remains, and will remain, a foregone conclusion for the South as long as Mr. W. G. Grace retains his full powers. All the great guns came off, both in bowling and batting, with the exception of Mr. Appleby and J. C. Shaw, the former of whom did not get a single wicket in the match, and the latter only one. Mr. Mitchell (33 and 46) showed that, though he rarely plays, his form is as good as ever; and Emmett (18 and 44) and Pinder (78 and 26) well sustained the fame of the Northern batsmen; while Carpenter (31 and 29) proved himself a worthy champion of the veterans. All these excellent scores, however, were of no avail against Mr. W. G. Grace (98) and Jupp (80), who between them broke the back of the Northern bowling. Mr. Yardley also followed with 49, and other contributions raised the total to nearly 100 in excess of the first innings of the North. In the end, the South had to go in to get 95, and these runs were easily obtained, principally by Mr. Yardley (46, not out) and Lord Harris (35, not out). The other two matches of the week require but little notice. That between Kent and the M.C.C. (without the G.) ended in a victory for the Club, Mr. W. G. Grace (57, not out) having, as might be expected, a good deal to do with both the batting and bowling. The final match, between I Zingari and the Gentlemen of Kent was drawn, Mr. C. Marriott (82) being the largest contributor on either side. After all, however, the cricket is a secondary consideration at Canterbury, otherwise a *réchauffé* of a match like the North and South, already repeated to weariness in London, would hardly find a

place in the Canterbury programme; and the two other matches have no distinctive character about them. The real attractions are the festivities carried on during the week—luncheon parties on the ground, and balls and theatricals afterwards. The theatrical performances at Canterbury have attained a deserved celebrity as being carried out with a spirit, completeness, and ability usually to be looked for in vain in amateur acting; and they are undoubtedly the leading cause of so large a company—increasing in numbers year by year—assembling together at Canterbury in the first week of August. The old city, we are told, was never so full as this year; and, as with the Eton and Harrow picnic, fashion has made the Canterbury week an affair of such importance, as to tax severely the energies of local managers and the capabilities of any ordinary cricket ground. In contrast, and to show how good cricket may often be left almost unobserved, we may notice the Rugby and Marlborough match, which was played to empty benches at Lord's. The cricket was just as good as in the Eton and Harrow match, but it is not the fashion to go and see Rugby and Marlborough, and so nobody came. The first innings on each side was well contested; but Marlborough fell to pieces in their second essay, and ultimately were beaten by eight wickets. Undoubtedly the best Eleven won, though one of the Rugby cracks, Mr. Crosse, failed to come off. Mr. Jeffery, however, brother to Mr. Jeffery of Cambridge University and Sussex, played two fine innings of 51 and 28, and his style is very much more free than his brother's.

County cricket will be over for the season, and the two Gloucestershire matches, fixed for the last week in August, against Surrey and Sussex, will be concluded before these lines appear in print. Writing before the issue of these events, we may hazard a guess that neither Surrey or Sussex will be able to inflict a defeat on the great amateur county, or to depose it from its position at the head (with Nottinghamshire) of cricketing England. Next to them comes Yorkshire, of course; and the three neighbour counties—Kent, which will never play its real strength; Surrey, which has fought through the season unsuccessfully, but bravely; and Sussex, which has also fought unsuccessfully, and not very bravely—must be consigned to the bottom of the list. We are not at all sure that they could beat a comparatively unknown county like Leicestershire. As for individual cricketers, there are no rising stars of especial brilliancy; but that bright particular star, Mr. W. G. Grace, continues to shine with undimmed lustre. We have heard some critics say that they discovered a slight falling-off in his batting this year; but we cannot agree with them. All his great qualities as a batsman, his wonderful timing, his power of placing the ball, his indifference to all kinds of bowling, seem to us to have been displayed this season as signally as in any previous year of his brilliant career. At the same time, it must be admitted that he has accustomed us to a standard of extraordinary excellence which it would be almost impossible for any human being to maintain from week to week of incessant play with mathematical accuracy.

the sailing regulations, and the match would probably have been re-sailed but that other fixtures rendered that an impossibility. There was a magnificent race for the Commodore's Cup, and this journey the Egeria led the schooners; but the prize fell to the yawls, Florinda and Corisande being first home, and Mr. Jessop, of course, winning the piece of plate.

The evergreen Harry Kelley has again been giving the Tynesiders an exhibition of his quality, and as we anticipated in June, when the matches were just settled, he disposed of Jem Taylor, and fell a victim to Bagnall, who will no doubt ere long be matched for the Championship of the Thames, though at present his friends hold their hand, thinking very reasonably that he wants a little rest. In the affair with Taylor, Kelley showed to great advantage, rowing throughout with a neatness which brought back the best performances of former days, and no apparent lack of power; and though Taylor led at first by dint of rowing nearly forty to the minute, the veteran, pulling steadier, kept nearly level, and completed his settlement in about a mile, showing to great advantage in a fine specimen of Newcastle 'lipper,' and finishing the easiest of winners by several lengths. Taylor's performance was about up to his usual form; and as he was reckoned, even in his younger days, more of a starter than a stayer, the long course did not show him off, though Kelley could, we fancy, have made an equal certainty of a shorter distance. The northerner, no doubt, counted upon Kelley's having deteriorated, as is almost inevitably the case, though he has not done so sufficiently to make him at present a good mark for Taylor; and we sincerely hope Kelley will not again act as a sort of trial-horse to test his rivals' form or his own retrogression. The match with Bagnall in open boats proved a good thing for the young one, as, though Kelley stuck to him for a great part of the distance, Bagnall had nearly always rather the best of it, and, getting ahead towards the finish, won easily enough. To all who remember anything of Kelley's numerous and brilliant performances since his *début*, now more than twenty years ago, these matches seem unsatisfactory, and his defeat doubly so; while it is little glory to Bagnall, who is clearly the hope of the northern division, to beat a man about old enough to be his father.

Doggett's Coat and Badge race still continues, but so shorn of its former eccentricities as to be barely recognisable. The Fishmongers' Company have increased the prizes, a change which none of the competitors are likely to cavil at, nor will many of them object to doing the distance on the top of the tide, instead of against the ebb, as in the good old days. Instead of drawing lots, the lads who enter now row preliminary heats between Putney and Hammersmith, and the six best go for the long race. Notwithstanding these manifold improvements, the race is generally a dull affair, though crowds assemble to see the men pass. Everybody always knows beforehand who is to win, and, what is worse, the pot always comes off. Year by year the winner is a hot favourite. This year's hero, Messum of Richmond, a neat and promising sculler, was backed against the field, and we cannot remember an exception since David Coombes, son of the famous little wonder Bob, beat Kilaby, who, if we remember rightly, was the favourite. It is satisfactory to find an improvement in the details of this time-honoured wager, which we have so often abused that we feel bound to make the *amende honorable* when there is a chance.

Kingston-on-Thames Regatta furnished a fair amount of sport, as well as a capital opportunity for a lazy day on the river, of which the boating men of the neighbourhood were apparently not slow to avail themselves, while chignons and other feminine eccentricities were also tolerably well repre-

sented on Messenger's Island. The Senior Fours (coxswainless) resulted most unsatisfactorily. London and Kingston collided by the Island, and being re-started, the same thing happened again, the umpire this time deciding in favour of the locals, who in the Pairs, represented by the Henley winners, won after a good race from Gulston and Routh and another couple. The Sculls showed Knollys, the ex-champion, to disadvantage, and he is either very much off, or the youngster Conant, who won at Walton, and was first home at Molesey, is a real clipper, as the latter won quite easily. The Junior-Senior Eights fell to the London Rowing Club crew, stroked by T. Playford, son of the famous Mr. H. H. Playford, who in his day won everything there was to be won, and was considered, and we believe justly, by every *laudator temporis acti* the best stroke-oar ever seen. The young man, having another ex-champion, Mr. Frank Playford, for uncle, is therefore, as racing men say, well bred enough for anything, and may perhaps develop into the coming man for the L.R.C., which is at present sadly in want of some new blood. At Staines the regatta was fixed, with doubtful judgment, for the Bank holiday. A large attendance is inspiring to the athletes, who may, however, find they have too much of a good thing; and a general holiday company, though probably well-meaning enough, is apt to get in the way, besides taking delight in ooker-pelting and other lively exercises in no way according with the arrangements of the Committee. The Thames Club secured Senior Fours and Sculls, Challenge Eights, and Junior Fours; so altogether they had a good day. The Kingston Club took the Pairs, and the Molesey men the Ladies' Plate for Fours, and an Oxonian—Frisby, of Exeter—the Junior Sculls; so altogether the destination of the prizes was pretty well varied. A good deal of excitement was caused on the river by a coroner's jury returning a verdict of manslaughter against the captain of a river steamer, which had caused so much wash at low tide in Putney Reach as to swamp a pleasure boat, one of whose occupants was drowned. The captain, on being brought to trial, was acquitted, though the presiding judge remarked that, while he endorsed the verdict, it was well for the steamboats to remember that pleasure boats had as much right on the river as steamers. Many years ago, when river steamers were more of a novelty, the present Mr. Justice Denman, then a zealous follower of aquatics, hauled up the captain of a steamer for swamping him, or otherwise interfering with his comfort; but his excellent example has been but little imitated, and steamers have acquired a sort of prescriptive right to ignore the existence of the humble skiff, though they condescendingly display their sporting proclivities by easing for the practice of a racing eight or a crack sculler. The overturning of pleasure boats, which, we must admit, arises in most cases from the ignorance or negligence of the rowers, is, unfortunately, of too frequent an occurrence to demand our notice; but an immediate result of this particular casualty was, that the steamers engaged for the subscribers to Barnes Regatta declined to follow the races faster than four miles an hour, so the visitors could, of course, scarcely be described as spectators of the sport. This conduct was, we believe, not so much owing to any remarks the coroner may have made against excessive speed, as to the fact that some of the Barnes Executive were professionally engaged by the relatives of the deceased youth, and so, presumably, against the Company. We suppose such a display of ridiculous spite is not likely to occur again, as, in the event of steamers hired to accompany races limiting their steam power to walking pace, the Company would soon lose a pretty source of revenue; and there are now so many private steamers all over the river that, what with the kind

assistance of Messrs. Farnell Watson, Thornycroft, Poole, and sundry others, who own vessels fast and more or less commodious, the principal clubs on the tidal water could do their umpiring and coaching without troubling the Company, and the visitors would assemble on the banks as they do at the University races, and content themselves with a momentary view of the victory or defeat of their friends. With the exception of the unpleasantness with the steamers alluded to, Barnes Regatta was a highly successful affair, and the principal events produced an average number of entries. In the Senior Fours, London were again represented by a scratch crew, and, though the redoubtable Gulston was stroke, the Thames men won all the way. In the Pairs, Gulston and Routh had almost a walk over, and Slater made short work of his opponents in the Sculls. In the Junior-Senior Eights, West London and Thames, having each won a heat, met for the final, and the latter showed the way till close home, when the Wandle men came with a rush, and almost got up, being beaten by less than half a length. The Junior Sculls had, as usual, a numerous entry, and fell to Barlet, of the West London; but the Junior Fours, which at Barnes has generally been a very favourite race for aspiring oarsmen, had but three entries, of whom the Grove Park team, after a gallant race, showed themselves the best.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'Per Mare et Terram.'

WHAT are the wild waves saying? Are they jubilant in their gentle roar, or plaintive in their murmuring swell? Does the western breeze whisper unpleasantly of Favonius, or have the ghostly choirs that chant their unceasing burden, a Flageolet in their tones? For we have been to Goodwood the Glorious, and the waters of our modern Capua now lave the feet of the strangers and pilgrims who annually flock to her shores. We are inclined to think that the song of the wild waves is, on the whole, a joyful one. The pilgrims have most of them put money in their scribes, and the strangers have generally spoiled the Egyptians. So we enter Capua this year footing it to a more triumphant measure than it has been our wont to do, and Lydia and Glycera—

'Graces and nymphs, unzoned and free'—

come out to meet and welcome us, and 'Capua's curled revellers' spread the board and pour the wine-cup for our delectation.

But the wild waves have, too, a mournful tale to tell that tempers our joy. Muttonia's shrine is cold, and her worship but a shadow of its former self. No longer do we offer midnight (and far into morning) libations on her altars; no longer does Paphian Venus, spurning the beloved Wood, bring her glowing boy* to assist at the Muttonian rites, and darkness and desolation reign supreme. No wonder, as this is whispered into our ears on the first night of our arrival at Capua—no wonder that the waves seem to take up a mournful strain, which the Flageolet *andante* fails to banish from our memory. What has caused this change? The superior deities, jealous, it is said, of that monopoly of worship which Muttonia enjoyed, had influenced the minds

* Horace, Book I., Ode 30.

of Capua's ædiles to close her temple at that hour of the night when her worshippers were most numerous. Obnoxious ædiles! May their faces be turned upside-down and Tom-cats sit on their fathers' grave! Inferior ædiles, too, guarded the sacred portal, and requested Lydia and Glycera to 'move 'on.' What are we coming to? Lydia and Glycera, popular priestesses of Muttonia's temple, naturally indignant, fly to other shrines for consolation, and Paphian Venus wishes she had taken a return ticket.

So the inner life of Capua is somewhat changed, and there are those among its inhabitants (so perverse and hardened is human nature) who profess to think the change is for the better. Degenerate Capuans! Have you abandoned your ancient traditions—forsworn the way of life of your fathers, with whom the chaplets and the nard, the wine-cup and Lydia's rosy arms, were the all in all?

'Dic et argutæ properet Næræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem.'

Have you forgotten that? The strangers and pilgrims, then, shall correct your memory, and the traditions of Capua shall be by them religiously followed. Look abroad, ædile of the night, and tell us if Venus holds her court and Pyrrha braids her yellow hair—if Lalage as sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles, and *nunc est bibendum* is the practice as of yore. Yes, the strangers and pilgrims keep it up, they bring back old days and nights of revelry, and the chaste moon looks on with quiet smile and casts her silver glory over the sea, while Lord Tom Noddy is talking to Glycera, and Lydia is asking Sir Carnaby Jenks for a bottle of Falernian. And the Capuan upper ten go about in chairs and touch not the unclean thing, but look at it in a patronising way, which the unclean thing returns with scorn. And the ædiles of the night have 'difficulties' with Glycera and Co., who take possession of the chairs after the upper ten have vacated them, and, though Muttonia's is closed, the flavour of the old worship, like the scent of the roses, clings round it still, and so—and so—we go on. The tribes are in force, and fill Jerusalem the Golden, while Christianity abides wherever it can find a hole to put its head in. There are swells of every degree—the real thing and the plated article—high, low, Jack, and the game, and a very pretty game it is. Chiefly played at night, though it finds votaries in the day as well; the old, old game, older even than Muttonia's shrine, and coeval with the chalky hills and the wild waves that wash our modern Capua, the old, old story, and the old, old song—that 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round.

And now let us to our racing matters. We had not time to touch on Goodwood in our last 'Van,' and the meeting is such an old story now that it would seem useless to rake it up. But we may add our stone to that cairn of eulogy which has been raised in its honour. It was a very brilliant meeting there is no doubt—not altogether in the way of sport, but in the company that it brought together. Very high and illustrious was the presence before which our Cup horses and our two-year-olds exhibited themselves, and the heirs of two great empires and their beautiful wives stamped Goodwood this year with a pre-eminence that left Ascot even behind. The very prettiest sight of the whole week was the sight of these two beautiful sisters, the Princess of Wales and the Cesarevna; of that we have not the least doubt. There was plenty of beauty, but there was one who shone supreme amidst the press of fair women; and if there was a falling-off in the quality of our horses,

there was no lack of it on the Ladies' Lawn. We never remember such a Cup day; the chief Ducal farm gave a wonderful yield that Thursday, but about the Cup the less said, perhaps, the better. We were very glad M. Lefevre won it, but why, oh, why, did Mr. Savile start Cremorne? It was a pitiable sight. We can fancy such a good sportsman as his owner doing it with the idea of giving his backers a run for their money. A very mistaken, though creditable, idea, if such was Mr. Savile's, for if Cremorne had been our property we would have seen Brown, Jones, and Robinson at—well, never mind where—before we would have run the risk of injuring such a good horse. This was the sole blot on the Cup Day of Goodwood the Glorious. Let us hark back to our Capuan games.

And among the games there was, of course, pigeon-shooting. Lord Aylesford and Sir William Milner gave Cups to be shot for, and there was an International contest, &c., &c., on the side of a hill on the London Road about two miles from the town, to which we were induced to go, and where, of course, we enjoyed ourselves very much. It was a very lively affair indeed; for every one lost their money, as the wind and the nature of the ground favoured the birds, and the rustics beyond the boundary must have been tired of pigeon-pie by that day week. We like Hurlingham; and on the rare occasions when we are able to go there, and there is the slightest prospect of a dinner to wind up with, we are very fond of Hurlingham indeed. Not bad after dinner, either when the moon comes out or when she does *not* come out, at least so our young friends tell us, and they ought to know. But this is by the way. That hillside though, on the Saturday after Goodwood, was quite *un autre chose*. With the fear of great gunners before our eyes, heroes in whom Stephen Grant and Purdey and Lancaster delight, shall we confess we thought it awfully slow? The only person who seemed to enjoy the sport was Captain Batchelor, and he had made a book on the event, so his delight was natural. There were some 'first appearances,' too, on that occasion among the backers of the gun who, we think, hardly thought the game worth the candle. A very awkward game to meddle with on a barren hillside with a westerly breeze and a sloping ground; at least, that is our opinion, but we may be wrong. Next year, if we are alive, we shall spend *our* Saturday on the Pier.

But we shall never get on with the racing at this pace, and we must say something about it, for it was better than usual. The attendance was enormous, particularly on the Cup Day, and the feature of the Meeting was, of course, Mr. Savile's success; and how Lilian could have lost the Cesarewitch if she had been kept for it, and what a much better horse Uhlan must be than we all gave him credit for, was in everybody's mouth. Lilian had run badly at Goodwood, but then she was (like Uhlan in the July Meeting at Newmarket) out of her distance, and, though the public chose to make her a favourite, Mr. Savile did not much fancy her. But the money was dashed down, as the phrase is, at Brighton, and she settled the Hippias filly very easily. Protomartyr ran, but with 8st. 12 lbs. he could not be expected to get very near, and no one thought about the others; in fact, the betting showed what the race would be—a match between the two favourites, but a rather one-sided affair, it must be acknowledged. There had been an expectation that Winslow would run for the Cup, and a fine race was looked forward to between him, Uhlan, and Flageolet, everybody more or less fancying Winslow, though of course we were in the dark as to his staying powers. But on the first day of the races some little bird whispered he would be kept for the Lewes Handicap, and then M. Lefevre was confident

indeed. He had been afraid of Winslow, but he held Uhlan cheaply—too cheaply, as it proved. He is not at all a confident man generally—the good French sportsman, who may be said to be naturalized among us—but he was on this occasion directly he knew Winslow was out of the way, and he already saw, we fancy, Monti's handsome trophy on his *buffet*. And yet it was asking Flageolet to do a great thing to beat such an undoubted stayer as Uhlan at 6 lbs., and some of our best judges went for Mr. Savile's horse. We almost wonder M. Lefevre did not start something to make the pace, which was wretched, as will be easily understood when such an animal as Queen's Scholar was in the front for a mile and a half. Fordham, of course, did not like to force the running with 8 st. 6 lbs., and so he did not bring his horse up till after Queen's Scholar and Mornington were done with. Some people, indeed, thought he laid off too long, but Fordham must be allowed to be the best judge of that, we think. However, he could never get on terms with Uhlan, who won, with something in him at the finish, by a neck. M. Lefevre and Jennings were much disappointed; and the latter said the result upset all racing calculations—but hardly that, Tom, surely! The Club Day was a great improvement on last year, but still leaving something to be desired, and which Club Days will continue to lack for the future; for these institutions in connection with racing are things of the past. We must add, that the way the enclosure during the three days was filled with thieves and welshers spoke badly for the management of the Meeting. They—the thieves and welshers—were rampant, and a gang of the latter assaulted and severely injured a respectable bookmaker, who tried to prevent some lady he knew being robbed by them. A friend of ours, who was seen cautioning a gentleman against a similar lot, was set upon by these ruffians and assailed with the most awful language, coupled with threats of what they would do to him when they caught him alone. Truly, racing has come to a pretty pass. Still, for all this there is a remedy; and it is disgraceful that at a place like Brighton it should not be sought. A couple of detectives, thoroughly good men, would have prevented these ruffians from entering the enclosure, or would have expelled them if they had got in. Why was not this done?

Lewes was a grand success—as Lewes always is; two days' capital racing, from the De Warrenne Handicap to the grand win of Winslow in the Lewes. Tangible has been a good horse to his owner this year, and he upset the very hot favourite Regane—for whom people said the De Warrenne was made—very easily, beating Devotion, too, who looked to have a great chance; while the most remarkable incident in the first day's racing was that book-makers actually took, at one time, 7 to 4 about Uhlan for the Queen's Plate when they might have asked for 40 to 1; for it was really all those odds on Mr. Savile's horse, who had only Tambour to beat. What the clever book-makers knew—or, rather, thought they knew—we can't say. They do make these ridiculous mistakes sometimes, luckily for poor backers. Said a noble sportsman to us—who had the luck to lay 7 to 4 once or twice—'I should have been ashamed to show my face on a racecourse again if I had not.' True for you, most noble, and we hope you dashed it down. The sensation of the second day's racing was Winslow, who, directly it was known he was a starter for the handicap, sent all the Falklands, Protomartyrs, Houghtons, and Victors to the other side of Jordan. Nothing else but Winslow would go down. 'George' had not been very fond on the previous day; but we think the stable must have known something about him, or else he would not have come to such a price. It was a close thing, however, and a very splendid race between him and Flurry from the distance, though we are inclined to think the

horse won a little easier than was supposed. However, as there were different opinions about that, very many good judges thinking he only just got home by the head Mr. Clark gave it, we will not press ours. At all events, it was a very good performance indeed, and recalls all the things Winslow might have done, while it foreshadows those he may yet do. Mr. Payne was nearly landing a coup with Flurry, who will never get such a chance again we expect. She is a bad mare, and her owner was afraid to trust her with much. So this was a brilliant finish to a good beginning; and we take leave of Lewes and the last sigh of the sad sea waves until another year.

And, by the way, one word more before we leave the naughty, delightful place to its two months' repose. We spoke just now of 'Capua's curled 'revellers,' but we must have been thinking of the visitors. The indigenous Capuan youth is a wonderful being, and, to do him justice or injustice—whichever our readers please—there is very little revelry about him. He does nothing on earth but walk up and down the King's Road and on the Pier. He eschews racing, and his knowledge of the noble animal is confined to a much-enduring hack. If he is blessed with this world's goods, he drives instead of walks, and a solemn thing it is to see him with a friend the ditto of himself in a phaeton or Victoria doing the ceaseless up and down from Kemp Town to Adelaide Crescent. They, and many like them, come and go at such stated intervals that you may easily believe the whole procession is, on a large scale, like one of those toys of infancy we well remember, where three soldiers were represented as perpetually going over a bridge, and who disappeared only to reappear the next moment. They never speak to each other, they never flirt, save in a very un-Capuan manner, with the unfortunate women on whom they bestow their time. They simply do nothing. It is a wonderful existence, but we pledge our honour to its truth. Some of them look like gentlemen, but who they are and what they are we cannot tell.

One little anecdote before we quit the Sussex coast, though, may not be out of place. Among the rag-tag and bobtail which the Brighton and Lewes Meetings attracted to the modern Capua was a blatant American *roué*, who, bankrupt in mind, body, and estate, was railing, in violent adjectives, against Brighton and everything therein. 'You don't seem favourably impressed with 'this charming place,' mildly remarked that perfection of gentlemanly deportment, Mr. Charles Symonds of Oxford, who, having backed Uhlan, felt his heart opening with love for his amiable absent better-half and sympathy for all. 'No, sir-r-r-r,' grinned the reprobate. 'If I were Satan, and I had the fee—' simple and inheritance of this here darned hole of iniquity, by G—— I'd 'live in h——, and let it!' Tell it not at the Grand.

But there are other waves that beat upon a northern coast to which we used to like to listen in the days that we went up to Saltburn-by-the-Sea, and eat our first grouse for the season at the hospitable board of Mr. Dodds, since become the hon. member for the town, whose races, among its other institutions, he took under his wing and protection. We have not been to Stockton for two or three years, but we remember the grouse luncheons with great distinctness—in fact, almost with tears. It was but yesterday that we saw on the bill of fare of a certain club—which of course shall be nameless—'Grouse '8s. 6d.' Shade of Dodds!—we mean shade of birds we used to consume in those halcyon days before we heard of disease—eight-and-sixpence, for a tough old cock, all sinew and breast-bone! For there are no young birds, our friends tell us; and the 'Field' confirms the melancholy intelligence. We feel at the same time almost sure that the M.P. for Stockton had some for his

friends each race day—which makes us the more regret we could not pitch our tent at Saltburn (associated in our mind with many pleasant recollections) this year. But we have heard all about it from friends who have been there—what a good Meeting it was, how they enjoyed Tangible in the Trial Stakes, and what faces they pulled over Queen Mab beating Field Marshal in the Tradesmen's Handicap. We, too, had been waiting for Queen Mab, and got it into our heads somehow that she was going to win the Ascot Stakes, which, however, was half-a-mile too much for her, to say nothing of the 10 lbs. less she carried at Stockton. It appears to have been a splendid race by all accounts, though Field Marshal showed a bit of the white feather when the pinch came, and little Chaloner beat his big brother. Memoria and Miner showed how that the Speculums can race a little. Mr. Jardine had a good day with Curfure and Crusader; and Whitewall was unlucky again in the Cup, where Madge Wildfire had to succumb to Tyro. There was fine weather—rather a novelty at Stockton—a wonderful good show of company, and very good sport. They are going to have their first day next year on the Tuesday instead of Wednesday preceding York, which will be an improvement, we fancy, in every way.

Who does not like old Ebor, with its old-world histories and traditions, its sporting memories, its racecourse, which, next to Newmarket, deserves the epithet of 'historic'—its snug, quiet lodgings beneath the shade of its stately Minster, and its good cheer? They don't skimp or starve you in the metropolis of the broad shire, and they don't fleece you as they do in that dreadful Doncaster. Surely there must be some difference in the blood and breeding of the inhabitants of the two towns—the one so kind, thoughtful, and hospitable, the other only seeking what they might devour, and picking their victims to the bones. But let us not think of this. Sufficient unto the Leger is the evil thereof. Here we are on Knavesmire, to hear all the news we can collect about that great event, and what Yorkshiremen have to say on the subject. We have made up our minds in the south, of course, but we should like Yorkshire opinion, if it would be so kind. Yorkshire seems to think, from what we can gather, that the best thing to do is to lay odds on Kaiser and Doncaster coupled, and go to sleep. These happen to be our sentiments too, so there is an *entente cordiale* established at once. Yorkshire is rather low about the grouse, but otherwise is pretty fit, we think. Had a baddish time at Stockton, certainly, and that Madge Wildfire was a terrible business. Yorkshire did an extra plunge on her 'to get it back,' you see, and the consequences were staggering. Still, some of the faces that we last saw at the Raleigh and the Arlington have a jolly sunburnt look about them, suggestive of heathery braes, Scarborough, Filey, or Saltburn, and don't seem much to care. Strong is the elasticity of youth. It is when we get into the forties and fifties, my Postumus, that the loss of a century, pony, tenner (whatever be our venture), afflicts us, and we don't see so quickly how we are to get it back again—perhaps it is because we haven't so much time. But, however, be that as it may, Yorkshire came up smiling, and prepared to do its plunge on the Ebor or anything else that Mr. Justice Johnson and the Race Committee set before them. The first day was the best, we think, for there was the Yorkshire Oaks for Marie Stuart, and the Biennial, in which that slightly mysterious horse, Mendip—who, since he won the Flying Dutchman's Handicap in the Spring Meeting, had bloomed into a racer, and was to astonish the world by winning the Leger among other little events—was to figure. Marie Stuart won the Oaks certainly, but in a rather slovenly style, and as she looked light, and lacking in muscle, she did not create a favourable impression, and there was a disposition to lay

against her for the Leger. Pantomime and Queen's Scholar met Mendip in the Biennial, and though it transpired that the latter had been badly beaten in a trial the previous Saturday with Mr. Fox and Thorn, still he was thought good enough to win here. But the Mendip bubble was to collapse entirely, for when Tommy Osborne, on Pantomime, challenged at the Stand, Johnny Osborne, on Mendip, found there was nothing left in him, and he was beaten easily by a length, to the great confusion and dismay of his backers. Of course his Ebor and Leger chances were scattered to the winds at the same time; and how such an eminent handicapper as Mr. Johnson could have given him 7 st. for the former event, and what was the halo of glory thrown round Mendip, we can't exactly explain. For there is no doubt that he was much talked about, and considered by many people to be a good horse, and the presence of Thorn, in the same stable, helped, we suppose, to foster the delusion. Talented analysts spoke of him as 'the bookmaker's sheet anchor'—alluding to the Leger; and we were gravely told, during the Brighton Meeting, that he would win both the Ebor and the Doncaster events. Of course, if he could have won the former race with 7 st. on his back—the heaviest weight a three-year-old has yet carried over that severe course—his Leger pretensions would have been very high, and Kaiser and Doncaster would have had to look to their laurels. We wish, for Mr. Batt's sake, he had proved a good horse; but we confess, when we saw him for the first time that day, we had our doubts about him, and so we may say 'Good night' to Mendip. There were one or two good-looking dark ones in the Badminton Plate—Vengeresse, a handsome daughter of the handsome Cecrops, and Collingham, a powerful-looking son of Breadalbane and Hesperithusa, and reminding us a good deal of what his sire was at that age. He ought to race, for his dam was as quick as lightning, and though he only got second to Vengeresse that day, he will do better. There was great talk during the morning about Newry, a colt of Mr. F. Fisher's, or Mr. Graham's, or Mr. Hewett's (one colt serves many masters), who was reported as a flyer of the first water, and a real good thing on which to do a plunge. So Newry, when the numbers went up, opened at 6 to 4, and there was great hurrying to get on—some noble sportsmen belonging to the early bird's division rejoicing at having got 7 to 4—when lo! there came suddenly ominous offers of 2 to 1, then 5 to 2, and so on, till at length the 'good thing' receded to 7 to 1, and no takers. This was very dreadful, and so, to mend matters, sportsmen took header No. 2 on Atlantic, overlooking Tipster, who had won over this course in the spring. Tipster was not backed, it is true; but then, as the Tuppill horses never *are* backed when they win, that fact alone ought to have opened sportsmen's eyes. Tipster won all the way, though the finish between him and Atlantic was close, Newry being, of course, a bad third. It takes a good deal of time to repair damages after a race of this sort, and our sportsmen did not do it that day, for in the last race the favourite, Openhand, was beaten by Sir Fanciful. The Great Ebor day is one of Yorkshire's holidays, and, wet or dry, is equally enjoyed—in fact, we fancy the rain gives it a flavour lacking in fine weather. It made no difference to Dorothy Draggletail and Hodge, who came up and stared at the Minster, and walked about and stared at the shops, until it was time to go to the course, with most supreme indifference. The crowd in the enclosure was immense, and not a particularly agreeable one. The Tykes are wonderfully nice fellows, and we have a great respect for them, but when they are damp, both within and without, they are not so amusing as at other times. There was a good deal of speculation on the Ebor; and Louise Victoria, who had been spotted by every one directly the weights appeared, was favourite almost to

the last, though Shannon, with whom Heath House evidently meant mischief, had the call of her at the finish.

There had been a good deal of 'arrangement' necessary before Shannon started; money had to be put right, and those who had got on at long shots were horrified by hearing the night before the race that she would not start. We don't profess to understand the mysteries of 'the market,' nor have we any wish to do so. How it is some persons are always getting forestalled, and by whom—why the owner of a good horse, well in a handicap, is the very last person who thinks of backing it, and who are the clever people who we continually hear 'have got all the money,' we neither know nor care. In Shannon's case we believe her owner felt aggrieved, and somebody had to disgorge, but the difficulty was all happily settled before midnight, and 4 to 1 was the best offer against the mare. Half-an-hour before the race she was actually first favourite; and though Mr. Cartwright, like a good and plucky sportsman, took 500 to 200 about Louise Victoria, that failed to stem the tide, and every sharp, and every know-all, and every man with the 'book' at his fingers' ends were on Shannon. She was meant to be a good thing, but if ever there was a good thing on paper and in fact it was Louise Victoria, whom another 10 lbs., which Mr. Johnson said he should have given her if he had made the handicap after Goodwood, would not have stopped. George Fordham brought Shannon with a rush at last (it was said she had been interfered with in the race, and that Mendip behaved very rudely to her), but he could not overhaul Louise Victoria, who won the Ebor easier than it has ever been won before. There was a good deal of money won on Mr. Fox, who was only a head behind Shannon, for though he is a moderate horse his weight brought him into a situation. Lily Agnes must be a very smart youngster indeed, a daughter that Macaroni may be proud of, but then what is the use of a speedy filly if she has no engagements, which is Lily Agnes's case? Mr. Merry took a benefit at this meeting, though he did not appear in it himself, and Sir William Wallace promises to become a Derby favourite, though, whether he is better or worse than Glencalmond, and whether there is not a dark one better than both, 'nobody knows as we know,' might be the burden of a Russley duet. The Cup was a failure in point of a field, but still possessed an amount of interest, for, though reduced to a match, the two performers were Uhlan and Thorn. If it had been two miles or upwards of course it would have been odds on the former, but we could not understand its being so over a mile and a half, and Uhlan having to make his own running into the bargain, a thing which he is not good at. He was done when it came to galloping by the speedy Thorn, who, by the way, was looking as handsome as paint—and Mr. Savile could hardly have been surprised at the result. There was a good deal of cheering at it, for it was North against South, and the old rivalry is always strong. However, in the Doncaster Cup, which is two miles and a half, if they both meet, which we hope they will, together with Winslow, Flageolet, &c., a different tale may be told. By the way, that *will* be a race if the above quartet run, with the addition of the Leger winner, a race giving the Tykes something to shout over, though we don't think it will be the winner. The Great Yorkshire was, of course, won by Kaiser, and though Fordham on Chivalrous gave the fielders a momentary sensation by attempting to steal a march on Maidment close home, it was of no use, and Kaiser won very easily. The Pearl, whom Mr. Chaplin came specially to Doncaster to back for the Harewood Plate, was a very good thing indeed, for though she only beat the unlucky Madge

Wildfire by a head, she had been shut out in the first part of the race, and when Constable brought her with a rush at the finish she was full of running, and would, in another stride or two, have won by a length. It was not a very eventful meeting as far as throwing more light on the Leger than had been already shed. The fielders have to stand a very forlorn field—Negro, Chandos, Chivalrous, Montargis, and Co.—and we fear they can gleam but small consolation from such a lot. There is no Wenlock for them this year apparently, and we must look to Kaiser or Doncaster to carry our hopes to the front. We confess to no predilection for the horse who at Ascot would have run into the checktaker's box or any hole open to him as he came up that severe finish in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. That Gang Forward on that day showed the white feather there can be no doubt, and it appears a sort of miracle to us the attempt to make a stayer out of him. If we must 'hang 'our banner on the outer wall,' or do anything very desperate in the way of a 'tip,' we will hang out the yellow banner of the Kaiser, and in a true-run race expect to see him win.

We are happy to announce here that old Taraban has retired from the Turf, and between the shafts of Mr. Bowes's brougham on the Boulevards of Paris hopes to find that peace which a racecourse cannot give. John Scott (may his memory be green!) told us one morning, as we stood by his brougham on the wold watching Taraban tearing at his bit and pulling his boy out of the saddle, that he thought he had got in him about the best two-year-old he had ever tried. Who shall say he had not? Taraban has tried a good many people, his owner included, since then; but we will remember the good that was in the old rogue instead of the evil—the good days of '71, when he placed the Northumberland Plate and Goodwood Stakes to the credit of the black and gold, and justified some of the promise of his early time. He was popularly credited with a passion for Whitewall port, which he took in quantities, so it was said; but the old proverb *In vino veritas* seldom found response in his breast. He required stronger stimulants after a while, and, if our memory serves, he demanded a bottle of Jamieson's O. D. at Goodwood, but of that we will not be certain. It is like that good sportsman, Mr. Bowes, to wish to keep a horse he was, with all his faults, fond of, about him. We trust he will always go straight in his new path, and earn himself a good degree on the Boulevards. There will be few handsomer brougham horses to be seen there than the handsome son of Rataplan, and though he has cost us a pound or two in his time, we will take off our hat to him if we come across him next year in the Bois, in memory of that morning on Langton Wold and auld lang syne.

One thing we saw in the enclosure at York which we must mention, because it rather tickled us, though whether our readers will see anything in the joke we don't know. The sight was a blue-coat boy in full canonicals! In former days, and not so very 'former' either, if a 'blue' was seen at a theatre, on the river (such an enormity as a racecourse was scouted as too preposterous), or in any place of amusement, a sound flogging, with the risk even of expulsion, was the result. A well-known sporting character, not entirely ignorant of Ashdown and Altcar, informs us that he was well birched in 1850 for boating on the River Lea. Cricket, boating, gymnastics, were to the 'blue' of five-and-twenty years or less age forbidden fruit. We believe, if he was caught in a carriage in the Park, or riding a pony, immediate expulsion followed. And now he is in the Betting Ring on Knavesmire, and, for ought we know, has had five shillings on Louise Victoria. We hope he has. But the blue coat

and the yellow stockings had a very incongruous look in such a scene, and they are startling reminders of what a world of change we live in.

We have been sadly unmindful lately of 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.' And yet even in these autumnal days of desolation, when town is supposed to be a howling desert, and those whom fate or fortune compel to stay in it sigh for that out-of-door life which our continental neighbours so well know how to use and enjoy, but which we poor Londoners, alas! never shall—even now there is or was much to see and please. Here and there something atrocious cropped up, as it always will in the dead season, and perhaps 'The 'Snaefell,' at the Gaiety, was about the severest trial to which an audience was ever put at that fashionable place of amusement. We desire to speak in the highest terms of Mr. George Conquest's pantomimic and acrobatic feats, which are, no doubt, of a very high order, and at Christmas-time we should think him the right man in the right place, but he seemed sadly out of place at the Gaiety, and, if we mistake not, felt so himself. The piece was a wretched incomprehensible jumble, and the sight of Mr. Conquest and his son being propelled up one trap and shot down another for no earthly reason was dispiriting even to the gallery. The stalls could not make it out at all, and even 'the Casual Ward' at that distinguished temple of the drama, generally so full of all that is brightest and best, was empty. But later on there was something to amuse one in the Strand; and while 'Nemesis' made us laugh on one side of it, 'Kissi-Kissi' tried hard to do so on the other. The former is sparkling in the extreme; the latter has been a financial success astonishing to Mr. Hingston. And there are even better things than 'Kissi-Kissi' at the Opéra Comique. 'Milky White' has been revived there, and Mr. Craven, in his original *rôle*, plays with all that genuine ruggedness and caustic humour which so took the town when the piece was first produced—if we remember rightly, at the Strand. Mr. Craven was fortunate too in having for a daughter so natural and charming a one as Miss Gainsborough. It is not much of a part, but still there is room for both gaiety and pathos, and Miss Gainsborough interprets these emotions without the slightest exaggeration, is by turns arch and lively, devoted and affectionate, without 'o'erstepping the modesty of nature.' She dresses the part too well, and we were unconsciously reminded by her *toilette* of a visit on a previous occasion to the Opéra Comique, when a young lady played the part of a bankrupt grocer and teadealer's daughter, and wore, in the back parlour behind the shop, a very handsome silk dress and no small amount of jewellery. Miss Gainsborough, we need scarcely say, was free from such vulgarity. We hope to meet her again in some part where her talents will have yet greater play.

But there are dark sides for the poor theatre-goer as well as bright ones. There are places where he must put up with vulgarity and incompetency because such is the will of the sovereign majority, and must assist at exhibitions in which impudence carries the day and art has no share. Have any of our readers ever been present at a first night of some new spectacle at the Alhambra, with 'the English Schneider' in the principal *rôle*? It was our fate to assist at the first representation of 'La Belle Hélène' at that place of popular resort a short time since, and a wonderful exhibition it was. We had, unfortunately for us, but lately enjoyed its charming music and the piquant acting of the French artists at the St. James's Theatre. Ah! why then did we go to listen to Mr. Burnand's dreary dialogue and the dreary exponents of such humour as he has sparingly spread over its three acts? What led us there, too,

on the first night, when the *claque* and the bouquets were rampant, when wonderful-looking men—a sort of cross between Haymarket swells and hell-keepers—occupied the boxes nearest the stage, and, dispersed over the stalls, were dittos prepared to greet 'the English Schneider,' whenever she appeared, with deafening cheers. We will not go so far as to say that all the applause bestowed on Miss Santley was of a mercenary character—far from it. We believe she has won, and deservedly won, the sweet voices of the music-hall 'gent,' and *his* applause was genuine. On that undesirable specimen Miss Santley lavishes her smiles; for him she has her most bewitching gestures; for him she slaps her legs; and for him she dresses in defiance of every canon of taste, to say nothing of decency. And he well repaid her devotion on the first night of 'La Belle Hélène.' Her most inartistic entry was the signal for a roar; at her first 'wriggle' (there is no other word to describe it) towards the foot-lights it deepened in volume, and at 'wriggle' No. 2 the house got frantic. A much be-wigged admirer, in a private box, launched a premature bouquet in the excitement of the moment, and the gentlemen in the gallery yelled and whistled after their kind. It was a grand triumph; and when the act-drop descended, or was about to descend, then did the Haymarket gentlemen unmask their batteries. The bouquets fell large and thick, and there must have been a hamper of them in each proscenium box. Mdlle. Rosa Bell, a young lady who was only an artist, and merely sung to perfection, with a thorough conception of her *rôle* of Paris, came in, of course, for but secondary notice with the Alhambra audience, and, but for a few appreciative hands, the gents' would have ignored her altogether. Of course she had some bouquets—she could not have been well passed over—but while they fell in a thunder shower on Hélène, they were as raindrops on her lover. We happened to be sitting in a stall just in front of two of the *claque*, and though their ear-splitting applause received at last an indignant remonstrance from us, which for a time quelled the nuisance, we could not help inwardly acknowledging that they had earned their wages. They sat with the most stolid indifference while Rosa Bell sang so charmingly, 'Once upon a time upon Mount Ida;' but directly the tips of Miss Santley's boots were seen, they shouted 'Bravo!' before she had opened her lips. Well, this is popularity, and Miss Santley must, we suppose, be congratulated on the position she has won, and the Alhambra proprietors, whoever they are, must be congratulated on the possession of such a gem as our 'English Schneider.' Poor Schneider! We are no great admirers of the fair original, but still we now feel commiseration for her. At least she is clever, she is full of humour, she can act. We will not pursue the contrast. There is a *mot* current of the late Lord Westbury, of blessed memory, to the effect that, speaking of a certain Judge who once presided at a certain trial, the noble ex-Chancellor was said to have observed that he thought, with a little more experience, he would make about the worst judge that ever sat on the Bench. Miss Santley has had some experience in her *rôle* of life, but no doubt she lives and learns, and she may yet, slightly paraphrasing Lord Westbury's saying, attain to an eminence in her profession in which she need fear but few rivals.

Among other closings of the season—the times and periods that come upon us in a very dreadful way about the end of July and the beginning of August—we note our coaches drop off one by one. The horn of the hunter is not so much heard on the hill—by which we mean Piccadilly—as it was; but still the echoes are wakened up, and still do the few coaches that remain attract the usual little knot of worshippers at Hatchett's, and among these we may mention

that warm friend to 'the road,' the Hon. William Byng, who never misses either start or finish, if he can help it; and to be at Hatchett's about 10.30 or 11, and not see his face there, would alarm us, because we should know that something very serious was the matter. Mr. Byng watches over the coaches in almost paternal fashion, and we caught him one afternoon helping Fownes to lead the Dorking, in which he takes special interest, though, perhaps, he would hardly like to confess it, for Westerhams, Guildfords, Reigates, Watfords, and Weybridges are all the objects of his affection. Some of them are falling away, as we have just remarked. The Reigate and the morning Dorking have taken off, and, we believe, the Westerham and one or two more will be absentees by the time these lines meet our readers' eyes. All have done well; and when we consider that, until lately, our summer was no summer at all, it is a gratifying fact that the dozen coaches that left Hatchett's each morning should have all of them paid their expenses, and most of them have got a good balance-sheet to show. The 'stayer' of the dozen will, we fancy, be the afternoon Dorking—'Cooper's coach,' as it is familiarly termed—for that good whip has no intention of giving up—in fact, is too fond of it; and having got everything in good working order, and the coach looking uncommonly well just at this 'half' season, as it may be termed, there is no reason why he should. Besides, he knows that, if he did take off, he would, in addition to his own regrets, nearly break the heart of Mr. Scott, the zealous and genial hon. sec. of the Dorking road, to whom both coaches are much indebted for all his pains and labours. The Duke of Beaufort, himself a master of the art, drove the afternoon Dorking down on the 22nd, and pronounced everything to be 'simply perfect,'—and praise from him is praise indeed.

As the days shorten, it is probable that the coach may leave town a little earlier, but this has not yet been definitely arranged. We may hope, however, to see the afternoon Dorking run far into autumn, and until the inevitable change in the weather (not that that would have any effect on the coachman, for it is a joke against him that he likes a wet day and no passengers) compels its retirement.

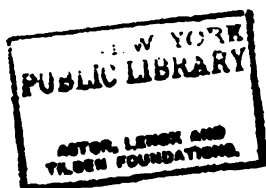
Among the glut of yearlings which Doncaster will show us, we hear good accounts of Mr. Crowther Harrison's, who has got an own brother to Tomahawk (aptly named Battle-axe) among them, well bred enough to win half-a-dozen Derbies. As Tomahawk beat Couronne de Fer when Heath House thought that the latter could not possibly be beaten, we hope his brother will turn out as good. We wonder if there is a second Léonie among Mr. Harrison's small lot!—or is that too much to expect? Anything half as good as the good mare who won, among other feats, the De Warne Handicap and the Shobdon Cup as a three-year old, would do.

It is a thrice-told tale now to tell of the success of Polo this season, and what root it has taken, and what a deeper root it promises to take. The Polo Club—not the 'Royal' Polo Club, if you please, gentlemen of the press; the 'Royal' Cremorne Gardens is, no doubt, a very taking title, but the Polo Club is simply a society of gentlemen, and wants no royalty attached to its name, except the gracious patronage of H.R.H.—the Polo Club has flourished wonderfully, and the ground is so well adapted for the game that we expect to see a great accession next year to the already large list of members. The ground at Lillie Bridge seems certainly made for the game, and Captain Macqueen has done so much to further improve it, that it will be hard to beat next year. We hear of other clubs on the *tapis*, and Hurlingham is going

to join in the fray, it is said, ground having been purchased for 28,000*l.*, and great alterations already planned. But they won't beat Lillie Bridge in a hurry.

Reading the late Felix Whitehurst's charming book, his reminiscences of those imperial days when Paris reigned so triumphantly, and glorified herself as one who said 'I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow,' brings back the time of the Empire in its happiest aspect. Few so well qualified to tell the story as Mr. Whitehurst—none to do it with such a happy pen. He was a keen observer, a man of infinite humour, and one who could detect that quality in other men and circumstances. He could shoot the reigning folly as it flew in the pleasantest of ways; and a satirist, but not a bitter one, his was the touch of 'the polished razor keen.' Mr. Whitehurst's book is well worth reading.

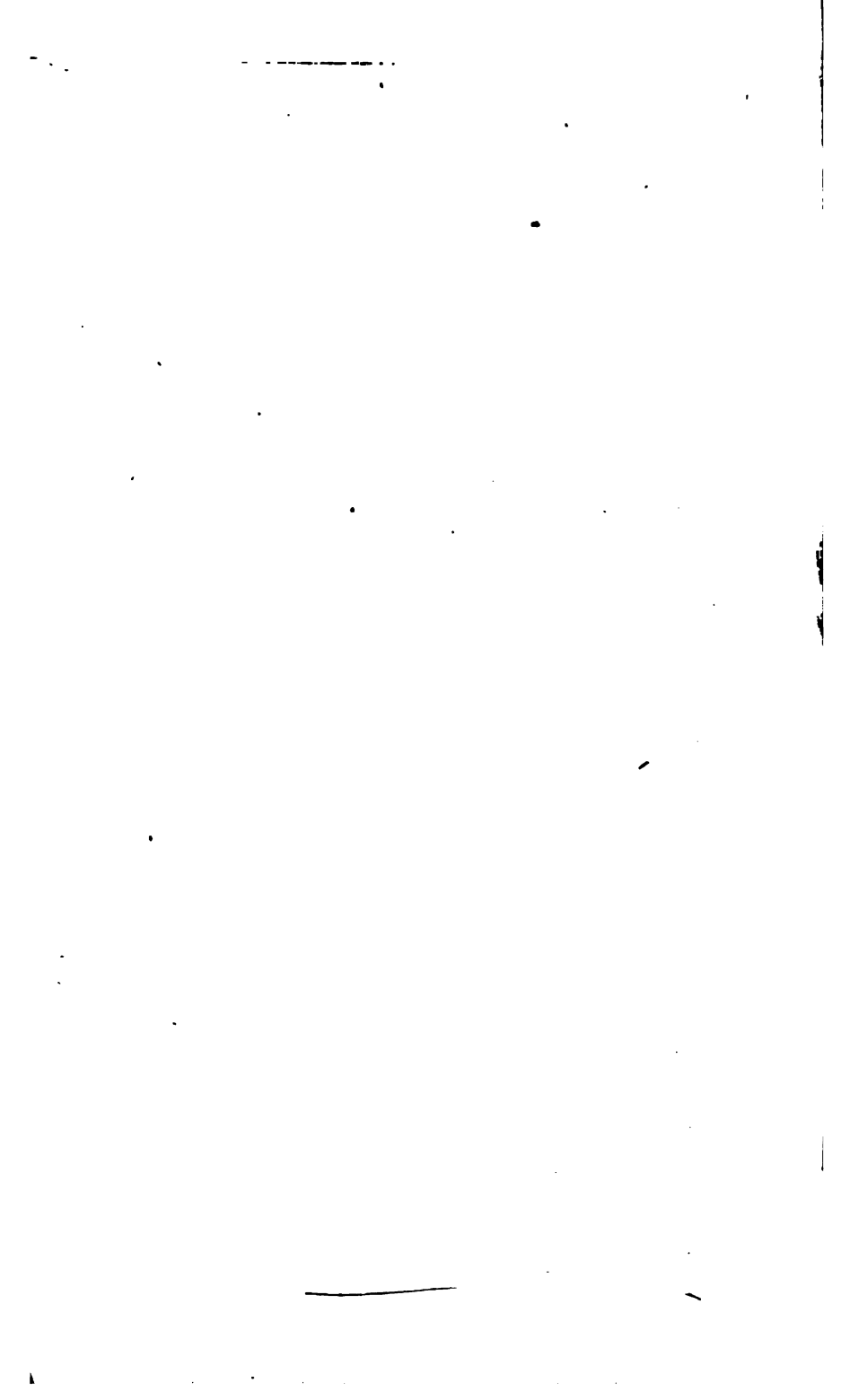
About half a century ago Mr. John Lawrence, who had been upon friendly terms with Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Wilson, and other worthies of the Turf in the olden time, published a book which he entitled 'The Horse, in all his Varieties and Uses.' In a subsequent edition Mr. Lawrence complained that 'certain collectors have done me the honour to rob me of my title—"The "Horse"—original with me so far as I have ever read or heard of titles. Granting it unobjectionable to make use of the word "Horse" as the head of a section in the Farmers' Series, yet it is far otherwise to adopt that title for a separate book.' Years have rolled by; Mr. John Lawrence has long since been dead and forgotten, and his book is only to be found upon the shelves of some antiquated sportsmen. Suddenly the walls of the railway stations were extensively placarded with a notice of 'A New Serial Work: the Book of the Horse. By S. Sidney, Manager of the Islington Horse Show.' Two numbers have appeared; and if Mr. Sidney has hit upon the same title as Mr. Lawrence, he at least has treated his subject in a totally different fashion. We could fancy ourselves reading the advertisement list of a coachmaker, or rather of a dealer in second-hand carriages. The first number contains the description of a brougham, a landau, a wagonette, a coach, and a chariot; whilst the second number is filled with the particulars of a barouche, a Victoria, a phaeton, a curricle, a cabriolet, a Tilbury, a Stanhope, and a dogcart. We have often heard of putting the cart before the horse, but we never before have seen it done. We are quite sure old Mr. Lawrence would never have subjected his favourite to such an indignity. It is full time for Mr. Sidney to get his Pegasus out of harness. Let us hear no more of the 'one os chay.'





Edward Herrison

C
W
drive his team, but he still managed to hunt; and we understand that it was a wonderful sight to see how, with barely the use of two



BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR EDWARD CLARENCE KERRISON, BART.

PERHAPS it would be difficult, in the long roll of our English country gentlemen who have earned the good report of their friends and neighbours, to single out a name more honoured and respected than the subject of our present sketch. The pages of this Magazine have chiefly to record those sporting qualifications for which, in common with so many of his compeers, Sir Edward Kerrison is celebrated, but columns might be filled with an account of the many schemes for the welfare and progress of the county with which he is connected, that owe their origin and success to his energy and judgment. Hard work has been familiar to Sir Edward Kerrison from a time when so many men of position and fortune are thinking more of the pleasures and pastimes of life than its duties; and his example has been the means of inciting others to follow in his steps. To him Suffolk owes much of its internal prosperity, for he has planned and carried out social organizations and public works of practical utility, all emanating from one energetic mind—carried out sometimes not only unaided, but in the teeth of opposition, but still with all that energy and determination which are such leading features in Sir Edward Kerrison's character.

His career as a sportsman may be said to have begun from his youth upwards. At Oxford there were few bolder riders either with Drake, the Heythrop, or 'the drag.' A good shot, a good coachman, the deer-forest and the road knew him as well as the covert side. He has not been long a M.F.H.; and it was in 1869, when Lord Rendlesham gave up his country, that Sir Edward assumed that office, forming a new country in Norfolk on the Suffolk borders. He bought his hounds from the Quorn, from Lord Yarborough, and from his nephew, Mr. Chaplin's, kennels, and soon got together a very excellent pack, and for three seasons hunted entirely at his own expense a country nearly forty miles long, showing such sport as had never been seen there before. But to his own keen regret, and no less to that of the whole country, he has been obliged to give up. Gout in the hands—to a sportsman one of the most cruel of disorders—has incapacitated him from much of that outdoor life in which he took such pleasure. He could no longer fire off a gun, or drive his team, but he still managed to hunt; and we understand that it was a wonderful sight to see how, with barely the use of two

fingers out of the ten left him, he rode. Wherever his hounds were, there was he bound to be too, no matter how big the ditches or heavy the fences. But the disease became a perfect martyrdom to him; and to stay at home day by day, and see his favourites go out without him, was more than his energetic spirit could bear, and so he reluctantly gave them up. We are happy to hear, however, that this season he is much better, and has a few couples again in the kennels, and something that can go in the stables, and though he will not undertake to hunt the whole country again, he has already (September 17) been out, and rendered a good account of a litter of seven cubs. There is no better judge of any animal, from a horse down to a bantam cock, than Sir Edward Kerrison, and, as we have shown in our opening remarks, whatever his hands find to do, he does it with all his might. He has been President of the Royal Agricultural Society; an ardent politician, he has sat in the House as member for Eye, and latterly, until his health gave way, for East Suffolk; and there is no good work in the country which does not owe its existence to him, no position therein which he might not hold if he would take it. In society he is as agreeable as he is popular, and we can only conclude this brief sketch as we commenced it, by expressing our belief that a better specimen of the thorough English country gentleman cannot be found than Sir Edward Kerrison.

TOM FRENCH.

‘ ONLY a jockey! Plenty others left,
 To spur, to flog, to rope, at any’s call;
 Of all men’s highest attributes bereft,
 Born, nurtur’d, school’d in fell Deception’s thrall:

‘ Less noble than the creatures they bestride,
 Stunted alike in body and in soul;
 With naught save brutish instinct for a guide,
 No finer sense of honour to control.’

Thus let the cold world argue. Not so we,
 Who hold belief in probity of mind,
 Wide, universal; by no false decree
 To numbers limited, to sect confined.

Statecraft and sport, Life’s labour and its play,
 The arts of peace, the energies of war—
 Each boasts the hero of its ‘ little day,’
 Each destined walk of life its guiding star.

And where the few go straight, the many stray,
 And evil name a kingly sport defiles;
 Where tempters compass each beleaguered way,
 And young success to Vanity beguiles;

Is there not greater merit to have kept
A name unsullied, reputation clear?
Like mirror by Suspicion's breath unwept,
Like Bayard's soul, without reproach or fear.

And thus we pause upon his early grave
One votive wreath to cast; for not in vain
Have died the good, the gentle, and the brave,
Whom bright examples bring to life again.

Long since, as leaf that reddens ere its time,
We marked the fatal flush his cheek invade,
On Summer hopes and Autumn's golden prime
Stern Winter's finger prematurely laid.

The slim, lithe form, the firm and graceful seat,
That told alike of confidence and strength;
The well-timed challenge, hard for foe to meet,
And distance measured to a finger's length;

These are but memories of the past—a theme
For doting age to linger fondly o'er;
Snatch'd from the eddies of Time's rolling stream,
For some new 'Druid's' legendary lore.

Modest alike in Triumph's dazzling hour,
Or when Defeat severer lessons taught,
Defying still her transitory power,
From 'good intent' his consolation caught:

Truth, justice, honour, sympathetic ties,
Master and servant fast together bound,
Falmouth and French—bywords for all we prize,
Highest and purest in a sport renown'd.

Peace to his shade! The Turf he loved so well
Shall wrap his ashes; and the simple stone,
In four recording letters—'Duty'—spell
Enough for him who worshipped her alone.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXV.

IT was a terrible dusting the old wolf gave us that day at Pontar-goned! So beaten were some of the leading hounds, that getting them home to their kennel at all that night was a business of no little patience and labour. Indeed, but for the help of our hunting-thongs, attached to their couples, by which we were able to lift them along through the miry lanes, many a time would they have

curled themselves up by the wayside, and abandoned the painful journey in despair. When the Hermitage was at length reached, it must have been forty-eight hours afterwards ere a single hound ventured to stretch his limbs or show a nose outside his *barrigue*; Annette, however, taking care to supply each one with food as he lay, too weary to rise, recruiting his lost power and indulging in the warmth and comfort of his ferny couch. The horses, too, were even more beaten than the hounds—Shafto's stout old hunter, Mirabeau, refusing his corn for a week afterwards, and my cob being miserably tucked up in the flank, and looking more like a 'garran' than the compact, light-stepping steed he was when I first brought him wolf-hunting into these parts. Bad grooming, cold stables, and long distances home after the sport of the day was over, were of course the chief causes of this change; for I took especial pains myself to see that his daily rations of corn and hay were regularly supplied, the oats being very dry and of the best quality; although, from their being thrashed on the bare ground where they grew, the dirt and grit intermixed with them detracted considerably from their weight, and rendered the use of the sieve an absolute necessity. My groom, a trusty Breton, knew more about milking a cow than strapping and feeding a horse; but, if he had been skilled as one of Joe Anderson's stable-boys, the usually wretched accommodation in the form of draughty, undrained hovels, in which a bar only separates one horse from another, and through which the winds career as through a windmill, would have defied his utmost efforts to keep a horse doing hard work in good form and condition. I allude, however, to the stables of the country inns, not to those of private houses, and to a time when the interior of Brittany was almost as little known by foreigners as Namaqua Land is at the present day.

A wolf, unless crippled, will rarely go to ground, however pressed by hounds, or however tempted by the hollow character of the country: he keeps going so long as he can stand; and, although shyer and wilier than most beasts of the forest, he is up to none of the dodges in chase practised by the hare, the fox, and the sinking stag. That day at Pontargoned and Huelgoed he might have gone to ground a hundred times into one of the numerous lead-mines, shafts, and caves with which that district abounds. So frequent and so deceptive were some of the old shafts, being covered with wood long perished and utterly unsafe, that it was only by a sharp look-out we were able to steer clear and avoid those hidden pitfalls scattered around us on every side. Keryfan, indeed, had a very narrow escape, his horse scrambling over one, as the whole fabric of the woodwork gave way and fell with a crash into the abyss below; and sunk as some of these pits are to a depth of several hundred feet into the silurian rocks, it must have proved a fatal fall to both if the steed, with wondrous activity, had not gained a secure footing on the opposite bank. There are instances on record, however, which indicate that such accidents have happened with impunity both to

man and horse ; and as two of these have occurred to gentlemen in the West of England, and can be authenticated by witnesses alive at the present day, they are well worthy of being chronicled in these pages, and rescued from the oblivion to which otherwise they would soon be inevitably consigned.

The first accident took place with Mr. George Templer's hounds, the famous 'Let-'em-alones,' which kept the South of Devon alive for so many years, before a regular pack of foxhounds was established in that division of the county. A fox had been found in Bovey Heathfield—a district in which coal-pits had been sunk in former days, but which, being long abandoned, were covered over with boughs of trees to prevent the farm-stock from breaking their necks. The scent was first-rate, and the hounds trimming him at a rattling pace, when the Rev. Henry Taylor, one of the finest horsemen ever known in that or any other country, in landing over a fence, found his horse's hind-quarters giving way, and only able to save himself from falling backwards by a tremendous effort with his fore-legs. He was riding his celebrated 'Nunky' at the time ; and, instantly being aware that Mr. William Ley was coming at the fence close on his heels, he shouted wildly at him to hold hard, and avoid the coal-pit into which he had himself well-nigh fallen. But the warning came too late, and either was not heard or was disregarded : over they shot and down they went, horse and rider, head foremost into the pit—the whole frame of the woodwork giving way under the weight, and falling before them into the gulf below. This probably saved their lives ; the mass of soft, decayed wood acting as a buffer, and easing the force of the final concussion. However that may be, neither the man nor the horse were even bruised seriously by the fall ; for, unlike Marcus Curtius of old, by the help of a few ropes they not only reappeared speedily in the land of the living, but did not quit the hunting-field till the hounds went home to their kennel. This anecdote was told to the present narrator by the Rev. Henry Taylor himself—alas ! long since summoned to the 'Land o' the leal'—a man who would have gone to the stake, aye, and fired it with his own hand, rather than tell a lie.

The other casualty is still more remarkable. In 1848 two gentlemen, meeting by appointment on Roborough Down, soon came to terms in dealing for a clever little bay mare called 'Jingalina'—the one buying her, as she stood, with saddle and bridle on, and the other walking back, a distance of eight miles, to his home and heronry on the blue Tamar. The latter was Mr. Walter C. Radcliffe of Warleigh, the other the Rev. Richard Sleeman, vicar of Whitchurch, in that neighbourhood. Jingalina's previous history, however, claims a few words ere we proceed to the details of her marvellous escape ; the account of which shall be given in the written and expressive language of her quondam owner, Mr. Radcliffe. She had carried him for two seasons with admirable safety and endurance, chiefly with Mr. Russell's hounds, in the North of Devon, and

occasionally with those of the Duke of Beaufort. In a brilliant run with the latter from Hullavington to Cirencester, poor John Bailly and Mr. Radcliffe on Jingalina had far and away the best of it from first to last; the little mare going home as merrily as if she had been only doing her morning exercise. Notwithstanding her merits, however, Mr. Radcliffe, being about to travel abroad, found it expedient to part with her, and she then passed into Mr. Sleeman's hands.

One morning, not long after this event, that gentleman's groom, a man called John Cowell, who had been exercising Jingalina and another horse on Whichchurch Down, returned with a rueful countenance to his master, saying, 'Plaize, sir, I've a-lost the mare:' and all he could explain was that she had suddenly gone down into the earth, clean out of sight. Mr. Sleeman hurried at once to the spot; and, finding the mare was alive, proceeded to a neighbouring mine, and procured the help of several men with shears, pulleys, and ropes. A man then volunteered to go down, stuck a candle in his hat with a lump of clay, and was lowered to a considerable depth; but, his heart failing him, he shouted out to be pulled up again, declaring, as he came to grass (a miner's term), that the air was so foul he could not live below.

Another man, however, whose heart was in a better place, enquired if the mare was alive; and, on being told she was, said confidently: 'Then, if she can live, I can; so lower away, my 'lads:' and down he went fourteen fathoms—eighty-four feet. He was down some time, and at length the signal came to 'Pull up;' and up he came. 'The mare,' said the man, 'is resting on her tail, with her fore-legs reared against the side of the shaft. There 'is a deal of slush and water, but I managed to fix the rope with a timber-hitch round some part of her body. So, all hands, haul away!' Eighteen stalwart men then set to work; and, in a minute or two, up she came to the grass-bank, whinnied and neighed when she saw the light, and was on the point of being released from the rope, when suddenly, either from curiosity to see the mare, or some other cause, the men let go their hold; and, not being fairly landed, down she went again with the running rope to the very bottom of the pit.

Sleeman was now in despair. Indeed, from the first he had given up the mare as lost; but he was now certain she must be dead. However, the men were for making one more trial; and, finding the rope fast to something, they hauled away, and up came the mare for the second time, the running noose being firmly fixed round her fore-pastern joint. Safely landed this time, she got up, shook herself, and walked home to her stable, *without a scratch*. After this event Mr. Sleeman rode the mare with hounds for fifteen seasons; and then, when done for hunting, drove her on easy journeys, and bred from her; one of her foals, by Nutshell, who was by Nutwith, being ridden at the present time by a lady, a very pretty one too, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Jingalina must have

been over thirty years old when she died ; and oftentimes during Mr. Sleeman's possession of her the sum of £100 offered for the mare would not tempt him to sell her. 'No,' he would say ; 'she 'and I have seen so many adventures together, I can't part with 'Jingalina.'

At the time of the accident a very young lady, the cousin of Mrs. Sleeman, was riding a pony on one side of the groom, while Jingalina disappeared on the other. That lady is now the wife of a gentleman residing just three miles from Folkestone, and from her own lips, imprinted, as all the circumstances are, ineffaceably on her memory, I heard Mr. Radcliffe's written account corroborated to the very letter ; he having had it 'from his dear, staunch, true old friend, 'Dick Sleeman, a matter-of-fact man, too fearless to prevaricate, too 'honest to lie.'

Of all sports of the field known to a Breton, that of wolf-hunting is by far the most engrossing ; to St. Prix it was the grand passion of his life ; and, consequently, the preservation of a sufficient stock of game for hunting being ever uppermost in his thoughts, he spared neither expense nor trouble in quietly promoting that object among the landowners he could trust throughout the vast district over which his authority as Louvetier extended. But, owing to the serious depredations so often committed by the wolves, it required no little tact, and sometimes no trifling expenditure, on his part to keep the community in good humour on this point ; nevertheless, having no keepers to deal with, he managed the matter admirably. Among the peasantry not a shadow of suspicion ever crossed their minds that his hounds were kept for any other purpose than that of destroying the noxious brutes infesting the land : and this impression was most natural, seeing that no sufferer appealed to him in vain, and that in pursuing a wolf he meant killing him, and rarely failed in doing so, if he had been guilty of any daring outrage, or had acquired an especial ill-fame among the country folk. This being the rule of the Louvetier, it was impossible to question the *bond fide* manner in which he fulfilled the duties of his office, which, if it provided him and his friends with a wild and attractive sport, contributed in no small degree to the public good. Yet he looked on a she-wolf late in the season as a master of hounds in this country looks on a vixen in February ; and no rat-catcher, professing to clear a barn of its rats, but somehow or other allowing those big with young to escape his clutches, could do his work more adroitly than St. Prix when a she-wolf in a similar condition was roused by his hounds.

Under these circumstances, Shafto, who had been brought up with a full knowledge of the conventional laws that govern fox-hunting in England—laws which for moral force might laugh to scorn those of Draco—was scrupulously particular in deferring to the Louvetier's wishes in all matters relating to the chase of the wolf and the boar ; and as already, by the help of Kergoorla's and Shafto's hounds, a larger number of heads and hides had been accounted for than in any previous season since the appointment of St. Prix to that office, our

forest bill of fare was restricted to the pursuit of smaller game, of which there was certainly no lack in the immediate neighbourhood.

The woodcock, which before the commencement of the snow had been scattered broadcast over the vast covers, whether stretching upwards to the highest ridge of the Black Mountains or down into the hollow and sheltered valleys below, were now driven to a limited area kept open in well-known spots by warm springs and running water—a concentration that enabled us to find every cock in the country with one old setter, belled for the purpose, and taught to break point and flush his game at the command of the gunner. As is usual, however, with woodcock on the occasion of hard frost or a heavy fall of snow, great numbers of them, impelled by the strong instinct of self-preservation, migrate at once into lower latitudes, winging their way in the gloom of night to the islands and southern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where, as many a British soldier knows, they are to be found in great abundance at certain times. While the snow lasted, our bag averaged twelve couple a day, with a few teal and duck to vary the sport. But every day the cock grew scarcer and scarcer; and at the end of ten days many a mile of boggy ground might be traversed without flushing a single cock, 'the whole fabric of them,' as old Cleave, a famous keeper at Tetcott, used to say, 'having been destroyed by guns and springles, or gone to a happier land.'

But, as the cock fell off, the wildfowl, duck and teal especially, harassed by the cold blustering winds that followed the snow and gave no rest on the sea-coast, dropped in plentifully—inso much that, unlike a cover, a brook supplying capital sport on one day proved equally productive on the next, every evening and morning bringing in a succession of fresh arrivals from the adjoining sea-shore. Nothing in the way of gunnery, to my mind, could surpass this sport—not even cock-shooting, which, to the gunner, is held to be what fox-hunting is to the hunter—so attractive were the running streams, and so varying the incidents connected with knocking down and recovering the wounded game.

About the tenth day after our arrival at the Hermitage, the snow having entirely disappeared, a sharp frost set in; the wind, from N.E., being 'forbiddingly keen' and cutting, and the hill-tops a mass of ice. 'This is the very weather for the Scaër brook,' said Shafto, as he drew up the blinds of my bedroom window, and in vain tried to clear away the fretwork of frost that was encrusted on every pane; 'the upper branch of the stream will be alive with fowl, and Keryfan thinks with me that we should be off at once, while the wind is so favourable.'

'So do I,' said I; and not unmindful of the good old motto, '*Carpe diem*,' in a few seconds I was shaking the dewdrops in a copious shower back into my tub; and long before Keryfan had finished curling his whiskers, both Shafto and I were hard at the coffee and savoury dishes provided by the 'neat-handed' Annette for our morning repast.

Although, from the old town of Scaër, the river Elle flows in a southerly direction towards Quimperlé and the broad Atlantic, the main tributary of that stream, springing in the *Montagnes Noires*, and locally called the Scaër brook, trends rather in a westerly course; and, as it meanders for miles amid high banks and lonely woods, and is verdant with aquatic weeds at all seasons of the year, it not only supplies ample food to the fowl that frequent it, but affords them a secluded shelter during the prevalence of cold winds and nipping frost on the adjoining coast. Thither, then, for our day's sport we were preparing to proceed with all despatch. But Keryfan was not to be hurried either at his toilet or breakfast-table; and, although I chaffed him with being more like the skid of a coach than either of its fore-wheels, no badinage had the slightest effect either in stirring him into quicker action or (I am bound to add) in ruffling his easy temper.

'If he has taken an hour to dress, give him time to feed, do,' said Shafto, interposing as the host on Keryfan's behalf; 'for, however late we may be, the chances are we shall not see a human being nor hear a shot fired for the day, except from our own guns, in that secluded valley.'

'Then,' said Keryfan, 'under those circumstances it would simply be insane to quit this table in a hurry and go half-fed into such a desolate wilderness:' and as Annette had just brought in a fresh dish of *Côtelettes de chevreuil* piping hot, he grasped his knife and fork with renewed vigour, and never dropped them again till he had finished the last cutlet. Dear old Keryfan—but old only in the language of love—he was certainly difficult to move when his head was in the manger, and engaged in the important business of taking in his complement of stock when a day's work was before him; but still more difficult to stir if he was sacrificing to the Graces, by paying tribute (which he held to be the first duty of man) to his sacred person. Yet, once afield and in pursuit of game, who could beat him, no matter how rough the work nor how long the day? His daudling, luxurious, and even lazy habits at home presented, in truth, a strange contrast to those he exhibited in the forest or on the mountain-side, where, keen as a sparrow-hawk after his prey, his energy and perseverance seemed never to flag, his passion for the chase never to grow cold.

We then started for the stream; and, although we stepped along briskly, it took an hour and a half ere we hit the nearest bend of it—our course over the pathless wilds being impeded by rock and heather, copse and broom throughout the whole distance, and yet that distance, to judge by the eye, could not have been more than a league and a half at most. We then divided forces, Shafto taking downstream with Owen Mawr, who carried a *carnassière* over his shoulder big enough to bag a wolf, while Keryfan and I turned upwards, with my Breton servant, Noel Postollec, in attendance on us.

Duck and teal were more plentiful than I ever saw them on fresh water before; and the only precaution necessary for getting at them

was to keep clear of the banks on the straight reaches, and come in suddenly upon the pools in the bends of the river, where they were too busy in nozzling for their food to hear the sound of our approaching footsteps. The first pool we drew produced a couple of duck which rose under the muzzle of Keryfan's gun; up went the piece deliberately to his shoulder, and giving the game, as he was wont, fair law, he drew first one trigger, then the other. Both caps exploded, but failed to ignite the powder; and instantly the duck, with a quack of delight at their escape, were winging their way in wild flight beyond the range of my two barrels. An ejaculation not usual with Keryfan, and certainly not fit for ears polite, burst from his lips, as he followed the birds with his eye, marvelling at their luck and reprobating his own in no measured tones. 'It's the old story,' he went on—'trusting to another what I suppose I ought to do myself—namely, clean my own gun: it's what you, Frank, always do for yourself, and I am coming to the conclusion that, with all the dirt, it is the right thing to do in the end.'

'No doubt about that,' I replied. 'No less than three personal friends of my own have had their forefingers and thumbs shattered by the explosion of their powder flasks, owing entirely to the careless way in which their guns had been cleaned. A bit of tow remains behind in the breech, and either the gun misses fire, or worse consequences ensue on reloading the discharged barrel.'

A good hour was lost ere we could get Keryfan's gun into shooting order again; and I think it taught him a lesson of self-dependence which he will not readily forget. The Fauchaux breechloaders were then only known to a few, even in France—a great boon as regards time saved in cleaning, safety, and rapidity in loading, and other advantages. For the first half-hour or so we could hear the roar of Shafto's heavy gun ringing constantly through the woods; but either he killed what he shot at, or the fowl winged seawards, for not a head came up to enliven the dull hour wasted over Keryfan's gun. At length we were off again; and from that time till the shades of night made it a hard matter to see even a duck on the wing between your gun-barrel and the dark woods in the background, we scarcely passed a bend in the brook without springing duck or teal, the latter numbering as many as five or six in a cluster, the former rarely exceeding a couple or a leash at a time.

It often happens that, in shooting, 'the first blow is half the battle;' and if a man begins badly, he is very apt to go on so throughout the day. But, happily, Keryfan's *contretemps* at starting in no wise affected his nerves afterwards. We had arranged to shoot the bends alternately first, and six times in succession he killed his right and left at duck without giving me a chance to help him in the matter; though, when a leash rose, the crumb necessarily fell to my lot. In the midst of our sport, a mallard I had shot at and wounded made the best of his way, high in the air, direct for the sea. Suddenly, however, a pirate hove in sight in the form of a peregrine falcon, and, darting after the mallard, like a fleet greyhound after a beaten deer, struck it so fierce a blow in the nape

of the neck, that the quarry was instantly paralysed, and fell like a rag to the earth, literally

‘Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris
Aëriis.’

Noel, who picked up the bird stone-dead, baulked the pirate of his prey; yet, after the closest examination, no marks of violence could be detected about the head or neck; and if we had not witnessed the *coup* with our own eyes, our little jury must have pronounced an open verdict as to the cause of death.

Although on several occasions we managed to floor more than a brace of teal at a rising, the duck, so generally found in couples only, afforded by far the prettiest shooting: they certainly did not slip away so rapidly as the smaller bird; and, presenting from their larger size an easier mark, Keryfan missed but one for the day; that, however, with one of Eley’s green cartridges in my left barrel, I was lucky enough to kill after him at a distance of seventy yards. On rejoining Shafto at a small auberge on the road between Scaër and Gourin, our two Bretons compared notes—the *carnassière* of Owen Mawr being full to repletion, while Noel, who had slung the game over his shoulders and around his waist, fairly staggered under the weight, and looked, enveloped as he was in feathers, more like a mythological harpy, with a man’s face and the body of a vulture, than like a human being. However, we soon adjusted the load more equally among the whole party; and leaving enough to maintain the poor aubergiste and his family for a whole week, with two couple of duck and teal for the Curé, whom the aubergiste described as *un brave garçon*, we struggled back through heather and broom; and if, as we gained the gates of the Hermitage, the leg-labour had been somewhat wearisome, we had, at least, nothing to complain of in the fine day’s sport we had so thoroughly enjoyed.

‘BROW, BAY AND TRAY.’

A Song of West Somerset.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

FIRST came the Harboured,
The Harboured, the Harboured—
First came the Harboured,
Before the dawn was clear;
And here he stooped, and there he stood,
And round the combe he made it good,
And harboured in the Lower Wood,
A warrantable deer!
Some twenty score, he said, and more
The noble beast would weigh,
For he’d brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray!

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him who leads the Hunt,
With 'Tally-ho ! Away !'
And brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray !

Next came the Tufters,
The Tufters, the Tufters—
Next came the Tufters,
Tufting through the brake,
And opened on him, staunch and sure,
And moved him, where he couched secure,
And drove him forward o'er the moor
His gallant point to make.
While on his track the zealous pack
We did our best to lay ;
For he'd brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray !

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the Huntsman,
The Huntsman, the Huntsman—
Next came the Huntsman
His jolly horn to wind,
With Finisher, and Foreman too,
And Nelson, who had got a view,
And many a comrade, bold and true,
That bustled round the find.
'Have at him ! see, the slot !' quoth he
(' Hold up, my gallant grey ! ')
He has brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray !

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the Master,
The Master, the Master—
Next came the Master,
He seemed a merry man ;
His spur was in the chestnut's side—
'Hark forward ! hark !' the Master cried ;
'My friends, I'll give you leave to ride,
And catch them if you can !
Before the fun is fairly done,
You'll falter by the way ;
For he's brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray !'

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the Parson,
The Parson, the Parson—
Next came the Parson,
His shortest way to seek,

And, like a phantom lost to view,
From point to point the Parson flew—
The parish, at a pinch, could do
Without him for a week!

'But see the kill I must, and will,'
Said he, 'this blessed day.'

For he's brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray!

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the Farmers,
The Farmers, the Farmers—

Next came the Farmers,
The keenest blades I know!

They pierce the copse's leafy gloom,
They climb the hill and thread the combe,
Or skim the bog for standing-room,

But never fail to go.

By hook or crook they'll have a look,
I'll undertake to say,

At his brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray.

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the Moor-land,
The Moor-land, the Moor-land—

Next came the Moor-land,
It stretched for many a mile:

The spurs were plied without avail,
The best of steeds were seen to fail,
The very hounds began to tail,

And ran in lengthened file—

Yet forward still, he sank the hill,

To finish out the play,

With his brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray!

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

Next came the River-side,
The River-side, the River-side—

Next came the River-side
(*'Twas brawling to the brim*).

Undaunted in the whirling flood,
To face his foes the champion stood,
While, all about him wild for blood,

They clamoured, sink or swim;

For weary feet at Watersmeet*

Had set him up to bay,

With his brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay and tray!

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him, &c.

* The confluence of Badgeworthy water and the river Lynn.

Next came the Death-stroke,
 The Death-stroke, the Death-stroke—
 Next came the Death-stroke,
 The huntsman drove it home.
 While here and there, from far and near,
 With laugh and shout, and thrilling cheer,
 We gathered round the dying deer,
 Beside the torrent's foam ;
 Till stark and dead, with crown on head,
 The fallen monarch lay,
 With his brow, bay and tray, my lads—
 Brow, bay and tray !

(*Chorus.*) Then here's to him who led the Hunt—
 Whom death alone could stop,
 With his brow, bay and tray, my lads—
 And four upon the top !
 With nine times nine for every tine
 He flourished in the fray,
 And brow, bay and tray, my lads—
 Brow, bay and tray !

RACKET REMINISCENCES.

RACKETS, justly styled the queen of games, derives its excellence from its combination of skill and labour, and the fact that it brings more faculties into play, and gives more excitement and healthy exercise in a shorter space of time, than any other pastime, with the single exception of boxing. It tests the eye, the speed, the judgment, the temper, the manual skill, and the powers of endurance, and yet it is confined almost entirely to the army, the public schools and universities, and a few clubs, being to the multitude as unknown as Greek. It was otherwise thirty years ago. The courts that were then to be found in most of our large towns have disappeared, and, with the exceptions mentioned, the game seems to be dying a natural death. The principal causes of this decline may be attributed to the loss of its two great feeders—the game of Fives, and the Debtors' prisons. Of the Fleet and Queen's Bench we shall speak anon ; but Fives, the parent of Rackets, though scarcely heard of now except in barracks, was a great game formerly. Every lad devoted a portion of his play-hours to it ; and, before the police considered it their duty to interfere as much as possible with the amusements of the people, he did not run the risk of fine and imprisonment by making use of any dead wall that suited his purpose. Then, when his *amour propre* made him feel too big for street-play, he resorted to the Fives Court.

The London Fives Court was a great institution and fashionable resort in the Tom-and-Jerry days, fifty years ago. We read of Sparring at the Fives Court, of the 'Benefits' of Aby Belasco,

Gipsy Cooper, Harry Holt, and others; and that on the 16th of November, 1824, the Commander-in-Chief was there to patronise Josh Hudson, 'and exerted himself strenuously, and of course successfully, to raise the blunt for Inglis, who lost a heavy sum in his 'fight with Turner.' Alas for the Fives Court, and for sparring, too!—one is gone, and the other going; and if the Commander-in-Chief were to venture on such proceedings now, he would be considered too bold a man for his place.

The games belonging to the Racket family are, or, more correctly speaking, were five in number—namely, Hand-fives, Bat-fives, the open-court or Queen's Bench game, the English, and the Irish, or military game. The last-named, being the quickest of all, is now, according to the spirit of the times, the fashionable one. The modern idea is pace rather than endurance; and it is very questionable if the game of rackets, which requires head as much as execution, is not a loser by the change.

A combination of fives and the open-court game, in which, be it remembered, there was a front wall only, produced the English game, which, notwithstanding its many recommendations, was only played in few places, and has ceased to exist. The service-line on the front wall and the let-line were both higher than we have now. There were two service-lines across the floor, between which the ball had to be served by the in-hand, who stood in the centre of the court. The advantages of this service were twofold. First, to young players it was easier to give and to take; and, secondly, with finished players, by the application of 'side' and judgmental strength, it could be made sufficiently difficult to secure an occasional ace, or to prevent the out-hand 'killing' the ball. The more backward floor-line was at just such a distance from the back wall as to prevent the rebound of a well-served ball, thereby adding to the science requisite for returning it. It will be easily understood that this required more skill and judgment than the hard corner-service we now use, when a clean, hard blow is all that is necessary to send it whizzing half round the court, so that none but a player who has served an apprenticeship can hope to return it. This disheartens young players, and, no doubt, deters many a beginner from pursuing the game. Besides, under the old system, the rallies being longer, gave more exercise, and it was impossible to win a game by services alone. The length and proportions of a court are most important. No law has yet declared what the length of a court shall be; but certainly it ought not to be possible for a well-hit ball to pass from the front to the back wall without touching the floor. A short court is a sad enemy to style; it robs the game of its symmetry, while it cripples the running.

The home of the so-called English game was Birmingham, where forty years ago flourished three courts, originally Fives courts. Fives-matches were played between that town and Nottingham. Will Clarke, the famous slow-bowler, was a great player. He and another Nottingham man defeated George Shreeve and Humphrey Jefferies, the latter of great local celebrity as a skater. The men went into

strict training for the match; and, as showing the force with which a fives ball could be hit, it is said that Jefferies knocked many over the front wall. The champion of the English game was Samuel Young, a fair-haired, muscular little man, very quick upon his legs, with an imperturbable temper, and a head that never lost a chance. He began as a fives player in a court attached to his father's public house in Birmingham. His racket play was not so showy as that of Mitchell or the Erwoods, but he beat them all. He has the credit, too, of being the first man who defeated Patrick Divett, the marker at the court of the late Earl of Eglinton, at Eglinton Castle.

Having beaten Frank Erwood, and the best man Ireland could produce, Divett was proclaimed the champion of the United Kingdom. Whereupon challenges appeared in 'Bell's Life' from Young and Mitchell to play him (singly) home and home, at Eglinton and Birmingham, the best of seven games, and also at the Belvidere ground, Pentonville, for 100*l.* a match, thus embracing all three varieties of the game of rackets. Divett accepted the challenges in next week's 'Bell' to play home and home, but declined to play at the Belvidere, 'as it was not a racket court.' The first matches were at Eglinton Castle, and to be played according to the rules of the Irish, or long-service game. The men were to have three weeks' practice, but no opportunity of seeing their opponent's play. Young and Mitchell practised together, and Divett had one of the Erwoods for his trainer and playfellow. Young's match came off first. Divett was a severe hitter, and in the first two games Young only made four or five aces; but the third was a gallant struggle. Ace after ace was contested with indomitable pluck; both men played as if for their lives, till fortune decided in favour of Young, and Divett did not win another. After one day's rest he had to play Mitchell, who, notwithstanding his fine hitting, only won the match on the seventh game. In the return matches, played according to the local rules, Divett was beaten easily. These results have a certain significance, and, coupled with the fact that the early University matches were won by Cambridge men who had been Birmingham boys, offer some justification of the bygone game. Young had finally to yield to Mitchell and Frank Erwood, both of whom he had beaten many a time before. He attributed his defeats to his racket; but, as a matter of fact, he was *young* no more.

But it was the old open-court rackets, the London game, as played in the Queen's Bench and the Fleet, and at the Belvidere ground, Pentonville, that taught men to hit. The play-ground being indicated by white lines, and there being no back or side walls, a man must use his head as well as his hand, and hit to points, or be out of bounds. There was no hitting with outstretched arm, and trusting to the chapter of accidents there. Those who remember the 'drops' of old John Lamb and George Erwood will know the accuracy that was attained, or have seen the Pitmans, John and Tom, and John Mitchell, with the arm close to the side, swing the racket down below the calf of the leg and give a 'crusher' that took all 'rise' out of the ball, can testify the hits that could be made. It is not con-

tended that nobody can do this now ; but certainly the present mode of playing this excellent game does not make it a necessity.

Poor old Queen's Bench with its crowded, squalid, dingy little rooms immortalised by Dickens, and above all its five or six open racket grounds, its memory should be revered by all sportsmen ; it was the nursery of many a racket player and saw the end of lots of good fellows. It must be borne in mind that play was not confined to the prisoners ; their children and visitors had access to the grounds, and great was the contention of the racket-masters to get hold of an outsider, whose pay was surer than that of the inmates. It was a cheap game, too, for you could play a whole afternoon for two or three shillings. Some of the men mentioned received their racket education there. Mitchell played there as a child, and was, perhaps, the greatest master of the art, taking it in all its forms, that the game has possessed. He, Bluck, Blackie, and George Erwood were lads there, and played matches on which bets, heavy under the circumstances, were often made. On one occasion a sharper had arranged that they should play 'a cross,' and the favourites—of whom Mitchell was one—should lose. Poor little Mitchell was the youngest, and, being reckoned of a simple turn of mind, was not let into the secret. His partner, who was otherwise, took the precaution to draw the booty money beforehand. The game went on, and the little innocent showed such skill and determination to win, that the seducer remonstrated, and promised him and his partner a good licking if matters continued after that fashion. The result was that the lads quarrelled, played on their merits, and the favourites won ; they ran for their lives, and dared not show their faces for a long time.

These youngsters used to eke out their precarious pocket-money by the sale of shrimps and periwinkles to the prisoners ; and George Erwood used to tell rather a good story. He resolved to change his commodity ; his father was a confectioner, and 'little George,' as he was called, had inherited or acquired some knowledge of the business and made 'gooseberry fool,' a delicious compound of gooseberries and milk ; this he sold at a penny a plateful. It turned out a taking article—everybody bought it, and the prisoners quite lost their taste for shrimps and periwinkles, to the threatened annihilation of the other young tradesmen. They, however, were not long in obtaining the receipt for making this delicacy, and boldly entered the market in opposition to the great originator : competition was keen, and the daily profits became less and less. But George was not to be beaten, and by a judicious admixture of rhubarb was enabled to reduce the price of his raw material, and not only to give more for money but to reap a larger profit. Two of his rivals found him out, and followed his example. The result of this second competition was a serious deterioration in the quality of the article, until one solitary gooseberry ostentatiously floating on the top sufficed to give it the name without the flavour. But the purchasers were not particular ; they were hungry men, and preferred quantity to quality. Poor Mitchell—who stuck to the original receipt—not only lost all his custom, but was branded as an atrocious young swindler. Finding

himself unequal to the business he returned to shrimps; and on the very first day—owing, probably, to a surfeit of confectionery—he was so successful that he found himself in possession of a pocketful of halfpence, a fact which he imprudently divulged. This was too much for his rivals, who violently assaulted him and took by force the results of his speculation; an early instance of trades' unionism which our statesmen will do well to study. Certain it is that young Mitchell embarked no more in commercial transactions.

Merry were the days of the old public courts; many were the matches and strange the handicaps, showing the wonderful odds that could be given, and thereby proving the game almost absolutely free from chance. It was amusing to see Tom Pitman, with his hands tied together make sure of a victory over a tolerable player; the Erwoods play under the leg, or John Mitchell—who more than any other man practised these fancy games—take a kitchen hearth-brush, the handle of a racket, or a soda-water bottle, and polish off a young player, solely by the judgment with which he played every ball, notwithstanding the uncouth nature of his instrument.

As an instance of the extraordinary odds which the open-court game admitted, Mitchell once gave a titled commoner (now no more), whom we must call Lord —, at that time a prisoner in the Bench, ninety-nine in a hundred. 'Mitchell,' said his lordship, 'how many will you give me in a game of a hundred, and we'll play for a sovereign?' 'Ninety-five,' replied Mitchell. 'Give me ninety-nine,' said my Lord, who was not a very good player, 'and I'll take you.' 'My Lord,' said the champion, 'you owe me five pounds; play me double or quits, *ready money*' (a favourite stipulation of his), 'and you are on.' 'Done!' said Lord —; and to it they went. Mitchell in his first innings made forty-four, when the ball fell dead into a little pool of water left by recent rains. His lordship went in, and served the ball, which was in the act of falling on the same spot, when Mitchell threw himself down, and by a long reach, placed his racket so that the ball fell on it and rebounded just above the line, and his lordship was out. Mitchell then went in and made the game without losing his hand. 'Hang me!' said Lord —, 'if ever I play you again unless you give me nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand!' and he paid the money.

The discipline of the prison was not of a very stern character; the debtors kept fowls and indulged in the occasional luxury of a new-laid egg. A cock, belonging to a fellow-prisoner, used to crow in the morning, after the habit of his kind, and disturb the repose of noblemen and gentlemen before they had slept off the effects of the previous night's dissipation. This was not to be borne, and his lordship determined that, for this offence of proclaiming the day a little too soon, 'bright chanticler' should die. Lord — was a sportsman, and recognised but one way of putting a cock to death. Accordingly, he possessed himself of a game bird of undoubted pedigree, who, by dint of a pair of steel spurs, was to do the deed, and so bring the offender to an honourable end. Just at this time, it occurred to Lord — and his two chums—a gallant captain and

another gentleman—that they were in want of funds, and they resolved themselves into a committee of supply. Having nothing to send to the accommodating ‘uncle,’ outside the walls—who, generally, met their requirements in a spirit of liberality—the only resource was to ‘fly a kite,’—in other words, to draw a bill for twenty pounds. There was yet a trifling difficulty to overcome—the stamp, which, on a bill of more than thirty days, cost, at that time, three-and-sixpence, a serious sum to men who had not a penny-piece. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and they were equal to the occasion. The gamecock had cost fifteen shillings in Leadenhall Market, and the friendly pawnbroker must lend the money on him as a security. It was decided in the same council, that he should first fulfil his mission; and, having the advantage over his adversary of being armed with steel, he did so without damage to his own personal appearance. The ‘Jack of errands,’ or factotum of the place, took the cock to the pawnbroker, with ‘his lordship’s compliments, and he will feel obliged by your kindly lending him three-and-sixpence on this beautiful bird.’ ‘Never heard of such a thing in my life,’ said the astonished pawnbroker. ‘Take a cock in pawn! Why, he’ll cost me fourpence a week in barley—and I’m bound, by Act of Parliament, to keep him twelve months. It can’t be done.’ ‘Nonsense!’ said the ready-witted Jack; ‘it’s only a lark of his lordship’s. I ought not to tell you—but he has bet Captain — a sovereign as you take him in—and he has only got to win the bet, and I shall come and redeem him to-morrow—bless you! why, he would not part with him for anything.’ ‘Well,’ said the pawnbroker, yielding to this persuasive eloquence, ‘under the circumstances, I don’t mind obliging his lordship,’ and lent the money.

Jack bought the stamp; the bill was drawn for twenty pounds at three months, accepted and endorsed; all three names were on the bill to tempt the discounteer, whoever he might be. Jack knew the money-lending fraternity well—he had been on such errands many a time; but on this occasion he had hard work of it, and sped half over London to no purpose. He was met with ‘Umph! seen those names before, I think’—‘Done with that sort of thing now’—‘Left it off’—‘Losing game,’ and so on. At last he stumbled on a man who dealt in *post obits*, in a way at once common and peculiar. He was a coffin-maker and undertaker—perhaps it was because habit had accustomed him to look on gloomy prospects with a cheerful eye; but no matter; he made an offer of twelve pounds for the bill. Jack tried in vain to get a rise, with, ‘Hang it! that’s too little! well, you *are* hard! *do* say fifteen.’ But the only answer he got was, ‘Take it somewhere else.’ ‘If it wasn’t for exposing his lordship’s name, and injuring his credit, I would, that’s certain,’ said Jack. ‘Take it somewhere else,’ said the man. Jack took the bill away, and, after trying two or three other places, returned to the Bench with the sad intelligence that the money-market was very flat, and the coffin-maker’s offer of twelve pounds was the only one he had had. ‘You — fool!’ said the trio, in disgust, why didn’t you take it? Run back, for your life, or he’ll change his mind!’

Away went the messenger, post haste. The coffin-maker was at home smoking his pipe. 'Here again, are you?' 'Yes,' said Jack; 'his lordship don't like his paper hawked about town and showed to everybody; so he'll take the twelve pounds.' The man took his pipe from his mouth, gave a protracted whiff, and said, 'Walker!' This ominous name struck terror to Jack's heart; but he stifled his emotions, and proceeded with studied *nonchalance*, 'Yes; he'll take the offer, though it's precious little. Here's the bill: and now let me finger the ready.' The man took another whiff, and said, 'Ain't you tired?' 'Tired?' said Jack; 'tired of what? Me? —tired? Oh, no.' 'You'll excuse me; but I thought that you must be tired—running all over London to try and get another sovereign on that bit of paper. London's a large place; and I thought you *might* be,' said the imperturbable money-lender. 'I ain't took it to another soul but you; if I have I wish I may —,' said Jack, in a hurry. 'Walker!' interrupted the man. 'I'll have nothing to do with it,' and turned into his little back-parlour. 'Come,' said Jack, following him up; 'you know you promised twelve pounds—be as good as your word.' 'Did I? then I was very silly,' was the discouraging reply. 'Yes, you did; you know you did,' said Jack, in alarm. 'Well, perhaps you're right; and now I think of it, I do remember something of the sort. I'll tell you what I'll do with you,' said the man, turning back into the shop; 'I'll give you eight pounds in cash, and two coffins—very good ones—two I've had by me a long time: they are worth two pounds a-piece, and if his lordship and his friends can only find customers for them, they'll fetch the money.' 'Coffins!' gasped poor Jack; 'what on earth are those gentlemen to do with coffins?' 'Don't know, I'm sure,' said the man, 'but they will be quite as easily disposed of as their bill.' Poor Jack knew better than refuse; so he meekly asked how he was to get them home. 'For the matter of that,' said the man of business, 'my lad shall carry one, and you can manage the other: here's the money.' Jack took it; handed over the bill, and the grim procession started for the Bench. The scene on the arrival of this unusual merchandise must be left to the imagination. The pawnbroker was again applied to, and only prevailed upon to lend a pound on each of them by Jack's reminder, that if his lordship chose to be 'nasty,' he need not redeem the cock for twelve months, in which case the loss would be serious. Supplied with ten pounds in money, the three jolly benchers thought no more of either cock or bill, but made a merry time of it till the cash was gone.

Rackets may not flourish as of yore, but money-lending still retains its grip on civilized man as hard as ever: the one is kept alive by the laws of necessity, inexorable and immutable; the other can be changed by the fancy of the players or the fashion of the times. Experience tells us that a game once lost can never be revived: it is not likely that rackets will be numbered with the dead for some time to come, but the timely re-establishment of open and public courts would certainly give it a more lusty life.

T. H. G.

THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH'S FOXHOUNDS.

SEVENTY-FIVE years have elapsed since the late Earl of Portsmouth—more familiarly known to the sportsmen of the West as the Honourable Newton Fellowes—first commenced his career as a Master of Foxhounds. A Master of Hounds is one thing, and a Master of Foxhounds another—the first being general, and the second particular. When a trencher pack is summoned by its proprietor with a tooleroo-tooleroo *cantabile* on the village green, that respectable member of the sporting fraternity may assume rightfully to be a Master of Hounds in a general sense, be the same hounds, curs, or otherwise—always provided that he pay the fiscal impost, which he frequently, and, in most cases, evades. This, by-the-way, without intending to say anything disrespectful. But, apart from such unliquidated fraction of the Queen's taxes, the Trencherman only appears in his private capacity as a hunter *tamquam illegitimate*; at any rate, peculiarly interested, from having the prandial platter constantly before his mind as an exciting auxiliary in the chase of the *pot au feu*. According to the jargon of Fichte, a sporting philosopher of Germany, unknown in the West, it is the *Ego* hunting the *Non-ego* with an alarming relish. Now the initials M.F.H. denote a public and honourable office—one of a responsibility that cannot be undertaken without a sufficient *status*; neither can the duties be performed efficiently without the possession of public confidence. That public confidence is based and is dependent upon the character and aptitude of the man and the stability of his kennel institution. Accepting this as a real, and not a nominal truism, it will be perceived at a glance that private and ancestral establishments of long standing possess a vast superiority over those that are liable to change, and wherewithal subject to the not always sapient control of a polyglot committee of management. There is not a hound of repute whose pedigree cannot be traced to the three standard kennels of England—Badminton, Belvoir, and Brocklesby. The two first retain their wonted pre-eminence, but the last has lost somewhat of 'the stay' after two o'clock, which was, at one time, its proudest characteristic, and the Belvoir tan may have less tongue than in the days of Goosey and Will Goodall. On this topic, however, we may descant at a future time, when treating of the Stud-hounds of England.

The late Earl of Portsmouth was one of the first, together with the renowned and generally beloved George Templar, to introduce into the west of England the modern style of fox-hunting, that consists in chasing, and not pottering, a fox to death—to which the Devon sportsmen of the olden day were, in a degree, prone. Nevertheless, the fox-hunters of the north of Devon always merited the designation of sterling sportsmen. They were and are proficient, and not holiday empirics, in the noble science; and it should be

remembered that it was in and about the wilds of Exmoor that Mr. Russell—*quo nullus dignior*—obtained that experience which has rendered him, in the present day, a person of unwonted celebrity in the hunting field.

Hugo Meynell in the kennel, and the Messrs. Lindow in the field, were the examples held up as specimens of the kind; and to furnish the means to live with fast hounds, Lord Portsmouth sought to improve the breed of horses by placing in his stud Czar Peter, Quiz, Fox, Anacreon, and other sires of repute. That he effected his object to convert the packhorse hunter of Devon, with the stripe of black on his back, into a state of respectability, may be shown by the 'cute' remark of a North Devon farmer, who said, 'What with them Smack-adam wroads and zaltpetre osses, 'I sim we shall vly.' The hunters of the district are now more cleanly bred, but the vernacular is unchanged in the primitive simplicity of its Bœotian articulation. In the Eggesford kennel of that day the Fitzwilliam blood predominated. The descendants of the famous Druid, the sire of the Yarborough Druid; of Marmion, by Monarch, by Yarborough Fairplay; Feudal, by the Duke of Beaufort's Flyer, from Blithesome; Hermit, by the Drake Hector; Shiner, by the Scarborough Saladin, and grandsire of the Belvoir Comus, constituted the force, and gave a character to the kennel, that it long and deservedly preserved. The hounds were powerful, and of 24 and 25 inches, carried a grand head—'swept the moor,' in the words of their noble master—and were remarkable for their 'stay.' The savage nature of the country they hunted—on the confines of Exmoor and over the moor itself, where to be interfered with or overridden was an impossibility—was calculated to display their merits to advantage. Later in life, when the toil of the chase turned the balance against pleasure, Mr. N. Fellowes relinquished the Mastership of Hounds, and presented his pack to Sir Walter Carew, who was then in possession of the Tiverton country; and when Sir Walter seceded from that Mastership he sent many of the best to Mr. Trelawny, where the Fitzwilliam strain remains, and has borne the usual fruits of worth. Mr. N. Fellowes, after ten years respite, resumed Mastership of Hounds, and for some years devoted his attention to hunting stag in the early season and fox the remainder. Those tactics, however, did not accord with the tastes of the present Lord Portsmouth, who, although young at the time, was perfectly cognisant of the nature and quality of hounds in the kennel and in the field. The hounds became wild, not under any control, and were inveterate sheep killers. To use his own words: 'Hunting foxes 'with hounds entered to deer taught me that a hound will change 'to hunting a stronger scenting animal with advantage; but the other 'way, from strong scent to low, makes hounds slack, and develops 'every sort of vice. From getting out of blood, they soon become 'utterly careless to hunt or to persevere.' The pack was drafted when given to his son, then Mr. J. Newton Fellowes, in 1847, down to seven couple, and the draft replaced by others from Mr.

Assheton Smith and Lord Wemyss; and this pack, again, was sold to Mr. Marryat of the East Essex in 1852. From the year 1854 we commence the history of the present establishment.

In 1854 the Eggesford kennel consisted of 86 couple of hounds, 65 of old hounds with an entry of 21. The Vale of White Horse and the Vine, of which Lord Portsmouth had formerly been the Master, furnished the principal material, with picked drafts from the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Lords Yarborough Fitzwilliam, Wemyss, Fitzhardinge, Southampton, and Gifford, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir Tatton Sykes, Messrs. Assheton Smith, Drake, Foljambe, the Pytchley, Warwickshire, and Cheshire. From this large number of hounds, selected by an apt judge from the best kennels, a fair and ample field was afforded to mould an establishment into one of superior efficiency, and to give it a character and fashion proper and peculiar to itself. Each M.F.H. has his own standard of symmetry, style, and merit, in like manner as the ancients, in their day of polytheism, shaped their ideas of beauty from the different statues of the goddess at Mylitta, and those of Cnidos and Elefantis. The laws of symmetry are strangely identical in their visible perfection throughout the *natura naturata*, and the idealisation of beauty becomes, as it were, a sense external and almost palpable. When, therefore, hounds have remained under our management for a series of years, it is not difficult to recognise the particular points that show the kennel from whence they came. The rounded elegance of the Belvoir tan—the muscular development, line of grace of the proud Beauforts—the powerful frames of the Yarborough badger pyes—the deep chests and slack loins of the olden Lonsdales—the grandeur of the Lambtons—the graceful necks and short noses of the Osbaldeston ladies, and the clumsy forehead of the Donnington of a former day, requiring a truck to carry their clumsy heads, were unmistakable characteristics that afforded ample evidence of origin that would satisfy the judicial conditions of a Darwin. By-the-way, if it be not presuming, and the Darwinian theory be true, that organic beings, whether plants or animals, are derived from the gradual evolution from a primordial and inferior state—what was that particular state appertaining to the *canis sagax*?—was it a cur?—and, if not, what animal stood in organic relation to the foxhound, in like manner as the baboon does to man?

The system of evolution cannot be confined to humanity only, as is lucidly shown in the 'Vestiges of Creation,' by Robert Chambers, from whom Darwin derived his theory. We merely put the postulate. It will suffice to select and make mention of those hounds in this 'primordial' state of the Eggesford kennel that were of direct use in the 'evolution' of the present pack.

Warrener, by Lord Gifford's, or the Vale of White Horse Warrener; Artful, by Lord Gifford's Lucifer; Romulus and Remus, by the Vine Nimrod, from Ruby, by the Grafton Nigel, a grandson of the Berkeley Harrogate from Hecuba, by the famous Herod. The stock of Herod, however, were not straight in their limbs.

Harriet, by the Vale of White Horse Warrener; Handsome, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Hermit, from his Brilliant; Hermit was by the Drake Hector, by Lord Southampton's Hazard, by the Beaufort Harbinger, by the Lonsdale Julian; Hector was one of the most reputed of stud hounds; Tasty, by Sir Richard Sutton's Trueman, by Belvoir Trouncer, from Yarborough's Pastime, the best stud hound of the Burton kennel; Telltale (1), by Assheton Smith's Saffron, from his Tabitha; Saffron, by Belvoir Splendour, from Grafton Parasol. He was an indefatigable gorse drawer and roadster, a valuable speciality, and his descendants inherited his particular merits. Telltale (2), by Vale of White Horse Tarquin, from their Rachel; Rufus, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Ragman; Ringlet, by Vale of White Horse Fleecer, from their Rally; Ardent, by Fitzhardinge, Boxer, from Actress; Freedom, by Cheshire, Fencer, from their Glory; C. Fencer, by the Fitzwilliam Bluecap; Sailor (stud hound), by Lord Southampton's Trimmer, from his Spangle. This hound was a very successful sire. He was brilliant in work, somewhat coarse and flat-sided, but with rare shoulders and limbs, and fresh at the end of the longest day. No stud hound can deserve the name unless possessed of the intrinsic quality of stoutness. Winifred, by the Vale of White Horse Warrener, from their Active—she proved to be of great service at Eggesford; Bramble, by Cheshire, Benedict, from their Bramble, straining back to

'Those sons of old Bedford so priz'd by George Heron;'

C. Benedict was by Cheshire Vaulter, from C. Barbara; Vaulter, by Sir R. Sutton's Dashwood, from C. Violet; C. Barbara (2), from Barbara (1), by Yarborough Tickler; Boaster (S.H.), by Belvoir Sepoy, from B. Bellmaid; Regent, by Vine Remus; Regulus (S.H.), by Assheton Smith's Regulus, from his Banquet; Regulus, by A. S. Bertram, from A. S. Rosy (Bertram was 25½ inches), by Belvoir Bertram—a grey pye and a very hard runner. Pensioner, by Vine President, from their Sensitive; Niobe, by Vine Nimrod, from their Barmaid; Victory and Vestor, by Vine Nestor, from their Vanquish.

In 1855 eighteen couple were entered, and amongst those that proved of future service, were—Orderly, by Lord Yarborough's Orator, from his Rosamond; Drayman (S.H.), by Belvoir Nathan, from South Berks Dainty; Landlord (S.H.), and Labourer (S.H.), by Belvoir Lucifer, from B. Relish; Lancaster (S.H.), by Drake Lucifer, from Belvoir Dainty; Druid (S.H.), by Sir R. Sutton's Dryden, from Belvoir Famous; Dryden, by Lord H. Bentinck's Contest, from Sutton's Daphne; Contest, by the Grove Comus, from Sanguine, by Grove-Sparkler, from Bentinck Crazy, from Mr. Wickstead's Crazy, by W. Harlequin—the Wickstead's Crazy was by the W. Joker, by the W. Jovial, by Belvoir Jovial—straining back to the Osbaldeston Vanquisher, by Vigilant, of the Vernon sort;

Druid was a hard running, symmetrical, and untiring hound; Lexicon, by Mr. Assheton Smith's Lexicon—the Smith Lexicon was a rich tan hound, full of form and quality, and ran as hard at eight years as when a three-year-old, and in his prime. The stud hound of the year was Nimrod, by Lord Yarborough's Ruler, from his Norah.

A slight scrutiny of the strains in this profusion of the best foxhound blood, will show that the cardinal requisites sought were—nose, tongue, and endurance. Lord Portsmouth shall speak for himself: 'Softness is the greatest curse in a foxhound, and often goes together with noise. Our moor foxes soon let out that fatal error. I believe there is a great deal in quality of foxes making or marring a pack of hounds. In a country where foxes are bad—or over plentiful, when a constant succession of changes, with perpetual running, without blood disheartens a pack—'hounds are hardly ever tested, and, consequently, those packs should be received with caution. Foljambe and Charles Treadwell always laid down the doctrine, that *faulty* hounds in work should never be bred from, as vice never can be bred out. The soft drop cannot be neutralised or be got rid of, but will remain, generation after generation, in spite of every effort of eradication.' Upon the sound principle of work first and then symmetry, Lord Portsmouth moulded his pack, and in order to accelerate the attainment of that high standard of efficiency which he ambitioned to attain, and which he has attained by general admission, he purchased in 1856 the Craven hounds from Mr. Head Best. The old Craven had been bred by Mr. Frederick Villebois, and his huntsman, Ben Foote—who knew thoroughly the nature and qualities that a foxhound should possess. Mr. F. Villebois had been left by his brother, Mr. Trueman Villebois, who hunted the H.H. for so many years, his large pack; and selecting the best of each, Mr. Frederick Villebois made over the remainder to Major Barrett, who became Master of the H.H. The Craven hounds, therefore, were the result, after a long series of years, of the care, experience, and sagacity of two of the oldest and most valued amongst the Masters of Hounds in England. They had been bred with skill, selected with judgment, and drafted without prejudice. They could not fail, with such advantages, of amply fulfilling, to the eye and in their work, the requirements that the most fastidious might exact.

It should be remarked that the Craven had benefited largely by an abundant supply of race from the Vine kennel. Grampian, Pensioner, and Lucifer—the last the sire of the Tedworth Watchman, one of the best hounds that Mr. Assheton Smith maintained he had ever bred—were well represented; for their driving qualities upon an imperfect scent had been fully appreciated by such an adept in the science as Mr. Frederick Villebois. From this superabundant kennel of hounds, of equal worth and quality, Lord Portsmouth drew out his pack; and the remainder, or second pack—for to call such hounds a draft would be a misapplication of terms inconsistent with fact—passed to Mr. Luxton, of Brushford, a sportsman of repute in

the north of Devon: these again, after a season, were disposed of to Lord Poltimore. With that lot went Comus, by the Belvoir Comus, by Champion, by the Fitzwilliam Shiner from Barmaid and the Vine Amazon, with others of this latter sort that were the immediate progenitors of those dog-hounds that at the Poltimore sale realised such extravagant prices. The Eggesford and Poltimore hounds—derived from the same stock and of the same high quality—after seven years, differed altogether in their style and character, thus corroborating an opinion expressed in a former part of this paper, that it is the taste of the master that gives a predominant and distinguishing feature to a particular establishment.

The more prominent in merit of the Craven hounds—where all were *sans peur et sans reproche*—were Craven Comus by Belvoir Guider, not by Drake's Duster, but by a half-brother anterior to him, by Belvoir Rasselas, from Belvoir Concord; C. Costly by Quorn Chaunter, from Quorn Pastime; Craven Barbara by C. Hardy, from C. Buxom; Craven Royalist (S.H.), by C. Rubens from C. Costly; Reveller (S.H.), by Lord Yarborough's Reveller, from Bramham Moor Resolute. This hound may be said to have been as near perfection as could well be. He was of a rich Belvoir tan, faultless in work, and sensible in a degree that would challenge the common and ignorant interpretation of the word *instinct*—which signifies, in terms, nothing more or less than the verbal result of one brute judging another. Kant, the German philosopher, with S. Taylor Coleridge, and Archbishop Leighton in confirmation, describe instinct to be the faculty of reflection judging according to sense, which is *understanding*, and was thus illustrated:—A Newfoundland dog will pass a child crying without notice; but if the child fall into the water and cry, that same dog, untrained, will rush into the water and pull it out, by its dress, and not by the arm or any part that would cause pain or injury.—Why? Craven Cruel and Columbine, by C. Comus from C. Costly; C. Susan from C. Barbara, by Mr. Morrell's Sunderland, by Mr. Assheton Smith's Saffron, and sire of Spangle, the dam of the historic litter by the Morrell Hercules; Craven Rosamond by C. Radical, from C. Wisdom; Craven Bardolph and Bounty, by Mr. A. Smith's Bardolph, from Craven Prudence; Lavish and Ladybird, by Mr. A. Smith's Lexicon from Craven Blithesome.

In 1856 there was an entry of thirteen couples. Amongst them, Harpy by Sailor, from Handsome by Fitzwilliam Hermit, by the Drake Hector; Legacy by Craven Larkspur, from Craven Columbine; and Bluebell, by Craven Brutus from Susan. These became subsequently hounds of mark.

1857. Seventeen couples. Minister (S.H.), by Nimrod, from Vale of White Horse Melody; Triton (S.H.), by Nimrod from Telltale; and the famous Clemency, by Lord Yarborough's Reveller from Craven Columbine. This egregious hound for a number of years had large litters, all of them excellent, and running on season after season, hard hunters, persevering, and of great symmetry. The

other sires of the entry were Mr. Assheton Smith's Lexicon ; Craven Champion ; Craven Larkspur, and the Craven Brutus.

1858. Nine and a half couples. There were large litters by Sailor from Craven Susan, and from Craven Rosamond with Governor, by Belvoir Guider from Fortune, a noted road hunter—a quality of rare convenience in Devonshire lanes, and over the granite roads of Exmoor, on which foxes are apt to run a couple of miles or more, unless headed before breaking away.

1859. Sixteen and a half couples. The Eggesford hounds now assumed those distinguishing characteristics for which they have since been deservedly known. The Craven strain, crossed upon the Belvoir, resulted in an excellence that left nothing to desire ; and to their other merits they added, in a happy degree, that of tongue. A hound mute, or unduly chary of voice, never passed a second night upon the benches of the Eggesford kennel. A want of tongue is the prevailing sin of the present day—not 'original,' as that in man, but derived from a plurality of causes, the chief one being that hounds should have a pace to neutralise the vice of foul riding by those in the shires who, with their hunter as it were in a bandbox, come by rail from far cities to have the gratification of spoiling a sport of which they have not even an inkling, and of injuring hounds of more understanding than themselves. Two full litters were entered from the Craven half-sisters, Lavish and Ladybird, by the Belvoir Guider. This was a stud-hound of the highest repute—the *dulce decus et tutamen* of the establishment. Lord Portsmouth observes: 'How curious it is that Belvoir Guider and his sons 'never went to any kennel without leaving their mark most 'decisively. They unite so much stuff and quality together. The 'Vale of White Horse, with Worrall, will be safe to improve, 'if Throckmorton will be as assured as I am that Belvoir quality, 'after all, is the real article to kill foxes with anywhere. They 'can hunt closest, stop longest, and run hardest of any.' Lincoln (S.H.), and Limerick (S.H.), by Belvoir Guider from Ladybird, were excellent hounds, and what is termed 'all round' hunters. They drove hard upon a short scent ; raced upon a full one, and stayed to the last. There was another litter from the sister Lavish, also by Belvoir Guider, of great cleverness. Lappet and Larceny were notoriously good covert hounds, and indefatigable in chase ; and Laureate (S.H.), was of similar excellence. Roderick (S.H.), by Reveller from C. Columbine ; and Nestor (S.H.), also by Reveller from Namesake, by A. Smith's Radical ; and a clever lot, amongst others, by Sailor from Bluebell ; Merlin (S.H.), by Drayman, by Belvoir Nathan from Merry Lass.

In 1860, eleven and a half couples. The first entry was from the Craven Clemency by Regulus, all being of great ability ; five several entries also by the Belvoir Guider, amongst them Cumberland (S.H.), from Craven Cruel, sister to Columbine ; Regent (S.H.), by Reveller, from Sedulous by Sailor, from the Craven Susan ; and Driver (S.H.), by Druid, from the Craven Susan.

1861. Thirteen and a half couples. This entry produced the memorable litter of eight—Herald, Hercules, Hermit, Hector, Hebe, Hemlock, Heedless, and Hecuba, by Regulus from Harpy, from Handsome by Fitzwilliam Hermit, by the Drake Hector—rivalling in work the Spangle lot of Morrell notoriety. They ran hard year after year, always driving at the head upon a half scent, mending the pace, and persevering for blood, which they richly deserved, and usually won. The last of these true worthies only disappeared from the kennel list in 1869. No fact more fully proves a sound judgment and discretion in breeding than large litters continuing, year after year, to hold their place in the hunting lists. Leamington (S.H.), by Lancaster, from Cherry, sister to Clemency—a rare line hunter; Sailor (S.H.), by Seaman, from Craven Ladybird—a hard-working and untiring hound; Dandy (S.H.), by Druid, from Sedulous—a capital all-round hunter; Monarch (S.H.), by the Duke of Beaufort's Trojan, from Milliner, by Nimrod, a stout runner, with nose, shape, and courage, combining the several attributes of the Badminton, Brocklesby, and Vale of White Horse strains; Milliner being by Nimrod, from Melody, by the Vale of White Horse Warrener; Boniface, by Belvoir Guider, from Barmaid, by Boaster, by Belvoir Sepoy. It is the last appearance of this Belvoir stud hound of celebrity in the Eggesford list as a direct sire. He had been meritorious beyond the common in his vocation—had done great service, and may be justly said to have retired with all honour, which is not always the case with public functionaries—and he left descendants that have not failed in carrying on the same line of hunting worth. The Drake Duster, the sire of the Belvoir Guider, was by the Drake Bachelor, from Destitute; Bachelor by the Duke of Grafton's Regent, by Mr. Ward's Rascal, by W. Remus, by W. Roderick, by the Duke of Beaufort's Raglan, from Mr. Ward's Rachel.

In 1862, fourteen and a half couples. First on the list comes an entry of seven from Clemency, by Druid, containing two stud hounds, Conqueror and Commodore, the first a clever line hunter, and all of them stout and persevering. Major (S.H.), by Minister, from Larceny, by Belvoir Guider—a noted driver, with singular sense or instinct, according as the biped sense may interpret the words—and Ganymede (S.H.), by Druid, from Gossamer, by Belvoir Guider—a quick finder, and equal to half a pack in covert.

1863 presents the peerless Clemency once more with her farewell gift to the Eggesford pack of an entry of seven, by Sir W. Wynn's Royal, by the Fitzwilliam Singer, from W. Rarity, by Lord Yarborough's Harper, from Lord Yarborough's Remnant, by the Drake Layman. Captain, Carver, and Caliph were stud hounds, and one of them the prize hound of the year. They were eager and thrusting in their work, and of great endurance. Cardinal proved himself to be beyond price on a footpath or a road. On a certain day, after hunting, the prize hound of this litter was missing, and never returned to the kennel, nor could intelligence ever be obtained of the manner

or cause of his loss. It is a truism in dogology—a certainty—in slang terms called a *moral*—that the lost hound is sure to be one of the best in the kennel—and this is suggestive of a tale of auld lang syne. Many years ago a noble Master of Hounds greatly prized and was chary of his Vernon blood, and one hound in particular, that he named Vernon, was his especial favourite. A neighbouring M.F.H. had been unsuccessful in obtaining the services of Vernon, and one day the hound was lost. A thousand pounds were offered for his recovery, but in vain. However, when the hounds of the M.F.H. were ready for the stud, they were sent privately to an obscure locality in London, and it was singular that the light elegance of the Vernon shape, by a Cagliostro conjuration, became henceforward evident in the kennel of that M.F.H. Three entries by the York Ranger, and a clever lot by Laureate, by the Belvoir Guider, from Milliner, completed the list of the year.

In 1864, in an entry of thirteen and a half couples, appear Render (S.H.), by Regent, by Reveller, from Banquet, by Belvoir Guider, a hard runner, and as stout as steel; also Hector and Helen, by Lincoln, from Heedless, the former a quick, lasting, and driving hound.

It now became necessary to seek for fresh blood from without the home kennel, and in 1865 Harbinger, from Lord Wemyss, is credited with a litter of four; and in the following year, 1866, he was the sire of three litters—from Clara, by Druid; Margery, by Minister; and Bilberry, by Lincoln. Highness (S.H.), from Bilberry, is a brilliant and sensible hound. There was also a quick and hard-running litter of six from Melody, by Limerick, brother to Lincoln, and another of four by the Puckeridge Gulliver, from Languish, and from which Gainer has become a stud hound of repute. He possesses great power and short legs, with a clean neck and grand shoulders. The Puckeridge Gulliver was by the Brocklesby Gamester, and grandson of the Belvoir Guider.

In 1867, out of an entry of fourteen and a half couples, six litters were by Lincoln; and from Comical, from Clemency, came Clinker (S.H.), a persevering hound from morning till night, with great power and substance, with every kind of sense and ability, and replete with quality. He has been used by Lord Galway and the Vale of White Horse. Lincoln fully bore out the pre-eminence of his Belvoir, Craven, and Vale of White Horse lineage. He has been the sire of hounds in various kennels that have obtained the prizes of their year, and premiums at those general Dog-exhibitions, where undue bias is not unknown, and the silver penny freely discounted in the lower regions of hypocrisy:

‘What is truth, said jesting Pilate?—The almighty dollar.’

Magnet (S.H.), by Major, from Careless, sister to Clara, a rare line-hunter and persevering hound with stay. Two litters by the Puckeridge Cardiff and Chanticleer; and one by Lord Galway's Layman, by G. Nectar, by Belvoir Nimrod, from Lively, by Belvoir Lexicon.

Jack Morgan said that the Grove Layman was the best hound he ever followed.

In the entry of 1868 comes Flamer (S.H.), by Lord Galway's Furrier, from Curious, by Cumberland, from Craven Cruel, sister to Columbine, the dam of Clemency. Lord Galway's or the Grove Furrier was by the Belvoir Fairplay, from the G. Bracelet, by Lord Yarborough's Abelard, from his Brajela. He was a stout hound, with nose, pace, and great perseverance. Fisherman (S.H.), by Lord Galway's Furrier, from Bilberry, by Lincoln, 23 inches, powerful, full of quality, and brilliant in work; Marmion (S.H.), by Major, from Languish, a persevering hunter, with singular power and rare limbs; Messenger (S.H.), by Major; Bachelor (S.H.), by Lord Yarborough's Bachelor, from Helen, by Lincoln, full of drive and merit; and Nobleman (S.H.), by Puckeridge Sportsman, by P. Sultan, a grandson of the Drake Duster, sire of Belvoir Guider, exceedingly brilliant in work, with quality and power, and has proved a successful sire. He has been used by the Hon. Mark Rolle, Lord Poltimore, Sir W. Wynn, and Mr. Lane Fox. The Puckeridge are steady in work, muscular, and with sound constitutions.

In 1869, fourteen and a half couples. The principal sires are the Belvoir Ferryman and Drayman, Lord Poltimore's Voyager, and Lord Galway's Layman; Fencer (S.H.), by Belvoir Ferryman, from Cora; Nero (S.H.), by Lord Galway's Layman, from Needful, a distinguished hound; Beatrice and Betsy, by Conqueror, from Bilberry; and Marquis (S.H.), by Minister, from Sylvia, by Caliph, from Sensible, were amongst the most efficient of the entry.

In 1870, thirteen and a half couples. Guardsman (S.H.), by Lord Galway's Furrier, a singularly handsome hound, from Gaiety, by Puckeridge Gulliver; Lancer (S.H.), and Languish, by Lord Galway's Layman, from Landscape; and Lictor, by Layman, from Cheerful, by Cumberland, by Belvoir Guider; Forester, by Belvoir Ferryman, from Sorcery, by Seaman, by Sailor, from Craven Susan; and a merry lot by Ferryman, from Helen, by Lincoln; Bridesmaid, by Barnabas, by Roderick, by Reveller, from Lioness, sister to Lincoln; and Radical, Racket, and Rakish, by Sir W. Wynn's Regent, from Gay Lass, by Monarch, by Beaufort Trojan. The Wynn's Regent was by Mr. Fitzwilliam's Regent, by F. Bluecap, by Lord Yarborough's Bellman, from Sir W. Wynn's Rally, by Lord Yarborough's Nettle, from the Belvoir Rosy. Regent was symmetrical, with great power in a small compass, with quality and nose, ran hard, and was lasting in work.

1871. Seventeen couples. Amongst them are six full litters by Sir W. Wynn's Regent—Ranger (S.H.), from Crisis, sister to Clinker, by Lincoln; Regent (S.H.), from Levity by Lancaster, by Mr. Drake's Lucifer, from Cherry, from Craven Columbine; Rocket (S.H.), from Hasty by Lord Wemyss's Harbinger, from Casket, from Clemency; and Regulus, from Linnet by Limerick, from Melody by Vale of White Horse Warrener. No cross upon the old Craven descendants and the Belvoir, has been happier than that of Sir W. Wynn's Regent. Two well-conditioned hounds

also, by Lord Poltimore's Sailor—Seaman, from Landscape by Belvoir Guider; and Sailor, from Needful, from Necklace by Lincoln, belong to this entry.

1872. Fifteen couples. The prize hounds should necessarily head the list. The entry of four by Gainer, by Puckeridge Gulliver, from Huntress by Lord Wemyss's Harbinger, furnishes three prize hounds. Hazard (1), Harbinger (2), Toilet (3), and Handmaid (4), by Mr. Parry's Tomboy, from Lapwing by Belvoir Guider, completes the prize list. After a meritorious entry of two couples, Pillager, Pilgrim, Picture, and Pillory, by Sir W. Wynn's Prizer, from Madrigal by Major, from Careless by Regulus, from Clemency, come a couple exceedingly brilliant in their work—Cardinal and Careless, from Gadfly by Clinker, by Lincoln, by Belvoir Guider.

Our task is completed, and it is pleasing, after having been inditing of a good matter, that the last word should have recorded the name of the grand old hound of the Duke of Rutland, that has rendered sterling service, and with his partner, the Craven Clemency, has worked such signal advantage to the Eggesford establishment. He never sent in his resignation from his ministerial office—never said *Non possumus*—neither did he fail to carry out in his kennel university the mixed education of the Badminton, Brocklesby, and Belvoir colleges. No; true to the last he kept the even tenor of his way, and as he rests in his departed glory under the heath-sward,

' — no dirge except the hollow breeze
Mourns in its sadness o'er his memories.'

The huntsmen that have been in the service of Lord Portsmouth are—when he was Master of the Vine—George Turner, whipped into by Alfred Hedges (huntsman to the Puckeridge) and by Frank Goodall, afterwards with Mr. Tailby, and now with the Royal Stag hounds. In Devonshire, John Dunn, whipped into by Charles Littleworth, the best whip altogether that was ever in Devonshire; Dan Berkshire, now with the Southwold, whipped into by Charles Littleworth; and Charles Littleworth, whipped into by Tom Jefferies and then by Samuel Morgan.

We have given the history of these celebrated hounds at length. It has cost labour—has been compiled with care and executed with pleasure. That pack, in its great excellence, is the work of one person—single, sole, and unaided—based upon the principle of 'worth first, and then symmetry,' and carried out with a judgment, attention, and perseverance that has overcome the impediment of any momentary casualty, and has culminated in the production of a pack of hounds that can hunt, race, and stay with the very best in England. It is ever a satisfaction and a joy to have obtained the object of desire; and whether that object be one of gravity or of pleasure, the exercise of intelligence and the advantage of experience are as imperative in one case as in the other. In each and alike appropriate is the application of the ancient apothegm—

' *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*'

M. F. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.

PART I.—KEEN HANDS AND GREEN HANDS.

BY 'OLD CALABAR.'

IN our journey through life, that is if we live to be any age, we see and hear many curious things, and come across numerous strange characters.

As a youngster I was fated to know one who rejoiced in the name of 'Jack Simpson,' and who I never could shake off, till, one day, when on a visit to my father, I heard that the barmaid at the Green Monkey, a pretty girl, who had flirted with Simpson long enough for her reputation's sake, had married him in a hurry at last and started for Australia, where they are doing well—so well, in fact, that I only heard the other day that they were coming home again. It throws me into a cold shiver to think of it, and I have serious thoughts of changing my name and my club.

I do not know what Mrs. Simpson may be now after fifteen years' absence, but at the time she married, she was a decidedly pretty girl, somewhat given to flirting, loved admiration, a little vain, and unmistakably proud of a very neat foot and ankle.

I have dim recollections of having on several occasions kissed her behind the little bar-parlour door; and once, in particular, I remember it well, she was found sitting on my knee, in the same little parlour, by the landlady, a grim, old country dame, with high notions of propriety.

It happened in this wise: I was returning home after a day's hunting, and *chance* took me by this same hostelry. Mary was flattening her nose against the window-glass; she had seen me coming in the distance—I believe she beckoned me in; but, at any rate, I went in, ordered some gruel for my horse and egg-flip for myself—we drank egg-flip in those days—and Mary made it particularly well.

I would not go into the bar with my pink on: a horrible traveller was there, a good-tempered and rather good-looking fellow, but I hated him—a counter-skipping snob. I believe the commercial travelled in ribbons, lace, or something of that sort, and I have strong notions he flirted with Mary too.

The flip was good; I had it in the little private bar-parlour; so good was it that I took one or two jorums: it revived me, roused my depressed spirits, and I told Mary, in confidence, if she would only inveigle the hateful 'commercial' into the back-yard, I would polish him off in a brace of shakes.

But Mary would not listen to this, and with tears in her wondrous black eyes said, 'I had no call to be jealous of such a feller.' Her care and thought of me I fully appreciated, and somehow or other she was found on my knee just as I was about to offer myself and my all, which consisted at that time of my wardrobe, a fighting bull-

terrier or two, a cover hack, a hunter with suspicious fore-legs, and a slight tendency to limp on the hard. Savage at being interrupted, I told the irate landlady of my honourable intentions, and ordered a bottle of mulled port, which I knew the old dame delighted in. We drank it together; Mary was forgiven; and we had another, in which she joined, much to the disgust of the commercial, who I would not invite.

The weather turned out wet or something of that sort, but about seven that evening the boots and ostler took me to bed, and I firmly believe the hated commercial helped them to see me upstairs.

The next morning my father's dogcart came for me—the commercial had split—and I got the devil's own wiggling from my worthy sire for being 'screwed.' I believe he said 'Drunk at a village 'pothouse!' as if a little egg-flip and mulled port could make one so; the mixtures harmonise—I have always been told so.

I did not see Mary after this for nearly three weeks, and when I walked in one evening, who should I discover by the fire in my place but Simpson. He was not a bad fellow in his way, about my own age, the son of a timber merchant; he had been educated for his father's business; he had one terrible failing, and that was quarrelling with his 'h's'; nothing could cure him of this.

We used to have great fun with Simpson; play all sorts of tricks on him—in fact, he was a regular butt; he, too, was given to sporting; but old timber-toes, as I used to call his father, would not encourage him in this. Poor Jack was obliged to sigh after horse, dog, and gun, and the little he was able to do in the way of sport was on the sly.

I was somewhat disgusted at finding him in that little parlour, which I thought sacred to myself, and in my chair, too; so I maliciously asked him if his 'pa knew he was out.' Poor fellow, he looked remarkably foolish, and, giving me up my place (I, as the son of the Squire, had a right to it), murmured something about his 'pa and ma knowing nothing about it,' and begging me not to name it. This I had no time to do, for the next morning's post brought me a letter with the Government seal, which announced that I was gazetted to the —, situated at Hounslow.

The buying of my chargers, my outfit, knocked Mary out of my head, and my meditated deadly revenge. Yes, I was forgetting her, in my overwhelming duties, and her image in my mind's eye 'grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less.' But even warriors, full cornets, must have rest. I had been terribly knocked about from Windsor to the Albany Street barracks; and from there all the way to Hyde Park, with occasional rushes down to Hounslow for dinners, it was enough to kill a horse, so I went on leave for two months.

One of the first I met on my return was Simpson; he looked with awe at the military swell before him. I could afford to forgive him now; besides, my moustache was beginning to show; his was not even sprouting. How many hearts had I not broken, and condemned

to eternal wretchedness, since I last saw him. I was condescending to him, and, stretching out one finger, said, 'How do, Simpson?—remember you perfectly well, can assure you; saw you last in the 'bar-parlour of the—what the devil is the name?'

You must remember I had been away eight months. 'Yes,' I continued, 'you were coming it strong with a little black-eyed girl—barmaid, wasn't it?—Betsey, little Betsey?'

'No, Mr. Swellaway—not Betsey: Mary.'

'Ah,' I replied, 'Mary—of course, I remember; Mary, to be 'sure.'

'And I suppose you 'ave lots o' 'orses?' asked Simpson, evidently anxious to turn the conversation.

'Horses? why, yes, some eight or nine, I think.' (Young humbug that I was, I had only three.)

'And I suppose you 'unt pretty often, Mr. Swellaway?'

'Why, yes, as often as my duties allow me to. Do you hunt?' (I knew the poor fellow had not a horse when I left, so you may guess my astonishment at his answer.)

'Oh yes, sir, I 'unt like anything—father's paralysed, and keeps 'his bed. I manage the business now, and 'ave 'orses and guns 'too, and dogs as well,' he added, triumphantly. 'A red coat, 'buckskins, and tops—I keep *them* down at the office, and dress 'there—it's prime,' he added, joyfully. 'I do so like 'ounds and 'unting. I've two 'orses—'unters, you know, and a 'ack, and a 'dogcart as well.'

My mind was made up on the instant—dire revenge—that snob to have two hunters, a hack, and a dogcart; and he had cut me out with Mary—that I feel sure of by his confused way of speaking of her.

'My dear fellow,' I said, in the most friendly way, 'I am delighted to hear your good news. We shall be down at Windsor 'again shortly, then you must come and stay a week with me; you 'can easily drive over, it is only forty miles; you will then see the 'Queen's hounds. I suppose you can go?'

'Go! how do you mean? Of course I can go.'

'No, no; I mean, can you ride to hounds?'

'Ride? I should think I could, and shoot too; you should see 'me at sparrers, now; I'm one of the best shots in our sparrer 'club.'

Poor Jack! he little imagined what was in store for him. As to Mary, I did not see much of her; either I was too grand, or Simpson was running in her head. I am disposed to think it was the latter, for, if my recollection serves me right, I was rather snubbed by her than otherwise.

At the time I speak of practical joking was carried on to a great extent in the army; youngsters got it terribly; and so did the oldsters, too, sometimes. We had a private mess of our own, at which the fun occasionally waxed fast and furious.

I was no sooner at Windsor than I put my companions in arms

up to my plan, and Simpson was invited down for a week or ten days.

I shall never forget his arrival in a high-yellow cart, with a prodigious post-horn in a wicker case suspended by the side. He was buttoned up in a drab-down-the-roader, the pearl buttons of which were as large as cheese plates, each with some sporting design on it. An immense cigar was stuck between his lips; he had just lighted it to appear grand, and horribly ill he looked over it. I knew he was only too glad to throw it away, which he did the instant he scrambled down from his lofty perch.

It was not long before we had him in the ante-room, with two or three gentlemen remarkably kind and attentive to him.

I had told him not to be nervous, and to do it swell; so after a glass or two of sherry he warmed up.

'Well, old feller,' he said to me, 'you 'unt to-morrer, I suppose? 'Where do the 'ounds meet?'

'At Slough,' I replied. 'Drive you over, and send your nags on—fine going country. Lord——, naming the noble Master, will be delighted to see you. But your horses, where are they?'

'Oh, not far from here! Let's go and look at them.'

We accordingly adjourned to where they were stabled. I and the rest were somewhat startled to see them—we expected screws; but here were two fine and thorough-looking hunters, well-clothed, well done, bang up to the mark, fit as fiddles, and in blooming condition.

'Upon my word, Master Jack,' said I, filled with envy, 'you are doing it. Does the dad know?'

'Yes, old feller, he gave me the 'orses—a 'undred each; but he does not know I 'unt in scarlet; he would not stand that, you know.'

Whilst dressing for dinner in my room, I gave him a little information how he was to proceed. 'You see what a jolly set of fellows 'ours are,' said I; 'it's a way we have in the army, that every stranger should sing the first song after dinner, so when the wine has been round three times—three times, remember, not before—you must volunteer a song. I'll give you a nod when to commence.'

I knew that most of the kill-joys would take their departure at that time, and we should have it all to ourselves. 'And mind,' I added, 'it is one with a jolly good chorus; I know you can sing like a bird. Then, to-morrow, at the meet, you will see three or four hundred horsemen. Lord—— knows every strange face. It is the custom with the Queen's to say something to the noble Master—strangers always do. When you can catch his Lordship's eye, you can say, Good morning, my Lord; glad to see you out, and looking so well; then compliment him on the appearance of his hounds, but you must not come it too strong, but do the thorough hunting man. You can say they are a little too full in flesh—no, you had better say they are too fat—then I know he is not pleased with the men's horses. You can add, they look tolerably well, but screwy: he hates flattery, and if you said

'they were good-looking, and so on, he would know you were only humbugging him: it's ten to one if he does not ask you to dinner. Now I do not know I can tell you any more. Hark, the band has commenced playing. Come along; and do not forget the song at the proper time. I will give you the cue.'

The dinner went off well, and Simpson was soon quite at home. I shall never forget, when the wine had gone round thrice, some of the dons left, poor Jack looked at me, and I nodded, and he at once volunteered and commenced a song, saying, 'Come, gentlemen, let's be convivial; I'll sing you a song, and a good 'un.' The table was convulsed with laughter; all I remember of it was the chorus, which ran—

'With my three dogs right at my heels,
To catch a fat buck on Thornemore fields,
To catch a fat buck on Thornemore fields,
Ri fal de ral, fal de ral la.'

The yells, the screams, the shouts for an encore, which we never had, were something terrific. In the row some one let fly with a bit of orange-peel, which caught Simpson bang in the eye with a tremendous slap; and though every apology was given him—'Meant for some one else, 'pon honour, you know—that fellow Ripping-ton, next to you'—he was not to be pacified, and would sing no more.

The following morning we were all at the meet by times, and on the look-out for the fun. Jack had been primed with plenty of jumping powder, Kentish cherry brandy, and was as bold as a lion.

'Which is Lord——?' he asked of Captain Cut'emdown of ours.

'There he is—the one with the sling and gold couples, beside his huntsman—the fellow with a black velvet fire-bucket on his head.'

Away went Jack. Can I describe the scene?

Getting close up to Lord ——, and waiting till he had caught his eye, he commenced—

'Good morning, my Lord; glad to see you out—looking uncommonly well—'ounds, too, though fat—rather too fat, my Lord—'orses in good coat, but not up to the mark—screwy, very screwy. There's nothing like 'unting, is there, my Lord?—cements good fellowship. I've come a long way to 'ave a look at you and your 'ounds.'

The field, those that heard it, were thunderstruck, and shouts of laughter were heard on all sides.

What Lord ——'s answer was we never knew—Jack would not tell us, only that he had been 'd——d uncivil.'

Ten minutes later a move was made, and the hounds thrown off; we were all well mounted, and eagerly expecting the fun we felt sure would come off. But how miserably were we deceived. Well horsed as we were, Jack was better; he went at once to the fore, and kept there; there was no cutting him down, and we had the satisfaction of seeing him take everything, and without the slightest attempt to crane. In fact, he was a splendid rider.

‘It is of no use,’ said Cut’emdown of ours, mopping the perspiration from his face. ‘Gad, he is well mounted, and rides like a man; never mind, we must go as long as we can.’

The deer was taken in a heap of mud near the Feltham brook, which Jack had jumped; we were not up at the take, and it appeared that he was the only one who was. When we arrived his appearance, in some measure, compensated for our disappointment; he had rushed into the mud to secure the deer, and had been knocked over and over by the infuriated animal. Some labourers were scraping him down, and he was endeavouring to get the mud out of his eyes. I never saw such an object in my life.

‘Ah, my dear feller,’ he said to me on our way home, ‘it does not matter—I was the only man up. The ’untsman, the one with the big nose, and riding a grey ’orse—Ermit, I think he called ’im—said it was very good and plucky of me.’

Jack, after a few days with us, returned home.

The next time we met was at Ascot. I was sitting in a carriage, at luncheon, with some ladies, one of whom I had determined on making Mrs. Swellington. I was priming myself with champagne prior to popping the momentous question, when, to my dismay, who should I see beside the carriage but Simpson, and on his arm the faithless Mary.

‘Ow are you, my dear feller?’ he exclaimed, joyfully. ‘I am ’appy to see you. Going to be spliced next year to Mary, I am. You know you were a bit spoony on her, old boy.’ At this poor Mary blushed scarlet.

It was in vain I looked superbly grand, and feigned not to see his outstretched hand. Mary, too, had said, ‘How do you do, Mr. Swellington?’ I had hardly answered her, only murmured something about ‘So long a time,’ &c.

‘Ah,’ said Jack, ‘I see ’ow it is: Swellington is too grand for us now; so come along, Mary.’

‘To think,’ said the haughty and languid lady of the carriage, ‘such people should come to my carriage! The Dolderums and the Frowsbys must have seen them, for they are absolutely laughing. I never was so annoyed in my life.’

‘Yes, mamma,’ said Lilian (my one); ‘and they must have known Mr. Swellington; for that over-dressed girl said, How do you do to him, and called him by his name.’

In vain did I protest they were only tenants of my father’s; it would not do.

‘Tenants should be kept at a distance,’ added the lofty lady; ‘I am more than astonished, Mr. Swellington.’

The heath was a blank to me; the champagne and claret cup were hot, the salad sour and flabby; so I bowed myself away, utterly crestfallen. The next time I met them, a few days after at a flower show, they cut me dead.

I was at home again on leave; the heavy work of the Guards had been too much for me. Hunting was recommended by my doctors;

my liver wanted shaking up (I always managed leave in the hunting season).

At the very first meet of the — hounds, who should I see but my tormentor, my incubus, my old man of the sea, Jack Simpson!

I was in friendly conversation with the new and aristocratic Master of the Hounds, when up rode Jack, splendidly mounted on a bay hunter.

‘Ow are you, old feller?’ he commenced—‘delighted to see you; when did you come down?’

The Master looked at me as he heard me thus addressed, bowed coolly, and moved away, just, too, as he was going to introduce me to his beautiful daughter.

‘Upon my soul, Simpson,’ I pettishly remarked, ‘I really do wish that you would not address me when I am in conversation with others; it is most deucedly—confoundedly—impolite, you know. Do, there’s a good fellow, have some regard to manners.’

‘Well, I thought,’ said poor Jack, deprecatingly, ‘you would be so glad to see me, an old chum, and more especially as I’ve such news for you. You remember that infernal traveller—that feller that split on you when you were mops and brooms at old Mother —, of the Green Monkey? Well, the other day I caught him trying to kiss Mary, and I gave him the best drubbing he ever ‘ad.’

Before I could congratulate him, or ask any questions about it, the hounds were thrown into covert, and we separated—Jack to get a good place, and I to be near too, and, if possible, get an introduction to the Master’s pretty daughter.

On finding, I got away well, and amongst the first flight; for there was a good horse under me; but, good as he was, he was not able to live with that of Jack Simpson’s, who soon came sailing by me, taking everything in first-rate form.

The fact was, Jack was not only better mounted than myself, but was a tip-top rider into the bargain. I often met him out with the hounds, and he as often invariably cut me down.

But my cup of misery and discomfiture was not yet full, as will presently appear.

At the annual Hunt dinner, at which I was present, the conversation, when the bottle was making its rounds, turned, as is generally the case at those jovial meetings, on hunting and cross-country work.

‘Your new bay horse, Guardsman, is a good one across country, with a fine turn of speed, but I don’t think he is the flyer that you imagine him to be, Swellington; that grey horse of Simpson’s can beat him for money,’ said Will Hopkins, a first-rate judge.

‘Ah, you think so,’ I replied, pompously. ‘The grey is a flashy brute, with the heart of a mouse, and can’t stay for two miles.’

‘But, nevertheless, would beat you in four,’ answered my friend—‘bet you fifty pounds even on it; that is,’ he added, ‘if Simpson will allow his horse to run.’

‘I’ll take you,’ said I, ‘on those conditions—my bay horse, ‘Guardman, against Mr. Simpson’s grey, Hercules, I think he is ‘called.’

I had not the faintest idea, when I made this match, that any one but my friend Hopkins was to ride the grey.

Great was the excitement when this match was made.

I was superbly indifferent; nevertheless, the next morning I sent up to the little village for a set of new colours; instructed Grant to manufacture a pair of his nattiest doe-skins, and Barclay to exercise his skill on a pair of his lightest top-boots—those boots he advertises, ‘Wot will cut a shine in or over any country.’ What a shine they did cut will presently appear.

Simpson readily agreed to let his horse go; and as the match was not to take place for ten days, the time was occupied in putting the finishing touch to the nags, who were already pretty fit.

A fair line of country had been chosen and flagged, and amongst the numerous jumps was a formidable water one.

We had got into April, and as the day was bright and beautiful, no end of ladies were present to witness the match. The aristocratic Master of the Hounds was there, with his beautiful and equally aristocratic daughter, whom I was especially anxious to appear well before, but I was intensely disgusted when she offered me three dozen pair of gloves to one that Mr. Simpson beat me. The grey was the favourite.

‘Mr. Simpson’s horse may beat me,’ I replied, haughtily, ‘but Mr. ‘Simpson will not, considering he is not to ride;’ and I turned away.

‘I say, Hopkins,’ I remarked, as that gentleman passed me, cigar in mouth; ‘make haste and dress, I see my horse is coming down ‘the road, and the grey is already here.’

‘Dress, what for? my dear fellow; I am dressed, am I not? and ‘deucid well got up, too—at least I think so.’

‘Don’t be foolish, Hopkins,’ I impatiently exclaimed; ‘I mean ‘your riding togs, where are they?’

‘My riding togs; what for, I’m not going to ride?’

‘Oh, then, you are going to pay forfeit?’ I was immensely relieved at the idea of ‘a walk over.’

‘Pay forfeit, devil; a bit Simpson rides his own horse, of course.’

It was in vain I protested, declaring I had not understood it so; that Simpson was not in my station of life, and so on.

‘Can’t help that,’ said Hopkins, coolly lighting a fresh cigar; ‘no mention was made of riders, you know: I might have put up ‘Mason or Oliver if I had chosen.’

This fact I was obliged to admit. It had been an oversight of the green hand.

‘You can’t possibly object to Simpson’ continued my friend; ‘he has never ridden for a shilling, and is, therefore, to all intents ‘and purposes, a gentleman rider; besides which, you have had him ‘down to Windsor; he has dined at your mess, and has been well

‘received by all of yours—object to him, absurd, do not attempt it, my dear fellow, you would only get laughed at.’

There was no help for it—ride against Jack I must, or show the white feather. However, I felt more myself when I threw off my top-coat, and was legged up, and particularly satisfied as I took my preliminary canter before all the youth and beauty, with my satin jacket flashing in the sun.

We were marshalled to the starting-post by the aristocratic M.F.H., and despatched on our journey.

Jack led me for the first mile at a moderate pace, then I went to the front a bit; but as we neared the water jump, which, in a steeplechase, is always the centre of attraction, Jack went to the fore and cleared it splendidly, I following suit.

On the second time round I made the running at a stiffish pace, but Jack was not to be shaken off; he stuck to me like a leech.

The water is again approached, Jack some dozen lengths in the rear.

‘You don’t lead me this time, old fellow,’ I muttered to myself, as I sent Guardsman at it; ‘I have got the lead now, and will keep it.’ Vain boast! he rose well to it, but I had pumped him, his bolt was shot; he jumped short, and we were both floundering about in six feet of water.

The next thing I remember were the shouts of the multitude, as Simpson cantered his horse past the winning-post.

Disgusted at my defeat, I returned to the dressing tent, changed my clothes, and sneaked away, not even waiting to see another match, and an impromptu farmer’s race which had been got up.

But that day was fatal to Jack; his father heard of it, and Jack was peremptorily ordered, on the pain of eternal displeasure, never to ride a race again; and the parental indignation arrived at a climax when it came to the old gentleman’s ears that Jack had been secretly married to pretty, black-eyed Mary, the barmaid of the Green Monkey.

Poor Jack was knocked out of time. His obdurate parent would not forgive him, or advance him any money; so, selling his horses and what few effects he had that he could turn into coin, he started with his young wife for Melbourne.

The old man shortly after dying intestate, Jack came into all his property, but he was doing too well to leave Australia, so he sold the business in England most advantageously.

In the fifteen years he has been there he has made a large fortune, and, as I have already informed you, is coming home again.

Although I have been married for years to the aristocratic Master’s aristocratic daughter, she has never forgiven me my defeat. What shall I do if Jack some day puts in an appearance? Kind reader, advise me.

OCTOBER SONG.

RIGHT lovely is the autumn eve, more glorious is the morn,
As she slowly rises o'er the golden Woods of Collingbourne ;
When the mist-wreath hangs upon the hill to veil the modest morn,
And deck with countless diadems the Woods of Collingbourne ;
When the hounds are rattling thro' the copse, and the huntsman
 blows his horn,
And music echoes thro' the golden Woods of Collingbourne.

'Twas early yet : the maiden morn scarce own'd the blush of day,
When from the Woods of Collingbourne a good fox went away :
One note of joy from " President," three touches on the horn,
And a charm of sylvan music wakes the Woods of Collingbourne.
I viewed him stealing o'er 'The Shears'—I never said a word :
Was I to lift their heads to stop the music that I heard ?

We hunted thro' the outer gorse, and down the heather ley,
But his brush was out behind him straight, and straight he went
 away ;

And on, still on—far, far behind lie the Woods of Collingbourne—
We hunted down, we killed our fox at Marten in the morn ;
Oh lovely glowing autumn eve ! more glorious autumn morn !
Oh happy golden hanging woods—the Woods of Collingbourne !

R.E.A.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN SICILY.

H.M.S. 'O——' was, and had been for some time, idle in Grand Harbour, Malta ; the 'sirocco' had been blowing ; the rest of the fleet were at Athens ; there was no new scandal to enliven the 'little 'military hothouse,' and we had nothing to do save stroll up and down Strada Reale, ride on the Pietà road, or play Pool at the Club—a state of affairs I am confident my readers will allow to be, to call it by its mildest term, distressing ; when one night at mess the advent of a salmi of partridge reminded me that, although no sport was to be got in Malta, fair fun was to be had in Sicily. So, broaching the subject to my own messmates, several of us landed after mess to beat up the quarters of our soldier-chums, and endeavour to make up a party to visit the adjacent island for that purpose. Having enlisted half-a-dozen of the right sort, we adjourned to the Club, and over a game or two of Pool arranged our plans, deciding upon hiring a speronare for the trip, in preference to going by steamer.

The next day we obtained the requisite leave from the 'powers 'that be ;' and then I went to the quarantine harbour, and without much difficulty concluded a bargain with the padrone of the fast-sailing speronare 'Dragut' to convey us to Catania, wait there two

days for us, and bring us back ; and then wended my way to the store of those fat but worthy brothers Baldachino, and ordered divers quantities of the good things eatable and drinkable for which they are so famed to be sent on board her.

To all 'Baily's' readers who have sojourned at Malta the Baldachinos must be well known. Who has ever yet ascended that horridly long, steep staircase misnamed *Strada Giovanni* without turning into their store, so judiciously located, and reviving exhausted nature either with the bitter of Bass, or with the 'Sirroc Mixture' the brothers concoct so well ? or what unfortunate who has been 'hard hit at the board of green cloth' has not availed himself of their readiness to do, on really fair terms, a little 'bit of stiff' ? Worthy brothers ! may neither their shadows or their substance ever grow less !

Everything being settled, and our red-coated friends being for once punctual, the speronare was alongside the 'O——' soon after gun-fire next morning ; and, embarking, her huge lateen sails were hoisted, and we quickly ran down the harbour and out between the forts. Once outside, the sails were trimmed, course shaped, coffee made, and pipes lit—our speronare proving herself to be fully deserving of all her padrone's praise. He (the padrone) was the *beau ideal* of a young lady's idea of a 'Corsair ;—swarthy as a Moor, 'bearded like a Pard,' and with eyes that shone like diamonds. Dressed in a white shirt and trousers, a red-and-gold Albanian sash in lieu of suspenders, and a natty red fez on his head, he looked handsome enough to play the very devil amongst the fair sex. His crew—a great contrast to himself—consisted of five of the dirtiest and most ill-tempered-looking rascals I ever had the fate to be shipmate with—decidedly not the kind of companions one would choose on a dark night ; but they were civil and attentive enough to us, and that was all we need care about.

We had a glorious breeze until we got abreast of Cape Pasero, when it fell light, and we did not reach Catania until early the next morning. Catania, though much smaller than either Messina or Palermo, is handsomer, cleaner, and more lively than either, and, if it had a port, no doubt the proverb—

' Se Catania avesse porto
Palermo sarebbe morto '—

would be realised. We breakfasted at the hotel 'La Corona,' and, after a delicious plunge in the clear blue sea, hired a couple of traps to carry us to the little town of Mas-caluciá, where we had arranged to make our head-quarters. This town is about six miles from Catania, on the road to Etna, and the drive is exceedingly pretty. Village succeeds village, all surrounded with orchards, corn-fields, vineyards, and luxuriant groves of olive, almond, orange, and lime trees, making the most perfect cover for game I ever saw out of England. Arrived at Mas-caluciá, we put up (four in a room) at a small but comfortable hotel called the 'Etna,' and spent the rest of

the day in procuring guides, beaters, and the requisite permission to shoot. Of dogs we had half-a-dozen of our own ; but any quantity of curs might have been got for us if we had required them. Just as we sat down to dinner, Dr. Gemmellaro, of Nicolosi, came in, and kindly volunteered to stay the night, and to take us over some good ground belonging to friends of his the next day. We spent a very jolly evening, having an almost unlimited supply of Baldachinos' brandy and Gibraltar cigars ; but, expecting a pretty hard day's work, turned in early, and endeavoured to get rest ; but the attempt was almost a vain one, for, like every Italian hotel I have stayed at, the 'Etna' appeared to be the residing place of fleas without number, and the way they feasted upon us was a perfect caution, and deep and loud were the curses bestowed upon them. However, the night came to an end, and soon after six o'clock we turned out, and endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to obtain the means of tubbing. Nothing larger than a hand-basin was procurable, and the supply of water was exceedingly limited.

Breakfast over, we started, under Dr. Gemmellaro's guidance, down the road to an estate near the little village of Gravina, and there divided into two parties—one of my messmates, a 'sodger,' the doctor, and myself taking the lower ground ; the others, under the pilotage of the owner of the estate, beating the upper part of it. The corn had not been long cut, and the fields had a stubble nearly a foot high. On entering the first field, my old Irish setter almost immediately came to a point, and a brace of quail flew up only to come down to the doctor's gun. At the upper end of the same field a covey of red-legs contributed five of their number to our bag, and following the remainder into a large patch of grass interspersed with thick gorse, we got them up singly, and succeeded in bagging four more of them, losing one only, which, although badly hit, made its escape by running. Out of this grass we also got a couple of hares.

Two or three corn-fields were then beaten blank, and then we got into an olive grove, where partridges and hares were started every few yards ; but, in consequence of the thickness of the cover, very few in proportion to the number seen were bagged. The heat, too, was extreme ; so, at 11 A.M., we decided to return to the village, and rest until the afternoon. On our way back, three couple of quail were added to our total.

Arrived at the village, we went to the residence of the farmer whose ground we had shot over, who supplied us with some exceedingly good wine of his own make ; and our other party having joined us, we tiffined, and then, reclining under the shade of the orange trees, smoked or dozed away the time until four o'clock, when we again took the field. Our beat was over much the same kind of ground as that of the morning, but quail were much more abundant, rising not singly or in couples, but in bevsies ; and had all our party shot with breech-loaders, the bag would have been immense. Dr. Gemmellaro had never seen one before, and was so highly pleased with the performance of a pin-fire that I was using, that he com-

missioned me to procure him one from the same maker (Reilly) as soon as I returned to Malta; he also took such a violent fancy to my old setter, that I believe he would have given me almost any price for him if I would have parted with him.

We shot until sunset, and then returned to the hotel at Mas-caluciá, our bag for the whole party, consisting of eleven guns, being 28½ brace of partridge, 17 brace of quail, and 5 hares. At dinner our host gave us a dish of the delicious little 'beccafico,' a mite of a bird for which the island is famous, and of which no pen can fairly describe the excellence.

Another jovial evening of grog, cigars, and song, and another night of banquet for the fleas—another attempt to tub in a basin, and another breakfast under the orange trees—and then we started for our second and last day's sport. As we intended to leave Catania that night, we determined to shoot our way home—the good old doctor kindly coming with us to show us the best ground. Our sport was much the same as the day before, except that, as we kept together, we coupled the dogs and walked our game up. We lunched with the padre of Pasquale, a jolly old fellow, with some exceedingly good Capri in his cellar. Starting again, we beat some glorious stubbles full of birds, and eventually arrived at Catania at 6 P.M., pretty heavily laden with the result of our two days' sport—our bag for the day being 34 brace of partridge, 10½ of quail, and 7 hares: grand total for the two days, 192 head. A remarkable coincidence was, that the total head each day was the same.

We had an early dinner at the 'Corona d'Ora,' which is decidedly the best hotel in all Sicily, and is justly famed for its *pancakes*, and then had a hurried glance at the antiquities in the 'Musio Bis-cari,' and then, bidding a hearty farewell to our kind friend the old doctor, we embarked on board the 'Dragut,' and made sail for Malta, where we arrived the next afternoon.

To concoct Sirroc Mixture.

Pare the rind from two lemons (fresh limes are better if procurable) as thin as possible, and cut them in quarters; place rind and quarters in a large glass with pounded white sugar and a little grated nutmeg; add crushed ice until the glass is half full, then a wine-glass of Maraschino, and two of Cognac; fill up with soda water, drink—and then thank me for the receipt.

F. W. B.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

BY AN OLD HOUND.

It is some years now since Mills wrote the 'Life of a Foxhound,' no doubt from authentic sources, and gave to the outer world some of those thoughts, feelings, and instincts which are freely passed to and fro within the kennel walls, though they seldom reach the world beyond. Times have changed since then; and it may not be unin-

teresting to those who would aspire to the name of sportsmen to know what we, who are certainly the parties most interested in the chase, think of the changes which have been introduced. Being somewhat young and inexperienced myself, I will not presume to give my own ideas on the subject, but faithfully record a conversation I had with a wise old hound who had seen many countries during one of the hot days of the past month. He had come to our kennel, situated in a rare sporting but somewhat rural country, as Nimrod would have termed it, the autumn before, from the grass, for which I have my own suspicions he was getting rather slow, although he never would own to it, and consequently was looked up to with respect, and treated as an authority by all of us—an honour he well deserved, not only on account of his high lineage, but also for his really excellent qualities; for once or twice during the preceding season he had set us right when our fox was nearly lost, and been the means of killing him.

Our huntsman, as was his wont, had walked out with us in the park, and allowed us an hour of thorough enjoyment, rolling in the short crisp turf, or stretched under the shade of the stately elms; when, seeing old Rallywood was not disposed for his usual nap, I ventured to ask if he did not think hunting in our land of ploughs and big woods a very tame affair in comparison with what he had been accustomed to on the grass.

‘Why, no, youngster,’ was his reply; ‘though, I tell you, I did not much like the thought of exchanging N—— for D——shire, and quite intended the first day I was taken out to give the lot the slip, and make the best of my way back to my old kennels. I was so pleased with the fun (you remember it was a rare scenting day) and the sportsmanlike behaviour of Master, huntsman, and field, that I determined to stop and have a little more of it, and, as you see, here I am still.’

‘But it must be much better fun running over the grass than toiling along, all mud and wet, in our greasy fallows, often with not scent enough to enable you to hold the line!’

‘You are quite right there; and on some days, when there is nothing to interfere with us, the sport is glorious. I remember one day in particular, when we slipped away from every one, in a dense fog that suddenly came over, and killed our fox after forty minutes without a check or crossing a yard of plough; but then such a thing may not happen once in hounds’ lifetime, and as a rule after cub-hunting is over, we seldom have any real fun—at least such is my experience. I like to hunt, and nothing disgusts me more than having to gallop about after the huntsman’s horse, without being allowed to put my nose down, and the constant danger of being half laid open by the whipper-in’s thong if I try to do so. However, I never let that hinder me. And once having slipped through a big ox-fence out of the way, that young Jack was afraid to charge after me, I hit off the line, and, with two couple and a half more that came to me, had a good three-quarters of an hour,

‘and pulled down our fox, while Will the huntsman was galloping and holloaing right in the opposite direction, and, after having ridden his horse nearly to a standstill, blew his horn at a rabbit burrow, and swore the fox he had lost six miles back was gone to ground. Not that Will is a bad fellow, and I believe he would like to see us hunt; but then he is vain of his riding, and, as it is the fashion for all the swells to ride at him and try to cut him down, he soon loses his head, and thinks more of his horse than his hounds. On one occasion both he and his field lost the pack entirely through jealousy, and were staring about on the top of a hill to know where we were gone; at the time we were quietly eating our fox in a hollow a mile behind them. Then the men who come out on the grass are, many of them, a great nuisance, and often have I been prevented making a hit by fifty or sixty pounding up a green lane, and then, seeing they had got too forward, pulling up in the very spot the fox had crossed. In fact, I hardly know which are the most tiresome to hounds, the hard riders or the shirkers; for one party drives them over the scent, and the other cuts them off and foils it. Again, the danger to hounds in the grass countries is not to be lightly estimated; and if you think that one half the field would alter their line at a fence because a hound was in the way, you are very much mistaken. Then, half of them are not so particular about the horses they ride as every one who hunts ought to be, and I, in my first season, was left for dead from a kick received from a celebrated grey. Kick hounds or horses either he would if he had the chance, and no doubt you will wonder why his owner, who was really a good sportsman, continued to ride him; but he was the best water-jumper in the hunt. I do not say, mind you, that there are not first-rate sportsmen, and many of them, in the shires—in fact, you would find more good sportsmen at a meet there than anywhere; but they are so largely leavened with those who are not sportsmen—men who go out because it’s the fashion—men who go out to show their horses, or their boots, or to ride against each other—that it becomes, in the regular season, anything but a paradise for hounds.

‘Why, I once knew a man gallop and holloa like a maniac, to get us on to a fresh fox that jumped up from a hedgerow where our hunted one had turned short, although any one half asleep might have seen the difference in them; and thus he got up the heads of my companions and lost us our reward of blood, which was nearly earned after a cold hunting run of over an hour-and-a-half. Then I had a fellow throw down the end of a stinking cigar just as I was feathering on the line past him up a lane, and the vile smell so affected me that I could not hunt a yard for the rest of the day. I believe I could have killed one fox had it not been for him. Another—and, I believe, he wrote as an authority on hunting—said that my poor old sister Reckless ought to be hung when she got home, because she stuck persistently to the line of her hunted fox when

'all the rest had given it up, and he wanted to go and find another. 'However, as I told you before, there are real good men who understand us, our instincts, and our ways; such, for instance, as M—— or T——, but they want elbow-room on the grass. Now, here you have small fields, and, as far as I can see, every man who goes to meet hounds is a sportsman. Our huntsman, it is true, does not ride so hard as Will, and I have seen him get off at a big bank, or make for a gate, when a little more quickness on his part, and the sound of the horn on *the right spot, at the right moment*, would have put us on better terms with our fox (for he never deceives us, and when he does tootle it is always a saving of time to fly to the sound at once); but then these are sins of omission, and he never loses a fox for us by unnecessary interference. Then, look at our Master: his object is neither to jump the biggest fences or race for twenty minutes; but he likes to see his fox well found, well hunted, and handsomely killed. He knows where and how to draw so as to give us the best chance of finding; and if you hear his horn or holloa, you may swear it is gospel. And, as you know, last season Tom, the second whip, was sacked, at a few minutes' notice, for punishing a hound unnecessarily, and when it was plain that the hound was right and the man wrong. No, no, youngster, you be contented here; the grass must have been a perfect elysium for hounds in the old days, when Meynell hunted from the borders of the Pytchley to Nottingham, and fields were small, and composed of only sportsmen; but the day is gone, the shires are the fashion, and a reasonable hound, who knows what sport is and hunting ought to be, is better out of a fashionable crowd than in it.

'Then, look at your country here: plenty of heath, which carries a scent second only—if second at all—to grass; no game to distract the attention of the young ones, and cause them to "eat stick" before they really know what to hunt, chase, and avoid; and, above all, those magnificent hills and gulleys, which form no impediment to us, but stop those brutes of horses, whose greatest enjoyment, I firmly believe, is to gallop our sterns off. Think of the glorious bursts we have "all alone," while they are toiling and straining under their burdens up the miry, slippery hill-sides, and be thankful that there is no chance of your having a broken back because A—— has determined to be through that bullfinch before B——. Then, besides our Master, huntsmen, and whips, all of whom are heart and soul in hunting, and think more of our work than their horses' fencing, have we not that glorious old parson J. R. to help us out of a dead lift when no one else is handy? and no man in England knows better how to do it. Now, youngster, don't ask any more questions, for I am sleepy.'

N.

A LAMENT FOR JOHN GALLON.*

DEDICATED TO THE HON. GEOFFREY R. C. HILL, OF ALL OTTER-
HUNTERS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL, AND OF ALL CONSERVATORS
THE MOST PRACTICAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

OH ! hark to the Tyne, as the deep waters flow,
And turbid and sad is the stream !
To the hunter it carries a message of woe,
Like a spectre that speaks in a dream.
'Tis the voice of the river that rings on his ears,
And saddens his heart to the core,
As wave after wave in a shower of tears
Falls sobbing aloud on the shore.

Too true is the omen, too fatal the fall,
O'erwhelmed by the merciless wave,
A son of the Tyne, the friend of ye all,
John Gallon, is gone to his grave !
Ah ! never again will the echoes of Tyne
His musical horn ever hear ;
Nor the hunter asleep from his downy bed leap,
As he rattled him up with a cheer.

How oft have ye known, ere the first blush of morn
The hill-tops had tinged with a ray,
Or the bold Chanticleer had sounded his horn,
John Gallon was up and away—
Away to the water, the bright rocky burn,
Where the otter delights him to roam ;
But forfeit his blood will the king of the flood
If Johnnie should find him at 'home !'

Oh ! who can forget it, that Lothbury day,
The shallows, the deeps, and the crag,
When first in the van, like a true black-and-tan,
Old 'Ormidale' hit off the drag ?
Then the roar of the pack ! ye gods, what a crack !
Every tartar was tearing for blood !
Till Olympus might hear John Gallon's last cheer,
As he yelled his wild 'Whoop' in the flood.

Aye, Gallon is gone ! and many a day
Not hunters alone will deplore
The summons so sudden that bid him away
To the ocean ungirt by a shore.
But his anchorage safe in a haven of rest,
The sorrow of parting will heal,
And, though far away, we may hopefully say,
He's gone to the 'land of the leal.'

E. W. L. D.

* The famous Northumbrian otter-hunter, unfortunately drowned while
pursuing his favourite sport last summer.

CRICKET.

THE close of the Cricket season was attended by one or two remarkable incidents, which deserve a few words of comment. Gloucestershire, in the first place, was baulked of its prey in the last two matches on its programme, want of time and heavy downfalls of rain combining to save Surrey and Sussex from inevitable defeat. In the Gloucestershire and Surrey Match the two counties were not so very far apart in the first innings, and there were some fair double-figure scores on the Surrey side, the veteran Caffyn (25) being one of the contributors. Mr. W. G. Grace (48) and Mr. Lang (44) did the most for Gloucestershire, whose innings stopped short of the two hundred which is usually the minimum that that county condescends to make. However, in the second innings—so far as it could be played—the ascendancy of the amateur county was soon made manifest. Mr. W. G. Grace (160, not out) and Mr. Knapp (90, not out) did what they pleased with the Surrey bowling. How odd it is that Mr. Grace always finds some one in his Eleven to stop in with him, whom he seems to inspire with his own spirit! And when he does not get a hundred runs himself, there is pretty sure to be one of his Eleven who does. In the return match against Sussex, for instance, it was Mr. Townsend (136) who accomplished the feat, Mr. W. G. Grace contenting himself with 51 and Dr. Grace with 73. In this wise more than 400 runs were placed to the credit of Gloucestershire; and Sussex was nothing loth to follow the example. Mr. J. M. Cotterill (78), Lillywhite (47), and Charlwood (54, not out) contributed to the 212 which Sussex obtained for the loss of only five wickets. Thus the two counties which are perhaps the weakest in bowling—Sussex having good but easy professional bowling, and Gloucestershire having no professional bowling at all—had a rare opportunity at the end of the season of hitting away merrily. If Sussex had made a few of these runs at Brighton, when, by great good luck, Gloucestershire was got rid of cheaply, it would have been better. Sussex came out also, just when it was too late, in a supplementary sort of match at Eastbourne, nominally, but not really, a county contest between Kent and Sussex. The Kent Eleven could hardly have been weaker, and the Sussex Eleven might very well have been stronger. As it was, however, it was good enough to dispose of Kent in one innings. Mr. J. M. Cotterill (60), Charlwood (62), and Mr. Jeffery (47) were the largest scorers. We are glad to see that Charlwood has not altogether lost his batting, though he has kept us waiting a good time for a view of it. Fillery and Lillywhite divided the Kent wickets between them; and the extraordinary advance made by the former player both in bowling and batting was still further illustrated.

Nottingham has little cause to be satisfied with having expanded its programme for the season, for the two supplementary matches were most disastrous affairs, the premier county of England being

defeated in one innings in both contests. The first was played at Huddersfield against Yorkshire, and, thanks to a fine innings of A. F. Smith (89), Yorkshire attained to the formidable total of 194. Morley did good service for Nottingham in the bowling department, while the uncertain M'Intyre did not come off. In their first innings the Nottingham men could only just get over the hundred, Oscroft (27) being top scorer, and keeping up his character as one of the best professional batsmen of the year to the very last. In their second innings they did still worse, the entire Eleven going for 66 runs. The Colt, Ulyett, bowled uncommonly well for Yorkshire in the first innings—19 overs, 11 maidens, 17 runs, 5 wickets, reads well on paper—and Hill in the second. Ulyett also showed good batting ability in his 24; and if the match 'did nothing else, it, at any rate, secured him a place in the Yorkshire Eleven for next year. Still more fatal was the issue of a contest between Nottingham and the comparatively unknown county of Derbyshire. The Nottingham men, in the pride of their hearts, allowed their antagonists to play Fourteen against their own Eleven; and even at these odds confidently reckoned, we may be sure, on gaining an easy victory. Looking down the list of the Derbyshire players, the only names at all familiar to the world at large are those of Hickton, Mycroft, and Platts—the latter one of the worst bowlers in England. And, seeing that Derbyshire was most signally beaten in one innings only a few weeks before by Lancashire, the extreme confidence of Nottingham was certainly justifiable. Wonderful to say, the crack county was disposed of for the ridiculous total of 14 runs! How Sussex must have chuckled—Sussex, which succumbed to Nottingham not long ago for 19 runs—at her conqueror experiencing a similar fate! Nor in the second essay was anything accomplished to boast of, only 72 runs being obtained, so that the two innings combined did not equal the moderate one of 116 secured by Derbyshire. A bowler named Flint, whom we do not remember to have heard much of before, got ten of the Nottingham wickets, six in the first and four in the second innings. We think that these supplementary matches are much to be deprecated. Afterthoughts are seldom successful; and when the secretary of a County Eleven has put forward his programme for the season, it is highly undesirable that it should be altered. Mr. Baker, the Honorary Secretary of the Kent County Club, was so sensible of this, that he formally repudiated the Kent and Sussex Match at Eastbourne, and declined altogether to allow it to be enrolled among the county contests of the season. The result of such matches as the three we have alluded to is by no means favourable to the interests of cricket. The losers are naturally irritated, but the winners reap no advantage from their good fortune. Though Derbyshire disposed of Nottingham for 14 runs, to mention the two counties in the same sentence would be ridiculous; nor does Yorkshire's chance victory move Nottingham an inch from the proud eminence it has attained, though we are perfectly prepared to see a close fight next season between the two counties, and a desperate

struggle for the mastery. At present, however, taking the whole season's play into consideration, Nottingham has clearly the advantage. Despite the strength of its Eleven, also, the authorities are not content with resting on their laurels, but take every care to provide against contingencies by trying their young players. Both at the beginning and at the end of the season they have brought out their Colts; and a young bowler, Shooter, to whom we alluded in the early part of the summer, has again proved his right to be tried for his county when next a vacancy occurs. Playing for the next Fifteen against the legitimate Eleven he took eight wickets. The Eleven won easily, thanks to the splendid innings (78) of Oscroft, but the bowling of Shooter settled such famous batsmen as Daft, Wild, and Bignall for insignificant scores. The Fifteen did not show much batting form, with the exception of two amateurs, who are by no means novices at the game; but then, while bowling comes naturally to the north-countrymen, batting they only acquire by hard work, though, when they once begin, they train on steadily. Nottingham may be well content with the promise shown by its young players. Yorkshire also took the field about the same time against Eighteen Colts, and brought out one bowler (Marshall), who secured six wickets in the first innings of the Eleven, and more than one batsman, through whose agency the Colts secured a well-earned victory, putting together, in their second innings, the excellent score of 170 against the bowling of Emmett, Hill—who got twenty-four wickets in the match—Clayton, and West. Clayton made his 'score' in each innings of the Eleven, and has quite attained a reputation for coming off as a run-getter in matches.

We gather from the papers that Mr. W. G. Grace is going to take out a mixed Eleven of amateurs and professionals to Australia in the course of the present month. It is natural that the Australians should be desirous to see our great batsman; and, to balance the attraction, they will be compelled to see Jupp and Humphrey also. Mr. Grace, we read, proposes to play twenty matches, which will keep him in good practice during the time corresponding to our English winter, and then to return to England in time for his season's work—or play—in 1874. Next spring we shall, of course, read the usual rubbish about the importance of promoting a good feeling between Australia and the mother-country—as if there existed any ill-feeling between them—and the value of these expeditions, as tending to draw closer the ties between the imperial centre and its distant dependency. It might as well be said that the presence of a couple of dozen Italian opera-singers during the London season strengthens the friendly relations of England and Italy. All these enterprises are considered, both by those who promote them and those who participate in them, with sole reference to the pecuniary profit that will result from them; and it is the merest bunkum to characterise an ordinary trading speculation as an affair of international importance. Both parties have, we doubt not, well considered the bargain. The Australians have made up their minds what it will suit them to pay; and Mr. Grace and his friends, we

may be sworn, have made up their minds what it will suit them to receive.

We shall be glad to receive, in the course of the present month, from Captains of School Elevens, the batting and bowling averages, as in former years. And we will again repeat, that we shall be still more glad to receive a few notes of comment on the doings of each Eleven and on the individual abilities and performances of its members during the season that has just come to a close.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Saunterings.

Town in September. Piccadilly reeking of tar, and St. James's Park given over to the steam-roller. Belgravia in brown holland, and the Mayfair chapels, like the clubs, 'closed for repairs,' or abandoned to weak-voiced curates and seedy congregations. A few familiar faces haunt White's bay window, as if unable to tear themselves away, and a few old boys still linger on the steps of the Carlton. The Raleigh is full of men in suits of ditto, who have just come up from Providence knows where, and are immediately going back again. Government clerks dress as if they were at the seaside, and everybody eschews gloves, and takes rather a pride in looking dirty. The gents, not to be outdone, attend the Rivière concerts in outrageous costumes, show a preference for white billycocks, and talk Margate and Ramsgate talk to Mr. Gatti's houris. The Exhibition is crowded with excursionists, especially of the clerical order, who partake largely of Spiers and Pond's cold collation, and then go to see the 'New Magdalen' or 'Kissi-Kissi,' probably from a confusion of ideas that one has something to do with the other. There are a few doubtful ladies to be found on a fine afternoon in the Row, and the congregation by the gardener's cottage on Sundays is a peculiar one—a mixture of Tyburnian youth and demi-monde. Kensington Gardens, to a real lover of solitude, is something really charming, particularly when the shades of evening fall. And that is Town in September.

And it is not at all a bad place or a bad time. It is the parrot fashion to abuse it, and profess to pity those compelled to stay there, but believe it not. To the philosopher, who wants but little here below, but still likes to have that little to himself, it is, we maintain, enjoyable. The philosopher is trampled upon in the height of the season, and forms but a very tiny atom in a very mighty mass; but he is somebody in September, and female philosophers look at him, and hansom cabmen touch their hats for his shilling. He has his club to himself, also the Burlington Arcade. He may select his stall at his theatre, and he will find himself, probably for the first time, an object of interest to the *corps de ballet*. His creditors, being either in Switzerland or the Tyrol, cease from troubling, and the only annoyance he has is encountering a friend. A really good time if the philosopher did but know it, only he is apt (for human nature is weak) to kick against the pricks of Alpine travel and the waters of the Solent, to chew the bitter cud of Scarborough memories, and to sniff imaginary beather in his native Pimlico. Ungrateful man! when he has so much to be thankful for. So many little outings and saunterings of an agreeable nature, reliefs to what might be (we do not say it is) the pain of Piccadilly or the monotony of Mayfair. While we think of it, Warwick Races,

for instance—so charmingly lively, so infinitely amusing. Have our readers ever been to Warwick? It is a very nice place. There is a story current of some Americans, who, wintering at Leamington, took a little excursion in the environs soon after their arrival; and, on being asked what they thought of Warwick, said it was a pretty village, but they thought it a pity no one lived there. Our opinion is, that the September races are a pity, and, unless something is done, they had better be wiped off the face of the earth or out of the pages of the Calendar. We trust, by the way, the philosopher did not come to Warwick. It might have tried him too highly. The first day did us. The racing was of a quality, so were the roughs. The good things boiled over, so did the roughs. The weather was abominable, so were the roughs. If it had not been for that ease in a good inn which is balm to an Englishman's feelings, we should have felt our position acutely. As it was, it was only when safe inside 'The Chicken's Arms' (allow us to recommend the hostelry) that we forgot our griefs. The second day was better than the first, and there was a race for the Cup, though there were only three runners—a real good race, that went far to redeem the plating of the previous day. Field Marshal and the Hippias filly, at 36 lbs., was the dainty dish set before a rather better company, and our pulses, that had throbbed not under the excitement of the once celebrated Leamington Stakes, fairly beat now. It looked, and somehow ought to have been, a good thing for the Baron's mare, but there was the demoniacal George on Field Marshal, and people felt that to go against the demon was almost flying in the face of Providence. What could he not do? what had he not done with boys over a Cup course, and he might here? As Mr. Toole observes, 'He did it again.' He never rode a finer race than he did that day; waiting on little Glover, who was on the filly, going up to him about a mile from home, taking a feeler for a few strides alongside the mare, and perhaps—who knows?—frightening Glover half out of his wits, then dropping back again, to reappear alongside in the straight, and after a fine race to beat him by sheer riding by a head. The Admiral honoured Field Marshal by putting him up, after this race, some ten pounds or so for the Cesarewitch; indeed he makes him give Uhlan 4 lbs., a crown of glory, we take leave to think, somewhat undeserved. If he could have handicapped Fordham, it would have been more to the purpose. But this time will show. Field Marshal is a very improved horse, doubtless, but we cannot believe he is better than Uhlan till we have stronger proofs than this. There were some equally close finishes to the one in the Cup that day, and another instance of a man outriding boy in the Packington Park Stakes, when that fine horseman Cannon on Stanton beat Barlow on Honeysuckle by another head. Of course the backers of Honeysuckle said the race was 'chucked away,' which is very unfair, my lords and gentlemen; and, begging your pardon, not true either. The boy did what he could, and got the last ounce out of himself if he did not get it out of the horse. Blame him not, but blame the vicious system of handicapping which makes such boys necessary. You would be richer men, noble punters, we truly believe, if you would help to strengthen Lord Coventry's hands in the attempt he is making at reform in that branch of racing. Richer because, though you do sometimes pull off a good thing with 5 st. 9 lbs. or 6 st. 2 lbs. on its back, how often do you not see your money 'chucked away' because your 'feather' is unable to finish? But, we suppose, both Lord Coventry and ourselves preach to deaf ears, and if you land one *coup* in a sprint race you think the system perfect. Be it so. We can only hope that the good time *may* come.

And there was racing at Baden while we were at Warwick, and the sport at both seemed much of a muchness. Not that the racing ever was anything at Baden; we only made it an excuse for a sojourn at what was once the most delightful of spas. Will it ever be that again? The accounts we hear and read of its decent dullness are appalling. The place has been Prussianized and Bismarckianized with a result hardly satisfactory to the Badenens, we should say. Its natural beauties cannot be spoilt, but the gay life of Baden seems as gone as Othello's occupation. A new International Club has attempted to come to the rescue as far as racing is concerned, and probably may succeed in making the meeting a prominent feature in German sport. The Club, though called International, seems composed chiefly of Austrians—a great point in its favour, we must say, as far as its being an agreeable Club goes—but then its title is rather a misnomer. Happily the Prussians were, judging from the list of company, absentees on this occasion, which must have made the place pleasanter than usual; still the general verdict seems to have been correct, but dull.

Although the race for the Great St. Leger had been looked upon for months past as confined to only four of the original hundred-and-ninety-one subscribers, although the partridges (would we could say grouse too!) and the Autumn Manœuvres kept many gallant sportsmen away from the Town Moor, yet the Doncaster Meeting, and the struggle for the great race itself, have scarcely ever been equalled, and certainly never surpassed; and if several British plungers were leading their *Merrie-men* in futile charges against an imaginary foe on Cannock Chase, which same plungers would have fain been backing Marie Stuart, yet the attendance of the swells and the outside public was as large as ever. These facts, coupled with the large prices given for yearlings, and the great number sold, surely testify much to the vitality of the Turf at present, and bid us look forward hopefully to bright prospects in the future.

On arriving at Doncaster, the city of extortion and high prices, where the racing man is fleeced and pillaged as he is nowhere else in this money-getting-loving country, every one was surprised to hear that that part of Yorkshire had entirely escaped the torrents of rain which had been playing such havoc with the harvest everywhere else in the North, and a fine week was prognosticated by the weather-wise. This event, however, to begin with, did not come off; for, to the discomfort of those who got up with the lark in order to witness the doings of the cracks in their morning's work on Tuesday, and who had not taken the precaution of providing themselves with waterproof garments, a Scotch mist set in, which eventually turned to rain, and by breakfast time it was coming down fast. For a short time, fortunately for Mr. Tattersall, the weather cleared while the sales were going on, but the afternoon was stormy, and the racing terminated in such a downpour as to remind many of Blair Athol's day.

To hark back a little. The news of Gang Forward's disaster and subsequent scratching reached Doncaster on Monday afternoon, and caused wide-spread consternation and unalloyed commiseration for a stable whose misfortunes have been so disastrous of late years. His great opponent being out of the way, Kaiser's backers rallied in stronger force than ever, while the partisans of the Scottish Ironmaster appeared divided in their allegiance between the horse and the mare. The sport began propitiously, as of yore, with the Fitzwilliam Stakes, a baker's dozen paying a visit to Mr. McGeorge at the three-quarter-mile post, where he did not keep them long before despatching them to an

excellent start ; but before they had proceeded many strides on their journey, the backers of Roquefort, whom they stood against the field, began to feel anxious, for little Archer had jumped off with La Jeunesse, and made the pace such a cracker, that Cannon, who was in M. Lefèvre's colours (*vice* Fordham, sick), was never able to get the old horse on terms with the leaders, and was obliged to be content with third place on the occasion of his first wearing the *tricolour*. La Jeunesse, however, was very nearly caught by Newhouse on the Lady Palmerston filly, who was only beaten a neck. Mr. Merry's Lady Bothwell, the newly-named filly by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan, made very short work of her three antagonists for the Filly Stakes, and then an excursion through the rough element, that infested the enclosure, became necessary in order to inspect the dozen competitors for the great Yorkshire Handicap, which was next to be decided. Pirate was the favourite, and proved the winner too, but the bookmakers could not have suffered much, for eight or nine others were backed, including Mestizo (thanks, Mr. Radcliff, for naming your colt ; would that other owners would do the same!), who had been backed at outside prices for the Cesarewitch and St. Leger ; and Kingcraft, who has never won a race since poor Tom French won his first Derby on him, once again, probably for the last time, found people to take 4 to 1 about his chance. Pirate occupied a good place all through the race, and, although Mestizo looked dangerous at the distance, and Freeman came with a wet sail at last, won very cleverly by a length, Mr. Merry beating Mr. Radcliff for second money by the same. The Glasgow Stakes was considered a foregone conclusion for Tipster, on whom 3 to 1 was laid, but the layers must have been rather nervous when he was challenged by Damoiseau, whom he only defeated by a neck ; and in the opinion of many good judges, had a more experienced jockey been on the latter, the verdict might have been the other way. It is some years now since we have had twelve runners for the Champagne Stakes ; indeed, the number has only been equalled three times and exceeded twice (and then only by one) since the establishment of the race, just thirty years ago ; however, notwithstanding the high renown of the, as yet, unbeaten Sir William Wallace, and the extraordinary private reputation of Peeping Tom, this round dozen tried conclusions from the Red House in 5 to 4 at first was laid on Mr. Merry's colt, but the field had almost the call before they were actually off, when they got away together, and all were in it until close at home, when the favourite was coopered, and Napoleon III., Feu d'Amour, and Aventurière ran an exciting race, ending in the former's victory by a neck, the French colt defeating Cantinière's half-sister by very little more. Sir William Wallace was not in the first six, slightly in front of Peeping Tom. The winner ran badly at Stockton, and was not fancied here, except by his own immediate party, who did not forget how easily he won the Exning Town Plate at Newmarket, and that, except at Stockton, he had been first or second in all his other races. The Clumber Plate, contested for by five, produced a splendid race, and caused a great surprise ; for M. Lefèvre started two, a novice, Blanchette, being favourite, and Eve, who was second in demand. Blanchette was never in front at any part of the race, and the French colours were landed on their second string by the shortest of heads from Deadichado. The last three races were run in a perfect deluge of rain : the Stand Stakes being won by Tapioca, the Doncaster Plate by Tyro, and a match, after a good race between Lord Rosebery's Hellebore and Mr. Shafto's Verger, by the former, by a head.

After a very wet night, frequent storms ushered in the St. Leger day,

which, no doubt, kept many away, yet we are told that the takings at the Stand were larger than ever. Be it so! Go on, Doncaster! *Io, Triumphe!* And in due course of time let us hope that your guardian angels, your Grand Stand Committee, will not only pay your rates and taxes, which they are said to do now, but your house rents too, and then, but not until then, probably the strangers within your walls will not be victimised as they are at present. The races set to take place before the great one of the day—the Municipal Stakes, the Rufford Abbey, and a Post Match—created but little interest, much less enthusiasm, in all of which the laying fraternity got the best of the backers, for Mr. Cartwright's George Frederick, own brother to Albert Victor and Louise Victoria, upset the odds laid on Apology for the first event. The facetious bookmaker's good horse, Thunderer, carried off the next; and Narcissus, on whom 7 to 4 went begging, was bowled over by Aniseed in the Match. Rather behind time the eight numbers were displayed on the board for the St. Leger, and the inspection in the paddock, the canter past, and the parade over, they were sent on their long journey as soon as they reached the post. Hopper, on Merry Sunshine, rushed to the front to insure a pace for the Russley favourites, and so good use did he make of his time that all were disposed of except the three celebrities whose names have for weeks past been household words, before the Red House was arrived at. Here, having accomplished his mission, he dropped back, and left his two stable companions, with Kaiser full of running, to fight out the battle among them. At the distance Kaiser drew up to Marie Stuart, and at the same instant Doncaster got level with the pair, and it looked anybody's race, but in the next few strides Kaiser cracked, and the issue was left to Mr. Merry's two, between whom a desperate struggle ensued. For a moment Doncaster had the best of it, but Osborne calling on Marie Stuart for one final effort, she wore down the Derby winner, and won, amidst the most intense excitement, by a head. Kaiser, eased when victory was impossible, was beaten three lengths, and where the others finished matters not, as they were not within hail of the winner. After the uproar was over—it had indeed scarcely subsided—six weighed out for the Bradgate Park Stakes, which Jesuit, who started at 20 to 1 in this diminutive field, landed by a head from Eve; Tangible, who was favourite, being nowhere. The Portland Plate, most unwisely brought forward from Thursday's bill of fare, was contested for by no less than twenty-three runners, but the great race had taken away the appetite, and this heavy second course was almost passed by, except by the bookmakers, who rejoiced exceedingly after their own peculiar fashion, when they beheld Grand Flaneur, whose starting price was 100 to 3, win cleverly by a neck.

Shannon, Cingalina, and Manille opposed Winslow for the Queen's Plate, the latter being favourite, with 2 to 1 betted on him, and he won easily. And here would it were possible to drop the curtain! On returning to scale, however, Custance, who rode Winslow, lodged a complaint against Chaloner for foul riding; and the case was gone into next day by the stewards of the Jockey Club, who told Custance he was quite justified in making the complaint, but acquitted Chaloner of any evil intention, at the same time strongly advising him not to *do it again*.

Thursday, the grand day of Messrs. Tattersall & Co. in the Sale Ring, but the off day on the Moor, was favoured with glorious sunshine, and the racing would have been fairly up to the average had not the programme been robbed of its *pièce de résistance*, the Portland Plate, before alluded to. In its stead was introduced the Alexandra Plate, which Mr. Merry (whose luck has come all

at once—let us hope not too late) won with Highland Fling, defeating a goodly field. The other races were easily won, and are of little interest now, except that for the Two-year-Old Stakes, which was won by Farnsfield, thanks to one of the finest bits of riding ever seen on the part of Cannon, who brought the supposed non-stayer up inch by inch, until at last he caught the favourite, Rostrevor, on the post, and won by a very short head. Instead of mud, dust prevailed on the last day, when the sport was but moderate. Uhlan proved himself to be a great good horse in the Cup, wherein he beat Thorn, Winslow, and Field Marshal, in addition to his own stable companion, Lillian, who came with such a rush at last, that most of the spectators were of opinion that, had her jockey begun a bit earlier, she might have won. Sister Helen, Montargis, and Devotion ran a splendid race for the Prince of Wales's Plate, in front of nine others, the above order being the judge's fiat, with the addition of 'Won by a neck; a head between second and third.' It is needless to say that Marie Stuart, with 7 to 1 on her, won the Park Hill Stakes, and that The Colonel landed something like the same odds in the Don Stakes, which makes his seventh winning race in succession.

By-the-bye, while we are in our 'Cups,' we are reminded of a curious episode which occurred at a recent meeting not fifty miles from town, held under the eyes, if not the patronage, of Royalty itself. The Cup—a handsome trophy—was being, as usual, exhibited on the Stand, in the charge of a guardian who proudly displayed its beauties, when an elderly and enthusiastic sportsman approached, and, after admiring the Cup, remarked, 'But have you a case for it?' 'Sir?' replied the Custos. 'A case,' said the veteran—'a case to take it away in?' Upon which Custos lifts his hat, and 'presumes he is addressing the 'fortunate hero of the day—the winner of the Cup.' 'Well,' replied the veteran, 'not exactly; but I *shall* win it in a few minutes, and I want to take it home with me.' *His horse ran last of four!*

The yearling sales at Doncaster, as usual, attracted large numbers of buyers and countless thousands of lookers-on. Messrs. Tattersall had received so many entries, that they were not only compelled to sell in two rings, but were actually obliged to close their catalogues some time ago. On Tuesday, the Yardley Stud was the chief attraction, and twenty of them were sold, averaging very nearly 280 guineas each, which even in these days of high prices for everything cannot be called a bad day's work. Capt. Machell gave the top price, 1,000 guineas, for Euston, by The Miner, out of Fern, a useful colt; and Joseph Dawson evidently had a strong commission to execute, for he gave 600 guineas for Breechloader, by Macaroni, out of Beachy Head; 550 guineas for Carbon, by the Duke, out of Egyptian; 520 guineas for Challenger, by the Duke, dam by Lifeboat, out of Melloria; 500 guineas for Dublin, by Victorious, out of Sister Isle; &c., &c. Lord Lonsdale gave 600 guineas for Beaufort, own brother to Somerset, bred by Mr. Bulling; and several others realised fair prices.

On the St. Leger day, the highest-priced lot, a chestnut colt, by Parmesan, out of Lady Trespass, bred by Mr. Hudson, fell to Mr. Houldsworth's bid of 1,000 guineas; Mr. H. Woolcot gave the top price, 600 guineas, that the Waresley yearlings made, for a perfect colt by Speculum, out of Fair Star; M. Lefèvre was busy buying when the Stanton Stud were put up, securing a very nice colt, out of Alice Lee, for 350 guineas, and a filly, out of Defamation, for 400 guineas, both being by Brown Bread. Sir J. D. Astley sold ten at fair prices, the highest figures being obtained by his young Broomielaws, a colt out of Vexation fetching 400 guineas, another out of Lady Hungerford

350 guineas, and the third, out of Battery, 160 guineas. At the same time Mr. Pain was disposing of several lots, the Stud Company giving the largest sum, 410 guineas, for Ladylike, by Newminster, out of Zuleika. On Thursday the Neasham, the Sheffield Lane yearlings, and a few of Mr. Merry's were offered for sale, in addition to several varied lots, when, as a rule, high prices were the fashion. St. Leger, by Trumpeter, out of Doncaster's dam, had the honour of being the most expensive yearling sold during the week, Lord Rosebery and Joseph Dawson quickly running him up to 1,600 guineas, where his lordship stopped, and the colt goes to Bedford Lodge, at 200 guineas more. Sir George Chetwynd gave 1,050 guineas for the Grey Palmer, by the Palmer, out of Eller, by Chanticleer, which is the highest figure on record given for a grey yearling; but he looks worth all the money, and if he only is half as good as his grandsire, he will be no dear bargain to the popular baronet. Joseph Dawson was to the front again when the next lot was put up, out-bidding everybody, until Scotch Earl, by the Earl, out of Lady Macdonald, fell to his nod for 1,000 guineas. Mr. Merry gave us a good tip that he is not going to retire from the Turf when he bought in his yearling colt, by Scottish Chief, out of Lady Bothwell's dam, for 2,000 guineas; and the only other two yearlings offered went for small sums. Of his brood mares, Sunbeam, who won the St. Leger fifteen years ago, was knocked down for 170 guineas, Catherine Hayes fetched 250 guineas, Gong 750 guineas, and Mayflower 560 guineas. Of the sires, King of the Forest, as yet untried, was bought by Mr. Waring for 1,800 guineas, and the others went for mere songs; Macgregor, on whom any unreasonable odds were laid for the Derby of his year, being knocked down for 300 guineas.

On Friday the Low Street Stud and Mr. I'Anson's yearlings were the chief attractions, but the prices were small, and though many bargains were picked up, time and space preclude reference to them now.

And Doncaster over and done, we sauntered on towards the land of the mountain and the flood, and made tracks for Ayr. And we made these tracks after an eccentric and zigzag fashion, quite ignoring Waverley and all other routes as chalked out for us by Bradshaw, but took a line of our own, and revelled among the glens, also the bens, drank a fairish lot of whisky (the weather was damp), climbed mountains, heard the whirr of the cock-grouse, and talked learnedly of the disease, had an idea about 'fushing,' but did not, and altogether trod our native heath, and thought it would not be a bad thing if our name was Macgregor. It is not bad to stroll along the shores of Loch Katrine or climb Benvenue, to boat idly on Loch Achray or glide down Loch Lomond. There is something soothing in the silence of these solitudes to a poor racing-tossed wayfarer—a little, just a little, sick of the perpetual roar of the fielders—the eternal, never-ceasing racing talk of dinner-tables and smoking-rooms. They knew nothing about these things on Loch Katrine and at the Trossachs; they had not, *terque quaterque beati*, heard what had won the Leger. It was little use talking to an elderly gentleman in a wonderfully-cut coat and no trousers to speak of, who smelt of whisky like a cask, and the sole burden of whose thoughts was whether the 'shentleman' would give him two shillings or half-a-crown for a pull to Ellen's Isle and back, of the Cesarewitch, even if we had been inclined. Neither Tommy Vantoon or St. Joseph would have got anything out of him. Neither could we speak about 'the brilliant finish' to the general officer with the pretty daughters staying at the Trossachs, for we saw him look daggers at a certain sporting paper, then to the two Glasgow gentlemen who had heard

'there was a great row at Doncaster about Gang Forward,' and had heard nothing else, nor to the artist who went and sat in Loch Achray half the day sketching Benvenue, and returned to the hotel about a quarter of an hour before dinner, the wettest artist we ever saw. We were in a different world here, and it was a very delightful world to us, and we should have liked to stay longer in it if we could. A world of lakes—

'And mountains, that, like giants, stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.'

A world of good hotels too, and obliging landlords; only they charge too much for whisky, which, by the way, we are sorry to see, judging from its price, must be a very scarce article in Scotland. Could nothing be done for the poor Scotch landlords who are obliged to charge their customers so much for one of the staple commodities of the country? We have heard there is a good Christian man of the name of Jamieson somewhere in Ireland who is not unconnected with whisky. Perhaps *he* could do something for them: send a little O. D. (we think it is so called) into the country, which might improve their tap and relieve their necessities. *Something* must be done, or whisky will become a luxury only accessible to tourists, with whom, of course, expense is no object. In the interest of Scotchmen we plead, and trust a way out of the difficulty may be found.

But we are forgetting Ayr Races, or rather the Western Meeting, as it is called, with its belles and swells of high degree. A very charming meeting indeed for the county side of Ayr and Renfrew—which latter has been distinguishing itself lately in the political world very highly, by finding a successor to the much-lamented Bruce, *not* warranted to tread exactly in the footsteps of that eminent statesman. The commotion incidental to the occasion had hardly subsided when we got to Glasgow, and 'The Happy Land' (the original Royal Court Litton and Sydney Company) took, be sure, ample advantage of the occasion, and Mr. Righton had something to say about it which seemed mightily to please the good folks of the Scotch Liverpool. In fact, they talked about it in the train all the way to Ayr, and it quite divided the attention with the Ayrshire Handicap and Pompadour, on which mare all Ayrshire had set their hearts. Ah, then, she was a bonnie mare, and didn't she win in style last year! and (by a similarity of ideas) wasn't Miss Bishop, who played the fairy, a bonnie lassie! Eh, sirs, but she was worth seeing!—and did we think Pompadour would win?—and the other fairies were smart cattle, but not to be compared to their Queen—and the little man, wasn't he funny just!—but if they started Lord Derby he might win, &c. &c. There was not much in it, but we think it was 6 to 4 on Kate Bishop (she will pardon, we trust, the familiarity), and they took even money about Pompadour. That was in the train, and the market was not materially altered when we got to our destination.

Every one knows who goes to Ayr that Mr. Shaw, the Hon. Sec. of the Meeting, is nearly its all in all, and that to him Ayrshire and Renfrewshire and the parts adjacent owe a good deal. He is everywhere and does everything—doing it quietly, too, with an amount of coolness and phlegm which, we believe, is part of the Scotch character. It is a brave—or rather, we feel we ought to say, being in the far west—a 'braw' sight, the Club Stand at Ayr on the Stakes and Cup days, when the Blairs and Bairds, the Campbells and Cunninghames, the Hopes and the Hunters, the 'Fosters, Fenwicks, 'and Musgraves' of that land, come out in force and beauty; and the ladies, or

—to use that good homely Scotch term, alike applicable to a duchess or a dairy-maid, the 'lassies'—only want a lawn on which to show themselves, to make a little Goodwood of it. A little Goodwood weather, too, would not be a bad thing either; but then, bless you! who minds weather in Scotland? And then the descendant of those who dwell in 'the Castle o' Montgomerie' is there with his countess, the most popular of sportsmen and landlords; and there is 'Lord Charles' (there is only one 'Lord Charles' in Scotland, and he hails from Floors Castle), who has generally got something to ride, or finds something if he has not, and we wish he had found a Delay or a John Billington this year. And there is Captain Gilbert Sterling, without whom Ayr would not be Ayr—only he stands down on this occasion, and neither sports the straw and green nor any other colour. Why is this, noble Captain? Are you getting lazy? And Captain Johnstone, fresh from the Autumn Manœuvres, and their perils, of which he seems to have had his full share, puts in an appearance, but not an active one. There are many enquiries after a certain 'Curly,' and regrets at his absence; but Messrs. Port and Rolly are all there, and the latter sports winning colours on Lowlander. We wish Mr. Dalglish, looking none the worse for his Worcester accident, had had better mounts than fell to his share, one of which, the Lady Augusta gelding, is a brute past redemption. It was, barring the weather, a most enjoyable little gathering; and the way in which Pompadour won the Ayrshire Handicap, which she carried off last year, was a caution; and why she was not kept for the Cambridgeshire, though there the Admiral, of course, has not been so kind as he was last time, is singular. Lord Derby, who was the only opponent Pompadour need have feared, did not start, to the chagrin of the early birds, who would rush on, but kept himself in reserve for the Cup, in which he made nearly as great an example of his field as the mare did in the Handicap. *Au reste*, there were balls and banquets; and if there was not 'fifing and 'drumming,' doubtless

'Guitaring and strumming'

formed part of the programme. The ways and customs of Ayr have a simplicity about them, by the way, worthy of note. Two distinguished foreigners from the other side of the Tweed found themselves, on the first ball night, locked into their apartments, with an intimation from a full-blooded Ayrshire domestic, that 'they would be wanted at the ball just, and that 'ye would have your breakfast by nine in the morn.' In the event of fire it would have been awkward, but against that must be set the non-exposure to the perils and temptations of Ayr, which the locking-in freed them from; and in the case of one of the distinguished foreigners, a high official in the racing world, perhaps it was as well.

Cub-hunting has commenced, and by the time these lines are in print it will be general. We have not much to relate about the sport, though, as yet, but Sir Watkin told us at Doncaster his hounds had been out two or three times, and been rattling the coverts with some success. Mr. Cookson had not begun in Durham, but now his young one's off his mind, no doubt he and Dodds are hard at work. Our latest accession—we believe also, though we speak under correction, our youngest to the ranks of the M.F.H.—Mr. Algernon Rushout, commenced, about a fortnight back, in the North Cotswold country, and we hear the whole turn-out was very promising. We did not hear anything of the Bramham Moor when in Yorkshire, but, as we crossed the border, we were told Mr. Fenwick had been out with the Tynedale, and we hope to hear

more of their doings farther on in the season. In Essex, Mr. Offin was about the first in the field, we should imagine, as he began in Lord Petre's and the Billericay coverts on the 1st of September. Foxes in that neighbourhood seem wonderfully plentiful, and in the big woods at Worley, about Cranham and Upminster Hall, the hounds have rendered a good account of them. We believe Captain White has had fair sport, too, in the east end of the county, and Mr. Arkwright makes no complaint of scarcity in his division. In the Shires the Cottesmore have been out about Uppingham, and done very well, but we have not yet heard what Mr. Tailby has been about. In Hampshire Mr. Deacon has been early in the field, and made the woodlands lively, but the Vine has found rather a scarcity of cubs. Of course the coverts everywhere are thick and the fences blind, but there has not been much complaint about scent. Mr. Lant gives very cheery accounts from North Warwickshire. Both George Day and the young hounds enter exceedingly well, and the country abounds with foxes—in fact, it was never so well stocked before.

From Northamptonshire we have good accounts of cubs, and although the season is very backward, from the fact of so much corn being still out, the young hounds have been well-blooded. We find Machin has left the Pytchley, but trust Mr. Naylor will be able to fill up the vacancy at once, in order that the Coming Man may have the opportunity of knowing the country before the regular season begins; and as Mr. Naylor's pack does not now go into the woodlands, the farmers are looking forward to a brilliant season over the grass.

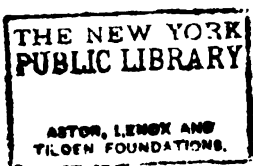
A few years ago, before the taste for athletics had taken such a hold on our young men, it was rather the fashion, among a certain class of writers and so-called thinkers, to launch out on the decay of our physique, and to take, apparently, rather a pride in the idea that we were losing our pluck and were not the people we once had been. How much, or how little, this idea was fostered by those wretched politicians who preached the peace-at-any-price doctrine, we need not now inquire. That it had something to do with it, and that these degenerate Englishmen did infect some foolish people with their twaddle, we believe; but the fashion was a short-lived one, and its utter fallacy soon proved. It would be the easiest thing in the world to show that, even in a luxurious age like the present, never were our youth so hardy, so eager for work and action; and that not alone among one class or degree, but the same love of downright hard work in their sports and pastimes permeates all grades of life. For one effeminate man whose ideas of life are confined to a rather narrow circle of good dinners, French novels, and the *coulisses* of a theatre, we could all put our hands on ninety-nine to whom sport, hunting, the mountain-side, the river, the cricket-field, are the supreme enjoyments. And these thoughts have been suggested to us by a wager, now on the *tapis*, in which one of the most popular and plucky of our fine young English gentlemen, Mr. Reginald Herbert, is the actor. He has backed himself for £1000, £300 forfeit, to row from Maidenhead Bridge to Westminster in twelve hours—an undeniably good piece of work, with no give-or-take about it, and which will try his powers of endurance to the utmost. The distance is close upon forty-eight miles, and his boat will have to go through eleven locks, necessitating, of course, a certain delay. Mr. Herbert has not rowed for years, but at Eton he was considered very good form with a pair of sculls. He proposes to row in an outrigger open boat, and he means to bring it off as soon as he possibly can, and is now in active training. He looks very much like staying, and we believe he will win. Of course, every precaution will be taken against *accidents*, and we trust his boat

will be properly guarded. Betting has commenced on the race; so we need not say more, except that 'the market' at this present writing is unfavourable to Mr. Herbert's chance. So be it.

A pleasing trait of good and kindly feeling in connection with 'the Road' has been exhibited by Captain Cooper and Mr. Charles Hale. The Dorking coach—'Cooper's coach,' as it is called—has gone daily this season through the busy suburbs of Clapham and Tooting, and has been an object of much interest to every one in the locality, but more particularly to the omnibus connection, the drivers and conductors always welcoming 'the Captain' with the greatest good feeling, their best wishes evidently being for its success. So Captain Cooper, and his friend and ally Mr. Hale, determined to invite the whole Tooting and Clapham staff to dinner, which accordingly came off on the 18th of last month, at a very fitting locality, the 'Coach and Horses,' in the Clapham Road. The hour was a most fashionable one, not to be beaten by any Belgravian banquet ever given. Ten o'clock sharp must have astonished Clapham, but of course the hour was chosen to enable as many of the *employés* to be present as could be spared from duty. Mr. Scott, the Hon. Sec. of the Dorking coaches, was in the chair, and upwards of sixty sat down to dinner, a fine buck, presented by Mr. Hale, forming an important item in the *ménu*. There was the loyal toast of 'The Queen and the Road,' the healths of the founders of the feast, and that of Mr. Scott, the latter gentleman making a characteristic reply, and dwelling enthusiastically, as those who know him know he can, on the Road and its pleasures. It was altogether a great success, and the whole affair reflects credit and honour on hosts and guests. We may add that the coach now runs to Leatherhead only, that the season will end on the 30th of this month, and that on the following day the horses (a rare lot, in splendid condition) will be sent to Tattersall's for sale on the Monday following, the 3rd of November.

Though the death of poor Tom French is now a thing of the past, and the grave has closed over him, we must add our brief tribute to his memory. One, such an example to all those to come after him, and an ornament to his profession, as bright as any that have gone before, deserves all the good words that have been uttered over his early loss. Upright in conduct, well-mannered in behaviour, respectful without subserviency, self-possessed in any company in which he found himself, French was a pattern English jockey. We are not speaking now of the brilliant horseman, whose seat was perfection, and whose skill and judgment were never at fault. Other pens have done that. We prefer to think of French as a man who, in the midst of much vicious example, and under the influence of perhaps a little injudicious petting, never forgot himself, or those—be their degree what it may—with whom he associated. Said a kind friend and patron of poor Tom's, one who felt his death keenly, to us on the day when the news reached London, "He was a perfect gentleman." And so he was. The expression is not strained. Those who knew him, and could appreciate his quiet unobtrusive manners, and his intuitive knowledge of what his behaviour should be, will endorse that expression. His early death has been universally regretted, and the tributes to his memory have been heartfelt and sincere.

The second and final dividend of threepence halfpenny in the pound, making with the one already paid a total of one shilling and a halfpenny, is now about to be distributed amongst the creditors of Lord de Mauley.





Richard Dainton

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. RICHARD LANT.

THE Lants of Nailcote have flourished among the Warwickshire worthies—a county famous for its blue blood, its loyal gentlemen, and good sportsmen for some centuries; and the representative of the family, who looks at us upon the opposite page, seems to combine in his person many or most of these qualities, which in a district that takes high rank among the happy hunting grounds of England secures for their possessor liking and popularity along the country side. Mr. Lant, the present Master of the North Warwickshire, is the second son of Mr. Richard Lant of Nailcote Hall, and was born in 1842. Fond of field sports from his boyhood, he at an early age purchased a small pack of harriers, which he successfully hunted himself until the year 1867; and when at the close of the season of 1868-9 the North Warwickshire country became vacant in consequence of the resignation of Mr. Oswald Milne, Jun., Mr. Lant was unanimously requested to take it. He had shown many qualifications for the post—judgment, nerve, and temper—and those most interested in the prosperity of the Hunt, no doubt, were well guided in their choice. Mr. Lant very willingly accepted the responsibilities of office, purchased Mr. Milne's hounds for 950*l.*, and, having secured Tom Firr, who was thoroughly recommended to him by Captain Anstruther Thomson, for huntsman, and Tom Drayton and John Press for first and second whips, he succeeded in showing wonderfully good sport. Since his first season some changes have occurred. Tom Firr has migrated to the Quorn, Tom Drayton has been promoted to his place, and, with the eye of the Master over all, things have gone well with the North Warwickshire. The country abounds with foxes, and both covert owners and farmers do all in their power to promote sport.

LORD AND LAIRD.

WE are carried back in recollection ten years.

The rain comes steadily down during that wearisome hour's delay at the post, converting the top of the Grand Stand into a gigantic mushroom-bed, spoiling the fun of the hill, damping the revelry by the cords, and prolonging the feverish agony of those whose glasses are raised again and again towards that rainbow wave ebbing and flowing so fitfully in the hollow far away. There is that green jacket for ever motionless in the rear, regardless of starters' expostulations, of many a good-natured 'lead' by soaked comrades, and of the Ripon rowel and cutting whalebone of its famous bearer. The 'Lord' holds undisputed favouritship over these sublime impostors, Hospodar and the Ghillie; Mac and Sac, that elegant pair of Sweetmeats, are held in equal favour; while King of the Vale, Fantastic, and Scamander are the tips of every man in the street. Lord Glasgow's lot are held in no esteem, and John Scott starts nearly his whole fleet without even a forlorn hope. National Guard is feared most of the Northern division; and Baldwin and Donnybrook ask for 'justice to Ireland' at the hands of Judge Clark. A low, sullen roar, as of wild beast disappointed of its prey, is the signal for furling those many-coloured acres of silk and gingham and cotton, and heads that have uncovered to no earthly potentate or power are the sport of rain and wind for that 'maddest three minutes of the year,' whose final seconds are to reveal the mystery so assiduously sought to be unravelled for many a weary month. The 'Lord's' name is in every mouth, and brown and white seams the cynosure of all eyes as they glide down the hill into the straight, and men rub their eyes and fall to consulting the card once more, when the magic number '7' rises at last to tell them of another certainty upset, and the Woodcote winner's spell as yet unbroken. St. Leger hopes were not to be blighted thus.

Another year rolls by, and the sun shines cheerily down upon the same scene, but with different actors. Lord Glasgow is well-nigh favourite now, and a turn of luck seems in store for crimson and white now that the General has come scathless out of his Newmarket ordeal, and Aldcroft takes the big one in hand for Epsom honours. Yet the unwavering allegiance of the people and unbounded confidence of owner and trainer have given the 'Laird' that proud place in the quotations which his great predecessor, Thormanby, held in the race itself, and the Merry men fear nothing. The delicate Cambscan, the beautiful Ely, the 'evil-hearted Paris,' are the Corinthians of the race, and the Birchbroom bubble allures to the last; but a chorus of eager inquiries is directed towards a fresh foeman in the field, as Blair Athol comes bounding along in the track of Caller Ou, and the horse of mystery from Langton Wold enters the public lists at last. Whitewall threatens danger with Baragah, for whom

'Argus' has declared before the last unfavourable symptoms set in, and poor Tom French has his first Derby mount on Hollyfox; Ackworth and Copenhagen carry the Trumpeter colours; Historian hails from the mystic shades of Woodyates; Coastguard is Macaroni's successor, with Apennine for his aide-de-camp; and the white-grey Warrior comes like a ghost among his brother knights to furnish an unwonted contrast for the Derby field. Now, well may 'Jock 'of Oran' raise a mighty shout as the three bold Scots come on together to the distance, and the Chieftain falters at the hill. But it is not to be 'Lord Glasgow wins,' for the blaze face comes sailing onward, and a dense crowd presses round the Blink Bonny colours as Blair walks majestically back to scale, rejoicing the hearts of those who had backed him just for his mother's sake.

A fortnight more, and laburnum and lilac, the golden and purple glories of May, have faded before the flowers of June, whose high racing carnival has gathered together noble and gentle and simple once more to revel in the ferny hollows and leafy glades of the royal heath. It was on that very 'Merry' afternoon, for ever to be cherished in Russley archives, that Lord and Laird met to try conclusions over that long course, fatal to so many high reputations, and the crucial test of speed and endurance alike. Others there were who came to swell the field; but men knew that the issue was narrowed down to two, and when Osborne, in the well-known brown and white, had his leg up on Lord Clifden, he seemed to tower giant-like over the handsome little David, who had settled half-a-score of competitors, by way of an exercise gallop, earlier in the afternoon. Wingrave and the Ranger flung down the gauntlet once more; and Lord Zetland, whose 'time' so many were awaiting, championed the cause of the accursed blood. Many remembered how the Chief had spun up the ascent in his two-year-old days; nor was it forgotten how the Epsom and Criterion hills had stayed the pride of 'Clifden,' when defeat was declared impossible. So History repeated itself, and at the turn the Laird had them all handsomely beaten, the 'big un' rolling hopelessly in the rear, with his little stable companion left to achieve the very barren honours of a right humble place at respectful distance from the Chief. And fondly they talked of a Derby to be avenged on the Town Moor; but Ascot has proved dangerous ground for Doncaster hopes long ere, in these latter days, Prince of Wales' winners have had their Leger knell rung before the ides of September. That year Lord and Laird both ceased from their Turf labours, and, after many wanderings North and South, have pitched their roving tents at last where Dewhurst looks far and wide over Sussex down-land, rolling away into the hop-clad knolls of the garden of England.

Before our audience of his sublime Majesty we were favoured with an introduction to his gentleman-in-waiting and the Grand Vizier. If we remember aright—and the coincidence is a strange one—Citadel, Lord Clifden, and Scottish Chief had met in rivalry for Stud honours at Islington, and the class list issued by the

examiners there (headed by Captain John White, of facetious memory) had placed them in order of merit, as we have-written their names above. There was plenty of murmuring and discontent at their decision, and he who would range them in that order of merit now would deserve more abuse than that so abundantly bestowed on the judges at the time. But so it is; and 'the old order changeth, giving place to new;' and, verily, the first are last and the last first. The chestnut has had chances galore, and to the oft-reiterated question, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' an echo answers, 'Where?' The mighty are fallen, and not all the servile adulation of interested cliques, not all the eulogies of fuglemen, can set up again the stronghold fallen by its own weakness. Let us pass by its ruins to look on something more worthy of its name and descent.

Scottish Chief is Grand Vizier at Dewhurst. In the pride of his youth and strength we saw him a candidate for the Grand Company of 'Sires of the day' at East Acton; we marked him, a shadow of his former self, 'weaving' restlessly about his box within hearing of the Minster bell at Moorlands; we noted his altered bearing and tokens of lustier sirehood at Hurstbourne; and we welcome him like an old acquaintance here—his sherry-bay coat glistening in the mellow September sunlight, in shape, make, quality, all but in *size*, unsurpassed, and the sire of the best mare of modern times. Many are suitors for his smiles now; and a friendly wager is pending between us and his owner which shall first claim sireship of a Derby winner, Lord or Laird.

Strictly practising salaams by the way, we were ushered by Messenger into the presence-chamber of the Sultan himself. His palace surrounds an open yard, the buildings enclosing which are devoted solely to the Father of the Faithful's use, and rival 'Blair's' domestic arrangements at Fairfield in the olden time. His throne-room lies open towards the south, and opposite is the alcove where, in a bed of well-watered clay, the majestic cools his feet, 'his custom of an afternoon' in the summer months. Had his sire been thus indulged, who can say he might not have been spared to us yet, and his fearfully and wonderfully made shoes unexhibited in a London thoroughfare? Next to the Imperial bath is his sleeping chamber, strewn with the softest tan, and ventilated according to the most scientific principles; and in each apartment light is furnished from home supplies. We had not set eyes on that lengthy frame, wonderful quarters, and unmistakeable Melbourne head since the crowning day when he lay so far behind his Leger field with Jarnicoton, and came through his horses in such marvellous style ere the Red House had seen well-nigh the whole fleet hang out signals of distress. 'A trifle high on the leg,' was the verdict of one of our best judges on that September afternoon; but we can forget that, and other small failings besides, if we stay long enough to take in thoroughly the good points crowding in endless profusion upon us. And as he has been seen and talked of and written about a

score of times, and described as minutely as a royal drawing-room dress in the 'Morning Post,' why should we linger any longer before him, except to take in more and more the excellences of the best and biggest of Newminster's sons? Our mite of praise cannot enhance his fame, and we cannot flatter one who has shown himself to be beyond flattery. We leave him putting out his tongue for a friendly shake, and raise the curtain that veils the beauties of his seraglio.

All breeders have their little 'fads' and fancies, and it is lucky that none of them see any other royal road to success except the one along which he is proceeding. Mr. Gee's *penchant* is for Stockwell mares, and half-a-score of them may be seen roaming at their own sweet will among his sunny pastures. Virtue, heavy in foal to that sterling little horse, King of the Forest; Stockade, Emily, and Lady Augusta, in foal to Lord Clifden; Repulse, wonderfully fined down since her retirement to the Stud, and bearing a Parmesan burden; and Miss Grimston and Baroness, hardly looking as if they had benefited by Trumpeter's attentions. Lord Lyon has been deemed the proper cross for the two neat Newminster mares, Lady Dewhurst and Cellina, while Cerintha has smiled upon Lord Clifden; a bold experiment in breeding, the issue of which we shall await with some anxiety. Orlando is represented by Cassidia, Little Lady, and Precise, all well-known bearers of the once-famous blue and black belt, and all showing that wonderful quality which made their sire's box a reception-room for fond admirers on the sale days at Hampton Court. The chances of Voltigeur mares, which they should make haste to avail themselves of, will never be greater than here, and Ammunition, Cassiope, Devotion, Dulcibella, Lady Ravensworth, and Potash are a goodly lot to experimentalize upon. Not that we mean to designate them altogether as *corpora vilia*, but it is quite evident that the right cross for matrons thus bred has not yet been ascertained. Yet if we run our finger down the long list of Voltigeur mares in the Stud-book we shall find (with one or two notable exceptions) that their most successful mates have been Newminster and his kith and kin; and with his best representative close at hand, that day, long expected, long deferred, may come at last, when the accursed blood shall vindicate its offended majesty, and the cup so often dashed from the lips of devoted Tykes be theirs at last to enjoy, as a reward for their unswerving allegiance to the once mighty house of Blacklock.

Amorous, by Ambrose, is another of the Stamford brood; and Bohemia, a Weatherbit mare, has been a visitor to Citadel. Cameo bears a striking resemblance to her sister in blood, the dark-brown Virtue, and looks like giving an early pledge to the Lord; and Columbine, whose Viscount once set all Yorkshire by the ears in Whitewall's declining days, is early due to the hero of Islington. Donna del Lago and Marcia are two clever mares by Lord of the Isles; and while the former, a very handsome specimen of a brood mare, has been one of the chosen Sultanas of the St. Vincent horse,

the latter has accompanied her relative Sedella to Blinkhoolie's paddocks. Fog and Sweet Lucy are of Sweetmeat parentage, without a dash of which no Stud can possibly be deemed complete; and Lavinia boasts a Cure pedigree, which, if antecedents in breeding go for anything, should not fail to nick with the 'Laird's' blood. Gemma is a sweet mare, and has amply repaid Citadel's attentions; while yet another illustrious family is represented by the Gem, whose venerable sire we lately saw stalking as proudly round the Doncaster sale ring as if more than twenty summers had not hollowed his back or wasted his muscle. But then Thorn was in the town, and that, we suppose, gave the old warrior a lift. Idalia, Kromeski, and Light had all visited the seraglio of his imperial highness, along with Maid of the Mist, another Dutchman mare, with the 'accursed' blood strongly marked on her dam's side. Maid of Perth (by Blair Athol) had been the portion of the Forest King; and Rupee, an Ascot Cup winner, had cast in her lot with the same bonny chiel, who now lords it over a harem exclusively his own in the fair Buckland pastures. Affinity and Bel Esperanza are likely-looking matrons, the latter especially, and Violet has quite a Middle Park pedigree, and as full of winning names as the coming subscription to Lord Clifden. Sister to Ringwood was the latest arrival, and Rose of Tralee owns the same Voltigeur blood on her dam's side.

Old experience has taught that judgments pronounced on yearlings, even by those best qualified for and most used to the task, have turned out sadly fallible, even at that period of life when the young frame is approaching to maturity, and some sort of idea can be formed of make, shape, and action. How far more difficult must it be, except on the very broadest and simplest of principles, to give a correct estimate of the foal just separated from its dam, and perchance in that transition state when the exchange of one species of nourishment for another has begun to work an alteration of which no one can pretend to foretell the event! Size may, of course, be taken into consideration, but even that test is a sadly deceptive one, and we have known the finest foals arrested in their growth by some unaccountable freak of nature or of man, so that even—to use a hackneyed phrase—their own mothers would hardly know them again. Yet it is pleasant to sit for a time in the sunlight to watch them in their gambols round the playground, careering in and out of their nursery doors, or craning with outstretched head and timidly-advancing footsteps towards the intruding stranger. Sister to Miss Toto walks more confidently up, as if she was acknowledged mistress of the place already, and Miss Grimston's sturdy young hopeful leads a couple of Newcastles a steady canter round the straw-bed. There is a Cerintha colt by Julius, 'very 'like his papa,' with old Orlando's and Newminster's quality; and Violet's Lord Clifden pledge is exceptionally powerful, and well furnished for such a babe and so lately a suckling. Little Lady's looks like going—a family accomplishment—and Repulse has a young lady by Adventurer, suggestive of neat nomenclature, which

we forbear to intrude upon his future owner's notice. The colt foals out of the Gem and Ammunition are Lord Clifden's, and it is singular what good hard bays the Dewhurst Sultan stamps an image of himself upon, and how free they are from white markings.

The rest of the youngsters, numbering some dozen or fourteen, had gone away for change of air to Newmarket, and to gambol within earshot of that distant roar which tells of some great winner passing the post far away on the heath. But in these quiet pastures, whose valley echoes are only awakened by the smooth gallop of the iron horse, there is no scenting of the battle from afar, and remote from noise of town or city bustle lies

'An English home—grey twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep, all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient Peace.'

A breadth of autumn sunlight gilds the glowing landscape and lightens up our winding path to the little valley station far away among the trees. Like those whose privilege it has been to visit sovereigns in their retirement, unfettered by Court ceremonies and unhampered by all the dreary formalities which conventionality demands, so have we paid our court to 'Lord and Laird,' not in crowded paddock levée, where peer and loafer rub shoulders in the struggle for a peep at the crack—not in gay parade before royalty's glance ere the strife begins—not mixing in that garish crowd which escorts the victor back to scale—but in the calmer and more dignified seclusion of the paddock, where, 'like gods together, careless of 'mankind,' the warrior steeds find rest at last, forgetful of all the changes and chances which governed the current of their racing lives. Could they but 'confabulate' among themselves, what further insight might we not gain into the secrets of the sport, whose attributes are mystery to the many, and girt with an air of romance to all save that select few who have penetrated to its inmost depths! Now all is 'calm and deep peace on that high wold,' where the staid matrons, each with her precious burden, hold converse one with another in the warm corner under the lee of the hill, or stroll about with an air of importance well befitting their interesting state. In a few weeks all will be hurry and bustle with fresh arrivals, and large will be the Christmas gathering round 'Lord and Laird.' As for these two worthies, their hours of idleness are well-nigh over-past, and their chamberlains are fast filling the reception books, containing names of many an old friend, as well as of *débutantes* seeking a diploma of respectability as Stud matrons. Hawthornden, Wenlock, and Winslow are the brightest jewels in the Lord's coronet; but the Laird's bonnet can boast a pearl of more surpassing lustre in the bonnie Queen who has inherited the beauty but not the misfortunes of her namesake, and whose successes have 'crowned 'the work' of an owner's lifetime devoted to sport, and as enterprising as blameless in its pursuit.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN
LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXVI.

MEANING to stay only ten days or a fortnight at the Hermitage, Keryfan and myself were one morning busily preparing for our departure as the latter period drew near, when, Shafto catching sight of the grand portmanteau mounted on a couple of chairs, and Keryfan superintending Annette in the arrangement of its internal compartments—numerous as those of pea-green Hayne's dressing-case—pressed us so earnestly not yet to desert him, that we gladly consented to hold on for another fortnight; and accordingly the portmanteau, with its fancy buckles and brass studs, was shunted forthwith to a position less suggestive than that of the supporting chairs; namely, to the vacant space underneath its proprietor's own bed.

But the fortnight too soon came to an end, and towards the last day or two of our stay at these hospitable quarters we were looking for redlegs in some broomy ground on the south side of the mountain, when, just as we had sprung a covey of eight birds, out of shot, a French chasseur, with a Breton servant, hove in sight, and, coming directly towards us, indicated that he had marked in the whole covey, and would have great pleasure in conducting us to the *remise*, which lay in a hollow valley at least half-a-mile away. This most polite and, as we thought at the time, most disinterested offer was of course thankfully accepted; and trudging on in company together we discovered that the stranger was an officer, whom we had met at Concarneau, and that he had wandered thus far in search of game, which, owing to the garrison and braconniers, had become lamentably scarce in the neighbourhood of that seaport. The *remise* proved to be a patch of close, stubby gorse, in which the birds would be quite certain to lie dead as stones; for it was impossible they could run a yard in such a cover, wont, as their habit is, to give leg-bail when there is a chance of doing so; and as even the setters found it a difficult matter to force their way through the prickly mass, Shafto suggested that we should form line and tread it out piecemeal, as the only mode of getting the birds to rise from so strong a place.

Accordingly we proceeded at once to adopt this plan; and the strange chasseur, whom we afterwards discovered to be a Capitaine Rainault, was offered, as a point of etiquette, his choice of position, right or left wing, or centre, whichever he preferred. To our great surprise, however, he stoutly refused to use his gun; but, at the same time, volunteered to help in beating up the game, insisting that, as we had found the covey in the first place, the privilege of shooting it belonged exclusively to us. But Keryfan, whose good-nature would not permit him to take advantage of the stranger's

scruples, planted himself in the old palaver attitude, and proceeded deliberately to argue the point on the very edge of the gorse. 'Good,' said he; 'we certainly were the first to find the birds, but, in all probability, we should never have seen them again if you had not kindly interposed and given us this information; so pray consider that you are fairly entitled to share the sport with us.'

His rhetoric, however, was of little use; for the Captain, handing his gun to the Breton servant, and taking possession of his staff, jumped into the gorse, saying jauntily, as he did so, that he wished to take a lesson in shooting from the English chasseurs, of whose exploits such marvellous accounts had reached the Concarneau garrison. The cover was then drawn carefully, and seven out of the eight birds bagged in so many shots; the eighth would probably have shared the same fate had he not risen wildly at a long distance, and so escaped. An outburst of applause from the Captain followed the success of every shot; and so enthusiastic was the spirit in which he entered into the sport, that, if the setters had not been too quick for him, he would have saved them the trouble of retrieving the game as it fell dead or fluttering into the prickly gorse. No schoolboy out for a holiday, or on a poaching excursion, could have been more eager to handle his birds than he was; then he arranged their feathers, admired the beautiful plumage on the breasts of the cock-birds, and, finally, ere depositing them in the *carnassière*, which Owen Mawr pointedly held wide open, he declared they were the finest redlegs he had ever seen in Brittany.

All the while there was so much simplicity in his manner that it was impossible to suspect he had any ulterior object in view beyond the mere admiration of the birds and the love of sport; added to which, although he continued to work like a day labourer in beating for us, he steadily still refused to use his gun for the rest of the day. So, altogether, we were not a little puzzled to account for the unusual and, in the matter of shooting, the disinterested, part he took during the time he remained in our company. But the secret came out in five minutes after he had quitted us for Concarneau. Shafto, having insisted on his carrying back with him a good portion of the game, proceeded forthwith to pack the modest and empty *carnassière* borne by the Breton attendant full to the very brim; and not only did the Captain offer no objection to this measure, but his eyes sparkled with delight as he stood by and watched Shafto cramming bird after bird into the bag, till it positively could not have held another head. He, then, after many protestations of gratitude and kindly feeling, bid us adieu and went on his way rejoicing.

In the meantime the Breton had revealed to Owen Mawr that, long as he had followed him, he had never seen the Captain kill a single head of game; that, day after day, he fired away more powder and shot than any officer at Concarneau, but all in vain; and that his very dogs had forsaken him, disgusted with his malpractice. 'And I, too,' added the Breton, 'would have done the same long since, if I had not been well paid for enduring the tantalising sight.'

This inability, then, on his part, was the sole ground on which he declined to use his gun in our company ; and intensely as he enjoyed the sport of seeing the birds knocked down, his consciousness of being unable himself to add to the bag impelled him altogether to abstain from shooting rather than run the risk of exposing himself to our ridicule.

On returning towards the Hermitage, as we clambered over a piece of rocky ground forming a kind of crest to an old oak forest that stretched away for miles in the vale below, the setters suddenly came on a wild cat, which, quick as lightning, managed to dodge in and out of the rocks, and finally to take refuge in the trunk of a hollow tree before we could get even a snap-shot at it. Shafto alone had viewed the animal ; and, as it was evidently on a marauding expedition among the conies that frequented these rocks, he did his utmost to induce one of the dogs to enter the tree and bolt the beast from his stronghold. But the dog knew too well the danger of putting his nose into such hot quarters, and prudently kept it outside. Shafto, however, determined not to be beaten, commenced rolling some large stones against the butt of the tree, till he had fairly blocked up every cranny by which the brute could escape. ' Now then,' said he, puffing and panting under his labour, ' me thinks he'll keep till morning, when we'll smoke him out or cut down the tree if that won't stir him.'

' And of course you'll shoot him as he bolts,' said Keryfan, who was seated on a boulder hard by, quietly smoking his pipe, and marvelling at the strength and adroitness which Shafto had displayed in completing the blockade. ' When Ajax, the son of Telamon, hurled the ponderous rock at Hector that crushed his buckler and brought the hero to his knees, I doubt much,' continued Keryfan, ' if it was half as heavy as that last millstone you have just added to the cairn.'

' Safe bind, safe find,' said Shafto ; ' and now it would puzzle, I think, his big Bengal brother to break out of that prison in anything less than twenty-four hours. But we won't shoot the varmint—no, with a few minutes' law he'll give the hounds some trouble to catch him in the rocky cover below ; and, as the brute will probably make the best of his way back to his old haunts, he may show us some more of his family ere we have quite done with him.'

So the next morning we were at him again, and this time with three couple of hounds, a hatchet, a crowbar, and a bundle of crackers, manufactured by Keryfan expressly for the work. But these last, as it happened, were not required ; for, no sooner were the rocks removed by the application of the crowbar, and the aperture fairly laid bare, than, with one stroke of the hatchet, out dashed the cat almost in Shafto's face, its eyes flashing fire, and every hair on its short tail bristling up like the crest on a boar's neck. Nothing so wild and scared in its look and action had ever been seen by me before or since ; but, so rapid were its movements, that

it was impossible to catch more than a glimpse of the brute as it shot, like a meteor, into the scrub below. Shafto then looked at his watch, and, when five minutes had elapsed, sounded the signal to let go the hounds; but, in consequence of their eagerness to be quit of the couples and Owen's delay in liberating them, a good ten minutes' law was obtained by the cat ere they were clapped upon the scent. This, however, proved rather to be a help than an impediment to the sport; for, in consequence of the cat's incarceration, the scent emitted by the brute was tenfold stronger than it would otherwise have been had it been found at large; and thus, from the impetuous dash with which the hounds pursued it, the cat, with less law, would have probably taken to tree immediately. As it was, a rattling good run for an hour or more, from Pen-kerrig Hill to the lowest point of the Kilvern covers, was the fortunate result. The cat then, being apparently beaten, sought refuge under the roots of a gigantic alder-tree which, half-uprooted, fairly bridged over the brook that fretted and foamed 'neath its shade. From the worn condition of its upper bark, the tree had evidently been long used as a crossing-place during the prevalence of floods, not only by the peasantry, but probably by the wild animals frequenting the adjoining forests; and the cat, in seeking refuge under its roots, could scarcely have chosen a strongerholt.

The hounds turned to and marked uproariously, working with teeth and claws as if they would tear up the tree; but, while they are thus engaged, let me relate an anecdote which, in the matter of securing the cat for the night and turning it out before the hounds in the morning, came freshly to mind on the present occasion. Peter Horsall, a well-known squire and justice of the peace, living within a short distance of the wildest coast of the south of Devon, was on a winter's evening entertaining a party of friends at dinner, when the cry of 'A wreck!' rung through his hall, and a man rushed breathlessly into the dining-room to announce, with the exception of one living creature, the total loss of a foreign ship and its crew.

'And what creature is it?' inquired the justice, whose interest as lord of the manor was naturally roused by these tidings.

'Plaize, your worship, said the countryman, 'tis a Jesuit: us 'ave a caught 'un, and want to know what us be to do with 'un?'

'A Jesuit! a Jesuit!' repeated the puzzled squire, looking round for information in vain to his equally puzzled guests; and, at last, coming to the conclusion that it was some wild animal from beyond the seas, he resolved on having a day's sport with it, and thus gave his orders: 'Shut 'un up in the barn, John, for the night, and then,' said he, 'us'll turn him out before the hounds in the morning.'

The schoolmaster at this period had evidently not penetrated into that district. But to return to the sport. In the absence of a terrier it was found impossible for some time to bolt the cat; till at length Keryfan hit upon a plan which, with a few strokes of the hatchet, did the work most effectually. The alder being supported

on the opposite bank by one of its limbs only, and that not a very bulky one, it was evident, if this prop was cut away, that the weight of the tree would bring it bodily to the ground, and, by tearing up the roots, would expose the cat to the open attack of the hounds. Accordingly, a few vigorous strokes severed the propping limb; and, instantly following, down came the mighty tree level with the waters; at the same moment out shot the cat, like a scared fiend, and, plunging into the brook, attempted to gain the opposite bank. But its efforts were vain; the hounds were on it, and, in the space of two minutes, the stripy wild beast, than which I scarcely ever saw a handsomer, was torn into 'a hundred tatters of brown.'

That night we had the company of a French gentleman at the Hermitage, who loudly deplored the waste committed by the loss of the skin and body of the cat. 'I can understand your regretting 'the loss of the skin,' I said, 'because you turn all skins so adroitly 'to account in your country, but am puzzled to know what use 'you would have made of the body.'

'Puzzled?' he replied, as if wondering at my simplicity. 'Well, 'sir, it would have made a delicious *ragoût*, and with far more 'flavour than that of the finest wild rabbit.'

'What! eat a cat?' I ejaculated, with an air of disgust which, I fear, I took no pains to conceal.

'Yes,' he said; 'I have shot and eaten many, and would strongly 'recommend you to try the next you kill; but, of course, you 'should cut off the head first, and then hang up the carcase in a 'fig-tree to mellow and make it tender.'

Here, then, was the very trite motto, '*Chacun a son goût*,' exemplified to the letter; and, although at first I thought he was hoaxing me, I had afterwards ample proof that his statement was nothing more nor less than the naked truth.

Shafto, by his long residence among the French, had himself become an accomplished cook; and with Annette for his scullery-maid, could manufacture various dishes, and especially soups, with consummate art and proficiency. The latter, so far as I am able to judge, is usually a less generous mixture among our neighbours than on this side the channel, probably because our meat is better, and less water is used in its composition. Shafto, however, had a method in the concoction of soup which rendered it unrivalled in strength and flavour by any I have ever tasted at home or abroad. His plan was simply this for the week round: A vast earthenware *pot-au-feu* stood simmering among the embers of his wood-fire from morning to night and night to morning, and was thus supplied, day after day, with the stock and material needed for producing and replenishing its contents. On Monday a shin of beef, say 10 lbs., simmered gently all day in a gallon and a half of water, Annette taking care to keep it well skimmed, and about an hour before dinner adding the usual vegetables.

On Tuesday, the vegetables being carefully extracted by means of a colander, a brace of uncooked partridge and a little fresh water

were popped in to the beef, and the whole left to simmer and amalgamate as on the day before.

On Wednesday another brace of birds, roasted brown, with water if required, were added to the *pot-au-feu*. On Thursday the character of the mixture was altogether changed by the addition of a couple of woodcock or half-a-dozen snipe, which, after simmering all day, imparted a most delicious gamy flavour to the whole concoction. On Friday what remained of the shin of beef at the bottom was fished out, and a couple of rabbits substituted for stock; water added if required: this, too, was a soup than which no better was ever set before a London alderman. Then, on Saturday, the concoction assumed again a totally changed colour and flavour: a fresh hare, with a handful of peppercorns, was added to the ingredients, which, as they now nearly filled the *pot-au-feu* with a variety of game, produced a hare soup of the finest and most delicate character. The amalgamation of the whole on Sunday was positively perfect; but, as the *débris* of bone and meat accumulated upwards, Annette at the last found some difficulty in expressing the liquor from the mass below; although, as the palmer of old was wont to use his scallop-shell when expressing water from the bibulous sand, she managed with an iron ladle to squeeze up enough—the very essence of game—to supply our wants. This ended the week. The *pot-au-feu* was then emptied, and its contents fetched every Monday morning by some poor peasant women occupying a hamlet about a league from the Hermitage, to whom, doubtless, the food must have proved little less than a god-send.

Having now given a long list of the most stirring events connected with our forest life in Brittany, I dare not inflict on the reader a more minute detail of our daily adventures; although, among ourselves, sundry incidents were never wanting to mark one day's sport from another, and to create an ever-varying interest in the wild scenes by which we were surrounded in that primitive country. But, as there is one description of sport to which hitherto no allusion has been made, namely, that of wrestling—a sport ancient and popular among the Bretons of Cornouaille—I propose, in the next chapter, to describe a meeting that took place at Pleyben, where the athletes had assembled in great force to compete for prizes and establish their prowess in the wrestling ring. This non-forestal event, however, was a summer affair, and occurred many a long day after we had taken leave of our self-exiled host and his strange isolated home at the Hermitage.

ON THE FEEDING OF HOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'BAILY.'

SIR,

You have on two occasions allowed me to write letters in your celebrated Magazine upon the breeding of horses. I venture now to offer a few suggestions upon the feeding of hounds, being a subject which I have taken great interest in for many years, and am every day more convinced requires looking into; for so many valuable young hounds are lost every year, and old hounds have complaints that other dogs are not subject to. I am aware I shall be met with one palpable cause of these diseases—viz., crowded kennels, and so on; but that comes under the head of kennel management, which, as a rule, is very good, and need not be touched upon here. What I propose to bring under the notice of those interested in the breeding of hounds is a fact that has been told me by one of our most eminent physicians—viz., that, for many years, it has been found impossible to rear any lion cubs at the London Zoological Gardens, owing to their being all born with cleft or imperfect palates, and after ceasing to suck the mothers, they were, of course, unable to take proper food, and *died*. At the Dublin Zoological Gardens and in several travelling menageries the cubs have been free from this defect of palate, and have been reared without difficulty. A short time back an in-cub lioness was purchased by the London Society from Dublin, and her cubs, born soon after her removal to London, were quite free from any natural defect, and are now alive. How is this to be accounted for? In my opinion, the different system of *feeding* at the two places furnishes the explanation. In London the food of an in-cub lioness is just the same as when she is not in that state—raw flesh—the bones being very large, and therefore not capable of being eaten. In Dublin, the lioness, when in cub, has small animals given her, and eats BONES and all. Was not the imperfect palate caused by the want of bone in the mother's food?

If poultry have no lime you get soft eggs. Horses bred in limestone districts have bigger and better bone than those bred on alluvial soil. Agriculturists and chemists all allow that what has been taken out of the land must be replaced, or the land will deteriorate and produce diminish. So, in animal life, malformations and sterility are produced by improper and unnatural feeding.

We know that insufficient food is a fertile source of disease both in man and beast; we also know that unwholesome food is much more destructive; but do we recognise the fact that any food is unwholesome if it does not furnish work for the masticating apparatus and digestive organs of the animal which eats it? The grain-eating bird requires stones, eagles and owls fur and feathers, in order to digest and assimilate their food. Then what about the Carnivora,

whether *Felis* or *Canis*? Don't they require bones? and, if kept without them, do we not induce a state of disease? and, if so, can we say what form of disease may not be thus produced? In writing this, my great object is to draw the attention of Masters of Hounds to this subject of feeding, and to suggest to them the possibility that much of the disease to which hounds are subject is aggravated, if not actually produced, by the want of so essential an ingredient as bones. Is it possible that the terrible 'dumb-madness' can be so produced? I am aware of the difficulty there would be in giving the bones to hounds. Two methods have occurred to me—one, to grind the bones to powder and mix it in their food; the other, to throw small bones on the field where the hounds are taken to exercise after being fed. We have all noticed with what avidity hounds will eat the dry boiled bones in a pasture field where they have been put on as a dressing. Volumes might be written to prove that the stomach requires certain stimulants, also acids, to dissolve the alkali presented for their action. I don't want to go into a scientific discussion, but merely to invite Masters of Hounds to give their attention to the subject.

I have talked this matter over with John Walker, who I consider the highest practical authority in England, and also with many other huntsmen and Masters of Hounds, and they quite agree in the desirability of the use of bones, the great difficulty only being in the way of supplying them. If given in the food, there is the danger of choking. If whole, leading to carrying them into the kennel, which, of course, would cause fighting. From my own observation, I am convinced that the teeth of cur and trencher-fed dogs, as a rule, are in a far better state than foxhounds' (query). Is not this the result of trencher-fed dogs having access to bones and variety of food? My object in asking you to publish this in your far-famed Magazine is to court investigation of the subject, as I am convinced it is of great importance, and likely to become more so to each succeeding generation.

I remain, yours faithfully,

COMBERMERE.

THE MAN WITH ONE HUNTER.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

THERE are lords who their hunters can count by the score,
Scarce a Squire in the land but can stable his four;
Like myself, there are few who, too poor to keep two,
Go a-hunting on one, and that one an old screw.

One that flaps at a ditch, like a duck at a pond,
Well content if he land me three inches beyond;
If the cop his two fore-legs successfully climb,
His hind ones will follow in due course of time.

I have oft thought it strange, with a harem of wives,
How among them the Turk to keep order contrives ;
One wife in an Englishman's house *quantum suf.*,
But one horse in his stable is not quite enough.

'Skip and jump' play the fast ones who follow the pack,
Or bowl o'er the grass with a fox for their jack ;
It is 'Hop and go one' when the country I cross,
And oft, after 'Toe in the hole,' 'Pitch and toss.'

Baulk'd of sport when awake, but more blest in my sleep,
O'er each fence in my dreams with what freedom I sweep !
Riding hard through the night, to my fancy it seems,
When at dawn the cock crows, 'tis Who-whoop that he screams.

I would sell without grief the last shirt from my back,
Nor care though my coat were cut out from a sack,
If the duns would but leave me a saddle to sit on,
And a horse underneath it with bridle and bit on.

No blot on my scutcheon, a gentleman born,
If of lowly descent I were far less forlorn ;
I might then to the post of a Huntsman aspire,
Or at least ride as Whip to some fox-hunting Squire.

Brother Tom, once in deeper distress than myself,
He, without even one, was laid quite on the shelf ;
But ere cutting his throat he an heiress address'd,
And at once with a wife and a stud he was blest.

Though I bend to the goddess Diana my knee,
She has never bestow'd a like favour on me,
She seems to forget, with her quiver and bow,
He now needs a good horse who a-hunting would go.

Ye who own patent mangers, where flyers are fed,
Which the dealer supplies at three hundred a head,
Let a crumb from your stable in charity fall,
Give a mount to the man who can fill but one stall.

CUB-HUNTING.

WHEN the berries show red on the mountain ash, when the heath fades from its bright purple, when wheat is gathered and barley and oats are fast falling before the scythe, then is the time when the *dolce far niente* life foxes have been living all the summer is to be once more broken, and many a youthful fang will be steeped in their blood. What a happy family they are in that snug kennel they have selected in the big gorse just on the outskirts of Oakcup Wood ! how the sleek

youngsters jostle and play with each other, rolling over and over like kittens, snarling and biting like puppies! and how the snarl and bite become something more than play as their thin and weary dam drops a young rabbit in the midst of them! Not that they are unable now to help the commissariat on their own account; and many a field mouse have they secured and rabbit-stop harried. Still the vixen has not yet driven them forth to take their own chance in the world and shift entirely for themselves, as she probably soon would do, did not a worse misfortune overtake them; and little did they think when they made such a nice playground of Farmer Noddles' backward oats, just on the edge of the gorse, and twisted and twirled half an acre of them into any and every form but the one they were intended to grow in, that they were laying a trap for their own destruction. Moreover, those delicate chickens and luscious ducklings have not been indulged in without tending to draw down retribution on the indulgence of such aldermanlike tastes. Mrs. Noddles may be the martyr she considers herself, and occasionally tells John she is, with some little acerbity, when he returns later than usual from market on a Saturday night; if so, she is a martyr of the severest type, and not prone to suffer without setting forth her wrongs, or in any wise given to hiding her light under a bushel. 'Her sainted mother who sat ' under the Rev. Jeremiah Thwackem always paid the rent of the ' farm from her cows and poultry; and so could she if John would ' not harbour those nasty stinking foxes, who have this blessed summer ' cleared off a brood of young goslings, and taken no less than ten of ' her turkeys; and she will stand it no longer. John may waste his ' time and money riding after the hounds if he likes, but she will ' be paid for what the foxes steal.' John has heard this little lecture so often; that it rather palls upon him; and, sooth to say, the same pitched in a harsh key from the voice of vinegar-faced woman, four times a day—to wit, at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper—is a seasoning to their meat that few men would endure with patience; so that it is no wonder if he drops in on Will the huntsman some Sunday afternoon, as soon as the fields are a little free from corn, and wants to know ' when he thinks to make a beginning, for the cubs are making ' fine work in his long oats, and the Mrs.'s tongue goes outrageous. If the farmer wants to begin, Will is no less anxious; for his young ones are all well over the distemper, and having the best entry he has bred for years, two couple of which made a capital fight for the prize at the Great Yorkshire (out of which, by the way, Will is firmly convinced nothing but the most scandalous favouritism kept them), he is naturally anxious to see how they will behave when set to work in earnest. A consultation with the Squire follows, and early on a bright September morning the cubs are roused from their first nap by sounds of terror, which some of them will know only too well ere April brings a cessation to their toils. The old dog, the paterfamilias, who was curled up in a snug hassock of dry grass, is already on the alert; for some ten minutes ago he has caught the click of a gate as it slams together behind the pack, and is

wondering what can be the meaning of such a sound at that unusual time of the day or night. Far away in the distance the faintest crack of a whip is heard, followed by 'Leave it, will ye, Rubicon?' and he hesitates no longer, but is through the gorse and clears out of the wood before a hound is within five hundred yards of its boundaries. He is not to be caught napping; and young Jack, the second whip, who has been despatched to the far side, catches not even a glance of the fleeting vision as it disappears over the hill. Not so Farmer Noddles, who was quietly smoking his pipe under the cover at least twenty minutes ere the hounds came on the scene; and as he marks the gaily-carried brush, thinks to himself that if the four-year-old turns out as good as he hopes and expects, it may have a chance of adorning his own snug parlour ere the season is over. Will's first cheer strikes terror into the heart of the vixen; and she, too, steals away not one moment too soon, for two couple of old hounds are already on her track, and, weak as she is, a very few minutes would seal her fate, did she not happily take the track of her lord and master, and break almost close under the nose of Mr. Noddles' cob. 'Go along, old lady, they shan't hurt you to-day,' says he, and the next minute is cracking his heavy iron-handled whip right in the faces of Amber, Virtuous, Mermaid, and Dexter, with a 'Get away back, hounds—get away back, will ye?—hark back, hark back!' The two couple hesitate a moment; but the sound of Ringlet, who has a cub all to herself, decides them to obey the rate; and they are soon rattling right merrily round and round the coverts, the beeches re-echoing with the music they make, and the magpies and jays clamouring as they fly from tree to tree above the unlucky cub, who as yet scarcely knows what all the row is about. Will's scream, however, as he crosses a siding close before him, sends a dread and a chill to his very heart, and redoubles the music in his rear; for now all the old hounds, and the greater part of the young ones, are on his track. He thinks he will run away from such a noisy party for good and all, and straightway makes for his favourite playground in the oat-field, intending to cross it, and so down the lane to the pool in the brook below, where he had a nice flapper for supper not very long ago; but, horror of horrors! he is no sooner well out, than he sees another scarlet demon, who takes off his cap, and screeches at him ten thousand times worse than Will did. He hesitates a moment, turns, meets ten couple of fierce, grinning mouths, as they come tumbling over the fence, and gives them the first blood of the season. 'All here, Harry?' asks Will, as with one foot on the carcase he throws his whiphong lightly round, and widens the circle of the baying pack. 'Yes, sir; here comes Rabelais—all right, I think,' casting a quick eye over the surging mass. 'Rabelais, good hound—come along, Rabelais!' and up goes the cub, to be torn into a hundred fragments ere he reaches the ground; Will selects a tit-bit or two, as he can catch them, and entices the young ones, and then rubs his bloody hands over the muzzles of those not fortunate enough to secure a share of the spoil. But all are not there, and Will soon detects it, and asks with

stern voice, 'Where are Shiner and Comedy? and what's the other?' 'Two couple and a half are missing?' but Farmer Noddles soon comes on the scene with the three absentees, who had dropped on to a nice young leveret; and, knowing from their experience at walk that hare was good eating, while there was a great uncertainty as to the flavour of fox, chased her to the death, and would soon have made a light and wholesome repast, had not Mr. Noddles interfered, and transferred her to his capacious pocket. 'There's four of 'the litter left now,' says Will, as he once more puts them into cover, 'and we can afford a brace at least this morning;' and ere long the wood is resounding with the music of the pack. The ground is foiled now though, and the sun higher, so that they cannot rattle along so merrily as at first, and frequent views are needed to keep them on the line at all—not that they, by any means, stick to one cub, for, as they are all running backwards and forwards, and constantly recrossing each other's track, that would be nearly impossible, but all of them are getting tired, and Will hopes to bring one to hand ere the scent is quite gone. Jack, who is burning for a spurt over the open, sees one come to the covert's edge, listens a moment, and then, dropping down the bank, scuttles away for a little osier holt some three grass fields off. These fields are divided by clean fences, newly pleached last spring and every ditch on the far side, and Jack's eyes sparkle in the anticipation of skimming over them on the young one. The cub is already in the second field, and Jack's cap is off and his mouth open for a 'gone-away,' when round the corner canters the Squire, and pulls up his clever cob just before him. 'Hold your tongue, sir!' says he; 'that is not the cub they 'are running, and he seems inclined to take a good country, so shall 'live for another day. The business of cub-hunting is to teach foxes 'to face the open as well as hounds to hunt, not for you to gallop or 'jump on ground as hard as a brickbat.' Luckily for Jack, Shiner has once more evinced his predilection for currant jelly in the most open and barefaced manner, and, being caught *in flagrante delicto*, he lets off the wrath kindled by the Squire's interference on him then and there. Meantime another cub has succumbed to his fate, and Will is once more deep in the mysteries of breaking up, especially reserving some tit-bits for the couple and a half of puppies who got no share of the first—a kindness they seem scarcely to appreciate, for they have not yet mastered the acquired taste necessary to render fox palatable, and think they could cater much better for themselves if Will would only allow them; especially Shiner, who, with his stern between his legs, keeps at a respectful distance, apparently uncertain whether these civilities may not be the prelude to another licking. 'Try again, sir,' asks Will of the Squire. 'No; enough is as good 'as a feast, and a brace of cubs very good work on the first morn-' ing. Take 'em home, Will.'

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE OLD BERKSHIRE.

‘IN once more resuming our conversations on “Country Quarters,” said our friend, ‘suppose we take up the thread where we dropped it last spring; and as I then told you what I could concerning the Old Berkeley, I now propose to draw your attention to its offshoot, the Old Berkshire, and which should, perhaps, have been placed side by side with its twin-brother, the Vale of White Horse. As you may remember, I told you that up to 1831 these two countries had, from time to time, been hunted by the same pack, though it is doubtful if the boundaries of both have not been changed since that period. It is a fine sporting country, particularly in the Vale between Farrington and Shrivenham, where it is all grass, and the fields are a good size, without any ridge and furrow, where the fences are all jumpable, but require some doing, for there are some doubles and stiffish posts and rails; and the only drawbacks are the canal and the railway. There is also a good bit of plough, particularly round Didcot. The best meets are Blowing Stone, Bourton, Becket, and Uffington Station, in the centre of the Vale. If a horse can get well across the Berkshire Vale, he can go anywhere. Truly there are a good many doubles, but there is plenty of room, and you must steady your horse; for if you race at them, you are sure to go in. Although you require a steady, creeping horse, yet you want one with a heart, who will go and fly a big place if wanted. There are no big holding woodlands, as Tar Wood has now been fully half cut down since the celebrated run which took place about twenty-five years ago. Tubney Wood is full of bracken, which gets up hounds’ noses like snuff in the cubhunting season, and Bagley Wood is full of grips.

‘“Then I presume this history will be but a short one?”

‘I cannot promise you that, as, although its separate existence commenced so recently, I must take you back into the last century to give a faithful account of it; and the first Master of whom I can find any record is Mr. Loder of Hinton, who flourished about the end of it, though I have never been able to ascertain the exact date of his Mastership. He drew as far as Brightwell, and even to Henley; and Will Harrison, who was huntsman to Lord Stawell in 1783, with two whippers-in, named King and Burrows, were his servants.

‘His successor was Mr. Robert Symonds, who was, I believe, connected with him by marriage.

‘His country, it is said, extended from Stoken Church in Oxfordshire, nearly to Bath. I presume, therefore, that after the fashion of those times, he had more than one kennel, and moved about hunting one week here and another there; or shifted his quarters as he found a fox, for things were then done very differently to what they are now.

‘ About the same time, the Honourable Mr. Bowes—who was assisted by his brother-in-law, Barrington Price, who, although he walked eighteen stone, was a good rider on his famous horse Monarchy, who once planted the whole field over the famous Rosy brook, and very quick at getting on and off his horse—also kept hounds at Beckett Park, near Shrivenham, and they also migrated from place to place, taking their hounds to Everleigh and Netheravon.

‘ Then, in 1807, Mr. Robert Thornton Heysham, who then lived at Marcham Park, bought the hounds from his friend Mr. Symonds, after dining together at the Old Hummums in Covent Garden, and kept them for three seasons. Will Harrison was his huntsman; and the whip was a very long, thin man. On Mr. Heysham leaving Marcham in 1810 to reside at Hinton House in Hampshire, he resold the hounds to Mr. R. Symonds, who, with Mr. Duffield, once more became Master. Hunting from Oxford at this period were Messrs. Venables, the saddler, who was also landlord of the Bear, which was a great place for dinners in those days—Mr. Venables was noted for his greyhounds; Peake, then landlord of the Mitre; and Tom Barnett, who kept a livery stable in Holywell. He was a character, and popular with the undergraduates. He once went down to Christ Church with his little account, and knocked quietly at the oak of one of his good customers. On being told to come in, he entered and found a small wine party going on. Being a favourite, he was asked to sit down and help himself; and after taking two or three large glasses of port wine, and telling the company some stories, he rose, and, just as he was leaving, one of the party said: “Well, Tom, you are the biggest liar in Oxford.” About three or four minutes afterwards he returned, again knocked, and, putting his head in at the door, said: “I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but my son Tom is a prettier liar than I am.” This arrangement lasted only for one year; and, in 1811, Mr. Codrington took them, and continued at the head of affairs for eleven seasons. He also for some time hunted a great part of the South Oxfordshire country, particularly that part near round Thame and Tetsworth, and frequently met at the Three Pigeons. He had a good killing pack of hounds; but as many of his meets were near Oxford, they were always overridden by a lot of young fellows on hack hunters, who only came out to lark.

‘ He thoroughly understood the science of hunting, but, as I told you when speaking of him in the South Wilts country, was too heavy to ride; and he was continually saying to his horse, when in covert, “Woo, horse; woo horse; stand still;” and if he came to a small gap, he would say, “Walk, horse; walk, damn you! If you jump, I’ll sell you.”

‘ In 1824, this country was hunted by the celebrated Mr. Harvey Combe, whose hunting grounds were more extensive than anybody’s I have heard of, save, perhaps, Lord Darlington’s. Of his doings,

‘ however, I gave you such a full account while speaking of the Old Berkeley, that it is needless to inflict on you a twice-told tale by repeating them here.

‘ After three seasons, as I am informed by a great friend of Mr. Combe, he was succeeded, in 1826, by Lord Kintore, who lived at Wadley House, previously occupied by Mr. Majoribanks, and had kennels there; and, as I told you before, also hunted part of the Vale of White Horse for three seasons, until he went into Scotland, being assisted by John Walker, who came to him from the Spilsby, or what are now known as the South Wold Hounds. In the year 1828, Lord Kintore invited his friend, Sir John Cope, to bring his hounds and have two separate fortnights’ hunting, as he had plenty of country. Sir John’s servants were then Thomas Tocock, Joe Paice, first whip, and the then young Robert Tocock second. They went about Christmas, and had a capital run of sport, and killed their foxes, although the weather was not good for hunting, being very cold and frosty, but not quite enough to stop hunting. Perhaps some of the runs may yet be recollected by some old sportsmen, such as the Wittenham Wood day, where, after running above two hours from fox to fox in covert, then went away over the downs by Blewbury, Ilsley, Compton, and Ealing into Fence Wood, where the huntsman, who had changed horses three times, was the only man up with the hounds, being last mounted on Mr. Blackall Simond’s second horse, a famous chestnut. Horses were seen planted on the downs, ridden to a standstill; and one or two never saw their stables again. They had another severe day from Kingston Inn Gorse, running over the Wantage country, by Uffington Wood, over White Horse Hill, and they ran into a very old dog-fox, after a severe run of two hours. Lord Kintore went well, as did Mr. George Montague, on a horse lent him by a friend in the country. Thomas Tocock rode a horse called Winkyboss; Joe Paice was mounted by Mr. Duffield; and Robert Tocock was on Badcock, a first-class hunter, lent to Sir John by Mr. Gosling, the banker, who was then laid up with a broken thigh.

‘ There was also a hard day from Wittenham, when, after a run of three hours, several horses were knocked up, and some died at Oxford. The hounds and some of the horses were kept at Marcham, and the others at Abingdon. Mr. Duffield, of Marcham Park, Mr. T. Morland, and Mr. Blandy rendered Sir John all the assistance they could, being genuine sportsmen and anxious to see what his hounds would do in a fresh country. Several of the gentlemen who hunted regularly with Sir John went down with their horses; amongst them being Mr. E. Golding of Maiden Erleigh, Mr. George Montague, Mr. T. Stonor, now Lord Camoys, Mr. T. Howard of Yattendon, Mr. Cobham of Shinfield, Mr. R. Pocklington, a Suffolk man, who for several seasons stopped with Sir John Cope during the hunting season, and many others; so that they filled Abingdon with servants and horses, and made the country quite alive.

‘ In 1830, came the Hon. Henry Moreton, who, like Lord Kintore, hunted part of the Vale of White Horse from a kennel near Faringdon. “Nim South,” who visited the country in 1831, called it “a canal of a country,” as it was forty-five miles in length and only fourteen in breadth. It was then bounded on the north and north-east by the Duke of Beaufort’s country; by Mr. Drake’s on the east; the Craven on the south; and Mr. Horlock’s on the west. Mr. Moreton used to convey his hounds to the meet in an omnibus with four post-horses.

‘ After two seasons the country was separated from the Vale of White Horse, the first Master being Mr. John Parker, who had hunted the Worcestershire; and then Mr. Moreton removed his hounds to Oakley Park; but Mr. Parker only stayed one season, and then went to the South Wold, as he had not means sufficient to hunt the country without the assistance of a subscription, which was then small. He was a heavy man, but, nevertheless, hunted the hounds himself. He once drove the mail from Worcester to Ludlow, but he was such a daring man that he frightened all the people to such an extent that they would not ride with him. He was the best man and the boldest on a bad horse in England; and, as I am told, he was old Billy Bean over again. He impoverished himself by keeping hounds; but Sir Richard Sutton thought a good deal of old Jack Parker, as he was such a rare good sportsman.

‘ However, the country was not long without a Master, as Lord Radnor, who lived at Coleshill, took it and bought Sir Richard Puleston’s hounds on his retirement, and retained Will Todd, from the Duke of Beaufort, as his huntsman, and made his kennels at Kingston Bagpuze. He found a supporter and assistant in Mr. Blandy of Kingston House. In the season of 1834, he had a very fine run from Bagley Wood, going straight through Witham Wood, crossing the Isis, and killing on Bladon Heath. About this period Stephen Simonds, Sam Quartermaine, the two Wheelers, and pompous old Seckham, were the Masters of the Horse at Oxford. George Simmonds then lived at Chipping Norton, and his brother Charles drove the coach into Oxford.

‘ After two seasons Lord Radnor resigned the management to Messrs. John Phillips, Strickland, Stonor, and Thomas Morland of Sheepsted House; Mr. Phillips’s late country being thrown into Lord Radnor’s. They hunted from the Berkshire Vale up to Stonor Park, near Henley, and it was called Phillips’s Hunt.

‘ But this *régime* only lasted for one season, as Mr. Thomas Morland became President, or sole Master, and transferred the hounds to Sheepsted House, near Abingdon, where they remained as long as he was Master, eleven seasons altogether.

‘ His servants were, first, Richard Hills as huntsman, with Charles Cox and Joseph Ford to turn them to him; Cox hunted them for one season, and then came Will Hawtin, and after him John Jones, who had hunted Lord Southampton’s hounds for three seasons, and also was with the Surrey Union.

‘ Mr. Morland went well on a famous horse called Bob Logic.

‘ At the end of the season of 1847, Mr. James Morrell became Master of the Old Berkshire, and at no period of their history was the whole thing better done, or better sport shown; and this I say from having frequently hunted with Mr. Morrell and enjoyed many good days with him; so you must excuse my being a “laudator temporis acti.” Mr. Morrell had for eleven years kept a famous pack of harriers, which hunted round Ensham and on the Ilsley Downs, with which he had capital sport; and many a man who has now passed his half-century must look back with pleasure at the jolly fun he had on a hack, after lectures, with Jem Morrell’s harriers.

‘ Mr. Morrell knew all about hunting, and, for a heavy man, was wonderfully quick in the field, and thoroughly knew when and how to gallop—a much greater accomplishment than some people imagine. He was also a thorough houndsman; and the great Tubney sale, held at the kennels in April 1858, the company it drew, and the prices of the hounds, which averaged 32*l.* 12*s.* a couple, proved the attention given thereto by the Master, as well as his skill and judgment in these matters. Mr. Morrell was very hospitable, and had rare dinner-parties. He was a truly straightforward, kind man, and very considerate to his servants, whose interest and comfort he always thought of, and was in every respect a servant’s friend. He used to send two thirty-six gallon casks of ale to the kennels for the men, which were returned as soon as they were empty.

‘ Mr. Morrell’s first huntsman was John Jones, a steady, quiet, persevering man, who was assisted by Will Borer, who had also lived with Mr. Morland and the South Berks; he afterwards went to Mr. John Phillips, and died at Abingdon. And his second whip was James Stracey, who came to him from the Vale of White Horse, who is now huntsman to the Vine; as a whip, Stracey was wonderfully quick at turning a hound. Then, in 1856, Jones left and went to Lord Willoughby, then Master of the Warwickshire, and was succeeded by Tom Clark, from the Craven. He was one of the luckiest men that ever lived. It is said, that while here his place was worth 500*l.* a year, so much did he get from his drafts and tips. The late Mr. Elwes, I have heard, once gave him 20*l.* at Christmas, and his brother, Mr. Charles Duffield, 10*l.* Within one week of his leaving Mr. Morrell he was appointed huntsman at Badminton. His first and second whips were Henry Harris and Charles Pike, who began life as Lord Devon’s cowboy, and ended by hunting the Quorn, when the Marquis of Hastings was Master. Another whip was Jack West, the present huntsman to the Cottesmore. West’s father was a colt-breaker, and a very fine horseman. He apprenticed his son to Alec Taylor at Fyfield, but Jack got too heavy for a jockey, and he was persuaded by Mr. John Free, of Hungerford, to become a huntsman if he could; and he made his first appearance here, with Clark as his second horseman, subsequently

‘ whipped-in to him at Badminton, and from thence went to hunt the Cottesmore. West is one of the finest horsemen I know, and Clark ultimately was very jealous of him.

‘ Hunting with Mr. Morrell were—

‘ Hon. George Barrington of Becket Park, now Lord Barrington ; Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie of Coleshill House, the President of the Hunt, who now lives in Wiltshire ; Mr. J. W. Goodlake of Wadley, a strict preserver, and his son Mr. Gerard Goodlake, a great coursing man, now living near Windsor, who then hunted regularly ; Colonel Pryse of Buscot, also a stanch foxhunter ; Mr. John S. Phillips of Culham, Master of the South Oxfordshire, always in a good place ; Mr. Henry Elwes of Marcham Park, who rode at Bibury and Goodwood, who died early, and his brother, Mr. Charles Duffield, afterwards Master of these hounds ; Mr. C. Dundas Everett of Besselsleigh, a brother-in-law of Mr. Morrell, a capital sportsman, and Master of the Berkshire Vale Harriers ; Mr. James Hall, a great friend of Mr. Morrell, frequently at Tubney ; the Earl of Strathmore, from Becket, owner and rider of the steeplechasers The Switcher, St. Leger, and others ; Lord Valentia, from Bletchington, who was a host of fun, and a very nice man, whose droll sayings would fill a book ; he was very often at Tubney—he was once a bruiser over a country ; latterly he rode in spectacles ; Mr. E. Martin Atkins of Kingston Lisle, who looked well after the foxes ; Captain D. Bennett of Farringdon, who is still going, looked well after Farringdon Grove, a little hollow place, out of which fourteen foxes, old and young, were once found ; Mr. F. S. Bowles of Milton Hill ; Mr. Walter Strickland of Cokethorpe, both very good preservers ; Mr. Davey of Buckland, a gentleman-farmer, well known on a grey, looked after the poultry fund ; Mr. John Aldworth of Frilford, a great sheep-breeder, and about the best sportsman in the country ; was Secretary for the Hunt, and still comes out to see a bit of hunting. He and his brother William live at two beautiful farmhouses, their own property, which stand side by side : and it is a crack breakfast meet. Mr. Brown of Compton, who has now left ; the Rev. Mr. Jenkins of Longworth, who had an entire grey horse, afterwards ridden by Stracey, the whip, on which he is painted in the Hunt picture ; Colonel Adam Blandy of Kingston House, a regular man ; from him the kennels are rented ; Doctor Batts of Oxford ; Doctor Burgess of Fyfield, a capital man, commonly called Bursar Burgess, looked after Bagley Wood, went well, but sometimes a little jealous. George Tollit of Oxford then kept his hunters, and went out regularly, but unfortunately he would go racing, which spoilt his hunting ; and Mr. Figg, who kept a livery stable, was quite a character. He was a little round man. Bob Croft, of the Haymarket, once terribly insulted him by saying, that if they cut off his arms and legs he would make a capital garden roller. Then there were the two Whitfields, farmers, who lived near Kingston Spinnies, one of them a cork-legged man, both good

preservers; Mr. W. T. H. Graham, the elder, of Fitzharris, near Abingdon, father-in-law of Mr. Charles Duffield, and his sons; Mr. G. F. Crowdy of Farringdon, who was Joint Secretary with Mr. Aldworth of Frilford; Messrs. Edmund and William Lenthall of Bessesleigh. The former lived to nearly a hundred; he was a thin, prim, neat man, who never had a speck on him; used to ride every day, and was as upright as a dart.

In 1858, after the great Tubney sale, Mr. Charles Phillip Duffield became Master, and the hounds were removed to Oakley House, where he built new kennels. He retained John Dale, from the Surrey Union, who now succeeded Clark, quite one of the old school, as his huntsman. Dale, who is a Hampshire man, is the son of a well-known farmer who was a great sheep-breeder, and lived at Pot Bottom Farm, near Overton. He has all his life been very fond of hunting, and has seen a good deal of it in different countries, having, if I mistake not, been first with the Brookside Harriers as an amateur whip, where he found his own horses and had no wages; then went to the Vine for one season when Mr. Donnithorne Taylor was Master; and after that went as whip and huntsman to Lord Kintore at Keith Hall when only twenty years of age; then he had another turn with the Vine with Mr. Fellowes; also with the Lanarkshire and Renfrew, when Mr. Cunningham was Master, for one season; besides being at the Oakley with old George Beers. He is delightfully cheery in covert, having a rare voice, which he knows how to use to perfection. It was a treat at this time to hear him draw Tar Wood before it was half grubbed up; and when there was a drag, the way he cheered his hounds (quite in a style of his own, with little running comments) must be heard to be appreciated; it cannot be described. To a certain extent it would have reminded Hampshire men of Dick Foster in his best days. Mr. John Free of Hungerford used to say that he would almost as soon have a blank day with John Dale at Coxwell Furze Bushes, near Farringdon, as find with some hounds. On leaving, Dale went to the V. W. H. for one season, and then kept the Crown at Farringdon for a short time; after that he was a farmer in Sussex, under Blackdown Hill, and used to hunt with Lord Leconfield and Tom Sadler, and his daughter also hunted, and went wonderfully well; but, as that did not answer, he went as huntsman to Lord Radnor in 1871. Mr. Charles Duffield gave Mr. and Mrs. Dale a silver tea-service, and Dale received also a silver cup and one hundred sovereigns from his numerous friends who hunted with him. No kinder master to his servants than Mr. Duffield ever breathed. In the field he was a capital sportsman, always quick, quiet, and handy, ever ready and able to turn a hound to his huntsman. Dale's whip was Will Maiden, who came from Lord Southampton, and had seen good service under his father with the South Wold and in Ireland, who was succeeded, in 1862, on his going to the

‘ Old Berkeley, by Will Brice, from the Tedworth. When Mr. Duffield gave up, Mr. Wilson of Ablington bought his hounds, and took Dale with them to hunt the V. W. H.

‘ In 1863, Mr. Henley Greaves left the V. W. H., and took this country from Mr. Duffield, brought his hounds with him, and lived at New House, near Abingdon. His huntsman was Kit Nicholl, from the Ludlow, who was only there during cubhunting; he left very suddenly, and brought an action against Mr. Greaves for twelve months’ wages. After Nicholl left came John Treadwell, who had lived with Mr. Greaves in Essex, in 1856, and left him to hunt the Quorn when Lord Stamford was Master, with whom he lived for six seasons, and stayed until the celebrated sale at Quorn. It was a curious thing, but these hounds at first would not break up a fox; and no one could tell the reason why. Treadwell wrote to his father, to Jem Hill, Harry Ayres, and Will Long, but they could give him no explanation. In time they got better of it, but he says that they “never ate their fox thoroughly kind.” John Treadwell, I may tell you, was born at Kingston, near Tetsworth in Oxfordshire, where his father whipped-in to Mr. Lowndes Stone of Brightwell, under Will Phelp. He first lived with Mr. David Robertson at Coldstream, under his Uncle Charles, who was so many years with the Bramham Moor; then went to the Monmouthshire, when Major Stretton was Master; after that to the Hambledon, under old Squires, when Mr. Walter Long was Master for the first time; here he stayed for four seasons, and made himself a great name as a very active whip; his next place was with Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, with whom he staid until he died; then he made Mr. Greaves’ acquaintance, had a turn with him at Cottesmore, followed him from there to the South Wold, and then into Essex, and so on, as I have told you. Mr. Greaves always said he never had a better servant than John Treadwell; and all those who have lived with him tell me that he is the best man they ever whipped-in to. His assistants were poor Tom Squires, who was last season so unfortunately killed by his horse breasting a stile and rolling over on him, when hunting the York and Ainsty, and Will Wheatley, who afterwards went to the Heythrop. Mr. Greaves gave up at the end of the season of 1866, and the hounds were sold at the kennels by Mr. Edmund Tattersall, during such a downpour of rain as is seldom witnessed. In consequence of this, and rumours which were afloat to their disparagement in the hunting world (probably caused, in some measure, by their slackness in breaking up their foxes when they first came into the country), the sale was not such a successful one as might have been anticipated at a time when hounds were making high figures, and there was considerable competition for them. Neither did the horses realise such figures as from their size and power a stranger would have valued them at. This was Mr. Henley Greaves’ last country; and for the few remaining years of his life he hunted with these

‘ hounds and the Quorn, and, finally, in Mr. Selby Lowndes’ country
‘ at Winslow. Mr. Greaves never interfered with his huntsman,
‘ and was a rare judge of hounds. He always got down-wind to
‘ hear what was going on, and when a fox broke he lost no time.
‘ He had a wonderful memory for country, and knew every gap,
‘ even if he had not been over a field for three months. Were he
‘ pounded, he would be off his horse in a second, get hold of the
‘ gate, put his back against it, and rip it open if there was any
‘ chance of doing it, and he was up and away in a moment. He
‘ had been a gentleman commoner of New College; and at eighteen
‘ years of age weighed nearly as many stones.

‘ A committee now took the Old Berkshire in hand, consisting of
‘ Mr. E. Martin Atkins of Kingston Lisle, Mr. J. B. Starkey of
‘ Farringdon, and Mr. Tom Duffield of Marcham; and they pur-
‘ chased the Vine Hounds of Mr. Arthur Whieldon, and retained
‘ both John Treadwell and Tom Squires. Mr. Starkey was a generous,
‘ kind-hearted man, but unfortunately took too much to racing,
‘ which often stops hunting, and was a fly caught by the spiders,
‘ notwithstanding having owned in his time such clippers as Fisher-
‘ man and Viridis, so that he ended his days abroad.

‘ Going at this period were the present Sir Wm. Throckmorton,
‘ and his brother Captain Herbert Throckmorton, from Buckland,
‘ when not in Ireland; Captain Bradney of Tubney House; Captain
‘ Wynter; and Mr. John Blake of Oxford, a regular good sportsman;
‘ Mr. Richard Lord of Stanton Harcourt, a capital farmer, who has
‘ the charge of Tar Wood, in which he took great interest, and
‘ his cousin William Worley of Stanton Harcourt, two very good
‘ and useful men; Messrs. John and George Wallis of Shelford
‘ Lodge, great sheep-breeders; Henry Cook of Bourton, a
‘ tremendous man to go; Henry Peacock of Hinton, a very
‘ good horseman and capital sportsman, who rode about eleven
‘ stone, and kept two or three good hunters; Tom Parr of
‘ Letcombe, who bought Weathergaze at a small price, as a
‘ cast-off from the Duke of Bedford’s stable, and then won the
‘ Goodwood Stakes and Cæsarewitch with him, and hired Rataplan
‘ from Mr. Thelluson, on whom he used occasionally to take silk
‘ himself. He was also the first owner of Fisherman, and had
‘ Avalanche, M. D., who, it was thought, would have won the Derby
‘ in 1857 had his leg not given way; Saucebox, who won the Leger
‘ two years earlier; and several other good horses. He commenced
‘ his Turf career, it is said, by riding ponies for saddles and bridles at
‘ fairs, and other minor sorts of leather-flapping; Mr. Hammonds
‘ of Garford, who had many prizes for walking young hounds, has
‘ now given up; Mr. Augustus Campbell of Sudbury House,
‘ Farringdon; the Messrs. Morland of Ilsley and Abingdon; the
‘ Messrs. Edmonds of Longworth Lodge; Colonel Loyd Lindsay
‘ of Lockinge. In 1869, the Earl of Craven and Mr. Tom
‘ Duffield, a son-in-law of Mr. Theobald of Road Side Farm,
‘ near Farringdon, became Masters; and two harder men to hounds

‘ have been rarely joint managers. Nothing ever stops Lord Craven, and he must be a famous customer to his hatter; still, he always knows when to hold hard. He rides very high horses, which come chiefly from old Charley Wise of Windsor, who, I believe, goes any distance to try and find them. Both Masters are very popular. They wisely retained John Treadwell, who is assisted by James Hewgill, who was once with the Bramham Moor. Hunting with them during their management have been Mr. Charles P. Duffield of Marcham Park; Lord Barrington, the President of the Hunt, always in force at Becket Park; Mr. John L. Philips of Culham, a son-in-law of Mr. Henley Greaves; Mr. James B. Lowndes of the Manor House, Appleton, one of the Secretaries with Mr. Crowdy; Captain Bradshaw of Tubney, Mr. Edward Martin Atkins of Kingston Lisle, Mr. Walter Morland of Abingdon, Mr. Charles Bishop from Oxford; Mr. Victor B. Van de Weyer, from Bradwell Grove, a very hard man across country; Mr. E. B. Crowdy of Farringdon, and his son, Mr. Percy Crowdy; Mr. T. N. Drewe of Didcot, who took the Crown at Farringdon from John Dale; Mr. Joseph Lyford of Sheephouse Field, Mr. George Cox of Abingdon, Mr. Frederick Woodbridge of Chimney, the Messrs. Beesley of Charney, Mr. Joseph Tollit of Oxford, Mr. Walter Powell of Barton Abbey, Mr. J. H. Prowse of Wittenham, Mr. Edward Nash of Atford, a good preserver, like his father before him; Mr. Joseph Fisher of Hannay, the Messrs. Payne of Abingdon, Mr. Monk of Hendred. Lord Folkstone of Coleshill House, who has some very fine horses; and Lady Folkstone, who rides very well also; Mr. Palk and the Hon. Mrs. Palk of Shrivenham; and Mr. G. B. Eyston of Stanford Place.

‘ In 1872 there were Mr. E. K. Lenthall of Besselsleigh, Mr. J. S. Bowles of Milton Hill, Mr. John Barrett of Milton House, Mr. Robert Aldworth of West Hagbourn, Captain Morland of Abingdon, and Mr. B. H. Morland of Sheepsted; Mr. Mason of Ensham Hall, Mr. Roberts of Caswell House, near Lew Gorse, a good sheep-breeder; Captain Lefroy of Farringdon, and Captain Fletcher of Wadley House; Mr. Osborne Craven, from Ashdown Park; Mr. Frank Atkins of Kingston Lisle, Mr. Foster and Captain Winter, from Oxford, and Mr. Shillingford of Witney. With regard to quarters, there is the Queen’s Arms, Abingdon, kept by Mr. Lindars; The Crown, Farringdon, kept by Mr. Drew, where there is very good stabling, where Lord Howth stayed when John Dale was landlord. But, for my own part, I should recommend the Clarendon Hotel at Oxford as an abiding-place to any one intending to hunt in this part of the country, where nobody will look after your horses better than Mr. Joe Tollit and Mr. Charles Symonds, and in whom the wandering sportsman will find “guides, “ philosophers, and friends.”’

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—An October Olio.

WHO is this that cometh

. . . . 'heralded by the rain
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,'

sweeping over our beloved Heath and chilling us with his breath, sending all our ideas of fine weather to a thousand to fifteen, and arousing us from a fool's paradise of autumnal skies flushed with gold, and autumnal suns making bright the evening of the year? Alas! we know him well, and we wish we didn't. He is a visitant not mentioned in calendars, though his presence is implied in the one issued from Old Burlington Street. Weather prophets never name him, the profoundest meteorologist is ignorant of his existence. But we know him, *nous autres*, and have had bitter experience of his tricks and his manners, not only on the blasted heath, but on some other pastures and commons not unknown to fame. We have suffered from him on Aintree, and he has brought cold blasts from the Wrekin on us at Shrewsbury, while the waterfloods of Worcester and the mud of Warwick rejoice at his name. It is 'The Back End'—we know all about the 'bitter' one (during a week of the siege of Paris we counted it twenty-three times in the 'largest circulation'), but it is only the racing man who is acquainted with its brother calamity. Ah! and isn't he nice? And doesn't he bring with his advent good things, that, though they turn out but too often like unto the waters of Marah, are yet for the time sweet? and doesn't he spread beatific visions before our eyes of fair winterings and gettings home, which prove but mockeries? The Back End! Hideous and ungrammatical name! Who invented it? What idiotic mind added that to our horrible Turf vocabulary?

But he is here, and we must make the best of him. We have been trying to crack the hard nut of the Cesarewitch that he first presented to our notice, and here we are, on the eve of the great event, as much in the dark as ever. We have gone through and endured much in our researches; we have lied and listened to lies till our brains are half-addled, and we can with difficulty distinguish between what we have said and what we have heard. We have no real belief in anything, and are perfect Colensos, ready for Little Toms, Mestizos, Oxford Mixtures, or any other myths. Newmarket, we rejoice to find, on our arrival there on the Monday of the First October, has a creed, and that creed is Corisande. She is a stumbling-block unto us, and ultimately proves one to many others, but of that at present never mind. Corisande is to win the Cesarewitch, and we are much comforted by finding that, in spite of Colenso, there is still faith upon the earth, though we, unworthy that we are, can't give our adhesion to it. Our poor belief is pinned, after many disgraceful vacillations, on the top weights, one of which we consider to be a moral—either Uhlan, Marie Stuart, or Louise Victoria. We have at the same time a private article of faith, which we dare not exhibit to anybody, for fear of being assaulted and abused. We saw King Lud sufficiently forward in the Great Ebor to make us fancy him for the Cesarewitch, and, though he is a rank outsider, and the touts abuse him fearfully—one distinguished member in our hearing calls him 'a three-cornered substantive'—we fancy him still. But not a word of this dare we breathe to any of our friends, and we feel a dreadful humbug, because, though we go openly for the top weights and the mares, we make a mental reservation in favour of King Lud. As for the others, the comers and

goers—the Moissonneurs, the Napolitains, the Little Toms, &c.—we never had any belief in them, and therefore their downfall does not astonish us. The latter illustrious stranger is much talked about, we find, not altogether in a complimentary way, and many irreverent allusions made to his style of going, and the apparent sanguine opinion his stable entertain of his chance. We encounter a great many dreadful liars on that Monday morning, who take us on one side, and tell us such things—for which, we trust, they will be forgiven, but doubt it. Why men lie—purposeless lies—on the eve of great races, is a question that might be submitted to the next Social Science Congress, for it so often puzzled us that we cannot give the least idea towards its solution. But so it is. There is great talk, too, about the defeat of Eole II. the previous day in France, the scratching of Flageolet, and, though last, anything but least, the hopeless state of Napolitain, who had been galloped with Uhlan and Lilian on the previous Saturday, and had exhibited such unmistakable signs of having had much more than he wanted that, whatever serious thoughts of winning his party may have entertained—and by the weight of money on him they must have entertained some very serious ones—were, there and then, scattered to the winds. Flageolet's disappearance from the scene was a blow to many, and, at the same time, seemed rather an unaccountable proceeding, for if one of the top weights was to win surely he was bound to be among them. But M. Lefevre considered that, as the horse had one or two valuable engagements in the Houghton, it would be wiser to keep him for them, and so he elected to be represented by Tambour and the deposed Moissonneur, at whom some people, by the way, still kept nibbling, looked very knowing when he was talked about, and told you in a mysterious whisper that they had taken 1000 to 45. Do you not, gentle readers, know these men? They are the extra sharps, whose knowledge is expressed by a wink, and for whom a knocked-out or beaten horse has an irresistible charm. They will tell you, after Barabbas has broken down, and the Kafoozlem filly been beaten in her trial, that they happen to know something, and advise you to get on at 50 to 1. They are godsend to bookmakers, and bleed tenners and ponies through the nose up to the last moment. But enough of them.

There was some grumbling at the Monday card, which was rather worse than usual for an opening day, and not certainly worth getting up early and taking the G. E. R. special to see. Why the Newmarket programmes cannot be altered we fail to see, but there must be some cogent reason against it which we are ignorant of, or surely it would have been done before this. Some days we positively idle away our time on the Heath, on others there is so much racing that even the plungers get tired. Cannot the Jockey Club take from one day and add to another—equalise the bill of fare, and not put all the plums in one of the puddings? We have often asked the question, and we now pause for a reply, which we suppose we shall not get, but we must say our say. This apart, the opening day was pleasant enough, for the weather had not then disclosed its intentions, but there was nothing to see, and at night there was not so much either to do as we have known on Cesarewitch eve. Uhlan, Marie Stuart, Pirate, and Corisande were the favourites, King Lud evidently the coming outsider; and it was remarked that one of the cleverest of the sharp division took all the 40's to 1 he could get, and left 1000 to 30 for the general public. Tuesday morning dawned with a brightness too bright to last; and soon after breakfast, and by the time the railway trains had begun to deposit their freights and fill up the hotels and public-houses, down came the rain. It looked like staying from the first, and it answered our expectations in that respect, doing quite the contrary to some performers on the

Cesarewitch course that we expected better things from. The card was big enough, in all conscience, but no one, except the gamblers pure and simple, cared much about the other events. We were all glad to know that Baron Rothchild was well enough to come to Newmarket once more, though it was little we saw of him, for he was in a close carriage, of course. We hope he saw Cat's Eye win the 100*l.* Plate, for that was the good thing of the afternoon, and perhaps it cheered the heart of that good sportsman, and was like unto a new and successful remedy discovered by his physicians. To use the language of the profession, Hayhoe 'exhibited' Cat's Eye; and if he could have followed up that treatment by exhibiting Corisande, it would have been better, but that was not to be. 'All the favourites were firm' (stereotyped despatch from the course), and in the case of the Baron's mare remarkably so. A noble sportsman, who had known Hayhoe five-and-twenty years, told us he never recollected him so confident as he was now. And yet Corisande had not been tried this year; in fact, nothing had been tried, as far as we could make out—we mean to stay the course—except such public performers as Uhlan, Lilian, Louise Victoria, &c. We were all in a fool's paradise as far as the staying powers of our various fancies were concerned; and that is a very remarkable circumstance about long races, that we dash down our money in a haphazard way on horses about whose stamina we are as ignorant as the man in the moon. But here are the 34 competitors—or, rather, they are a great deal more there than here, as is the case at Newmarket. The Birdcage was only tenanted by the ragged lot, including such celebrities as Rattlecap, Prosper, Castalia, &c., while the cracks were at the Ditch stables. We have met, in our time, men who have sworn by their gods that they saw every favourite for the Cesarewitch saddled, took stock of them all, and professed to tell you about their fitness and general appearance. There may be such men, but we always have had great doubts about them. We never saw the horses ourselves, and we never came across a conscientious reporter in private life, 'Specials' excepted, who had seen them either. It is quite time enough to look out for them when they come to the T. Y. C. starting-post, where the dark body that most of us first caught sight of at the gap breaks and develops like the kaleidoscope into many colours, when blues, yellows, reds, and browns assume distinctness as they approach the Bushes, and the dark body swarms into light. It was a very trying day that Tuesday for even the very best glasses that were ever made, and, though the rain held off, there was a mistiness in the atmosphere that caused everything to be indistinct. But we saw quite enough—some of us, indeed, a great deal too much—when other colours than those of Uhlan, Marie Stuart, Corisande, Louise Victoria, and Little Tom obtruded on our gaze. It was clear the favourites were out of it (though the yellow jacket of Mr. Merry's mare was in front at the Bushes), and we could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw Lord Lonsdale's colours with a clear lead in the Abingdon Bottom. It was true Mr. Crawford's scarlet jacket was there too, but that was soon disposed of, and the despised of the Newmarket touts—for there was no word bad enough to fling at King Lud—won as easily as need be. Here was a coil with a vengeance! The public—that generally unerring body—was for once in a way wrong, and a horse about whom 50 to 1 had gone begging twenty-four hours previously won all the way; for King Lud, it appeared, jumped away in front, chopped his field, and was never headed. Lilian—the speedy Lilian—who was to make the running for Uhlan, was saved that trouble, and such was the severity of the pace, that long before 'choke jade' was reached the tailing was considerable. Uhlan, it transpired, was never in it from the moment the flag fell, and the same, or something like

it, might be said about Louise Victoria, Little Tom, Oxford Mixture, and such small fry. Pirate was the only horse that at all ran up to his form, and he was a middling third; and, though a cry was raised for Winslow at the Bushes, it turned out to be Feve, a similarity in the colours deceiving some eyes. Indeed, Captain Machell's horse ran so well, that at this point a bystander told us it looked odds on his being the actual winner, but King Lud held his own to the end, though perhaps Feve might have been nearer if his jockey had liked. It was a terrible surprise, a knock-down blow to nearly every one. The horse had been backed for a little when the weights first appeared—indeed, had been nearly as good a favourite as anything, but there arose the idea that he could not be made fit, and, as he only did steady work, without being galloped off his legs, the touts and the training reports thought but badly of him. Lord Lonsdale would not have him tried, and it was said that the stable had nearly as much money on Feve, but that we will not vouch for. Coates, King Lud's old trainer, was very pleased, for he had always maintained that the horse would distinguish himself some day, and now it had come to pass. We were very pleased that our fancy had turned up trumps, and his few backers, who had got on at such a satisfactory price, did not complain. But other faces were long though, and the Louise Victorias, the Little Toms, and the Oxford Mixtures mingled their tears.

The Middle Park day was ditto, as regards weather, to the Cesarewitch in the first part of it, but improved a little before the race. Threatened as it was (that very evening, too, only Mr. Chaplin postponed his motion) with alteration, if not annihilation, the great two-year-old event is evidently not going to die of its own accord, but to the executioners of the Jockey Club must be left its sentence. To the public it is still the Two-year-Old Derby, and why it should be sought to abolish it, or to make such alterations in the conditions as to be tantamount to abolition, the public want to know. But we shall have, probably, to return to this topic. For the present we will attend to this year's Middle Parkers, hoping to meet similar lots for some years to come, and that the memory of Mr. Blenkiron's gift will remain an ornament to the Calendar. And a very good lot they were, though Marsworth hardly looked quite as fit as he might be made, and George Frederick still wanted time. There were two 'dark' ones that excited much attention, Lepero and Genuine, brothers respectively to Pero Gomez and Sterling, and of the two there was no doubt which possessed the quality. Sir Joseph Hawley's vote was evidently backward, and had been beaten in his trial; but there was a great look of racing about him, and he has substance as well as quality, better-looking in both these respects than his brother. He pleased us more than anything there, though we will not desert our old love, Couronne de Fer, who was now looking wonderfully fit and well, but Heath House did not fancy him, not even, we believe, for a place. He carried the top weight, and as Newry, the favourite—thanks to a curious performance in the Gimcrack at York—had that objectionable 3 lbs. allowance, and was supposed to be a pretty fair horse, why, of course, it did look the good thing it turned out. That is the reform, Lords and Gentlemen of the Jockey Club, we should like to see carried out. Abolish the 3 lbs., that maiden allowance, which may be very well in some racing Utopia where we are all perfection, but is hardly satisfactory in this world of sin and wickedness. Three pounds does not sound very much, but it is a strong temptation, nevertheless. Tills have been robbed for it—the pounds sterling we mean—and for the avoirdupois horses have been,—but this is neither here nor there, so let us get on to our Middle Park. Newry, then, was the favourite, though there was not so very much between him and Marsworth, and the sharps were all on the

former. Spectator, who was evidently up to the mark, was fancied by his stable for a place, but Genuine, if anything could beat the favourites, was the horse to do it. At least so said Danebury and the Messrs. Graham, who naturally looked with partial eyes on a brother to Sterling. Genuine, however, though with a good deal of quality about him, is somewhat lacking in size, but we must see him again before pronouncing a decided opinion. It was a good race, and a fine finish between the four leading horses, though the 3 lbs. allowance told, and Newry's victory was never seriously in danger. Marsworth and Couronne de Fer ran a dead-heat for third place, and, as they were only a head behind Spectator, to whom Marsworth was giving four and Couronne de Fer seven pounds, it is on the dead-heat's performance we shall chiefly dwell. We always thought Couronne de Fer's win in the Stockbridge Cup something very good indeed. He was carrying 2 lbs. more than Marksman did in '66, when he beat Attaché, and the latter was a good horse just then, and had won the Hunt Cup very cleverly. Marksman, too, be it remembered, only lost the Derby by a neck, and, though we can't say there was anything very great behind Couronne de Fer at Stockbridge in the Cup, we must look at his victory an hour previously in the Hurstbourne, where he beat Napoleon III., Bergamot, Glenalmond, Beatrix, Esmond, &c., in a canter. Here in the Middle Park he carried the top weight, 9 st. 2 lbs., into a very good place, and, as far as we can judge, the 3 lbs. he was then giving Marsworth will enable him to beat the Baron's horse when they meet on equal terms. There is this to be said, however, that Marsworth did not look quite as fit as he might be made, and, in that case, there is probably not much between them. Be that as it may, we have a Derby favourite for the winter, at least, in Couronne de Fer. We once thought Mr. Merry was going to furnish that institution in question, but we must give up Sir William Wallace and Glenalmond, and of Rob Roy we know nothing.

The remainder of the racing at Newmarket that week was disastrous, and in some instances unaccountable. The defeat of Boiard in the Newmarket Derby by Kaiser, when in receipt of 7 lbs. from him, would seem to upset all previous running, unless it was the hill stopped the French horse. We had a right to think the conqueror of Flageolet and Doncaster at even weights the best three-year-old of his year, and now Kaiser, who could not live with Mr. Merry's pair in the Leger, beats Boiard in a canter. Gilbert, after the race, declared Kaiser lost Derby and Leger for want of a pace—so we live and learn. Spectator, after his good second in the Middle Park, looked as if he had the Prendergast at his mercy, but Feu d'Amour, who was giving him 5 lbs., made a dead-heat of it with him, and as Feu d'Amour in the Clearwell only beat Aquilo by a neck, and as the latter is nothing very grand, this makes the Middle Park form not so good. But the contradictions of public running are enough to turn one's brain, and we will gladly turn from them. To the prophets we will leave them, and wish them a good deliverance.

We are forgetting, though, there is the Houghton Meeting to be accounted for, with more contradictions and more in-and-out running, this time assisted by the mud, that great leveller of form. We had a terrible week. The Second October was bad enough, but nothing to be compared to this. The fight was obstinate. Foot by foot and inch by inch did backers contest the ground; and as one favourite after another went down, their ranks closed up, undaunted by the war cry of their opponents of 'Six to four on the field!' Plucky fellows! But the battle is not always to the strong, and we had one or two examples in the week of the race neither being to the swift. The chief event, the Cambridgeshire, was a great race though, and worthy of the last great handicap of

the year. A great field and good horses in it, and as they mounted the brow of the hill it was a fine sight even in that day of pelting rain. For the elements added their quota to our misery, and, in addition to losing our money, we were wet and cold. A day that was no respecter of persons, but made gentle and simple, the just and the unjust, wretched together. Fair young brides elect visiting the Heath for the first time with their expectant bridegrooms, royalty, high and mighty seigneurs and their dames, together with the commons of the realm, were visited alike, and my lady duchess was not much better off than a Nottingham lamb. It was meant to be a great day, the Cambridgeshire, if the weather had but behaved itself. The Prince of Wales had arrived there the previous evening on a visit to Mr. Chaplin, and thither had also come the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Mary Montagu, in the hopes of seeing certain colours borne to the front in one of the races of the week. The Duke of Hamilton was there too—of course; and there also was Lady Cardigan and her husband, with other notabilities, hidden away in broughams, or securely sheltered in the Stand. Occasionally a fair face peeped out on the pouring rain from the window of a carriage, but it was hastily withdrawn; and the impressions carried away of Newmarket must have been painful. Even hardened *habitues* did not like it—and when the race was over they liked it less. What a thing is 'a short head!'—the losing one we mean; how utterly detestable, how incomprehensible—finally, how absurd! We feel inclined to question much the propriety of there being such a thing as 'a short head,' and think such a distance ought not to be allowed. It was a terrible moment that final struggle between Walnut and Montargis (or, as the latter was called in our hearing, 'Thorn;' the fact being that no one thought about Montargis, and his colours were forgotten); and so close was it, Newhouse on Walnut having so much the best of it in the last half-dozen strides, that nobody but Mr. Clark knew what had won. The general opinion on the opposite side to the chair, was either Walnut or a dead heat; but—as we have often had occasion to remark—in a close thing of this kind no one can tell but the judge in the box which is the winner. There is no doubt Montargis won; and, considering the way he was ridden—for his jockey took him from end to end and was at him the whole way—it says much for the horse. We think it was lucky for the Count de Juigné, however, that the chair was where it was; for, game as Montargis is, he could not have stood much longer the bumpings and thumpings and the perpetual whip of Monsieur Carratt. In fact, *past* the chair Walnut had won. And here we may remark a circumstance which, though familiar enough, or one that ought to be so, to racing men, is not often enough considered by them. The horse that wins the race is the horse who first reaches the winning-post, the horse who, in a very close thing like the Cambridgeshire, gets his nose or head first *on a level with that post*—not the horse who is first when that post is *passed*. Our readers may, perhaps, say that every fool knows that. It is a knowledge, we beg respectfully to observe, which, judging from the criticisms on decisions, is too often forgotten. How often do we hear it said—how often is the expression used—that such a horse was first *past* the post? First *on* the post would, we take it, be the more correct phrase. Mr. Clark and Mr. Johnson would have a pretty rough and uncertain time of it if they were to look *beyond* the white post or the black board—but that is what they seem to be expected to do in close finishes. We have referred to this because there have been some remarks, in print, most uncalled for, we consider, on Mr. Clark's judging at Newmarket in one or two instances, which seemed based on this idea.

The form shown by Montargis was, of course, good; and, no doubt, if he

had not run so badly at Doncaster, the horse who last year was only two or three pounds behind Kaiser would not have started at 40 to 1. As it was, he ought to have been backed, and, if he had been known to be fit and well, would probably have been, but, with the exception of a stray backer here and there, we did not come across anybody who had won on him. Some of the big books were bad against him, too, it is said; so we suppose our French neighbours won something. Mr. Foy's disappointment was great; and as he had told all his friends to back the horse, and was most open and straightforward in telling all he knew about him, it was much sympathised with. Harry Goater, too, no doubt thought of Allbrook and *his* short head; and this second slip between the cup and the lip was hard. On the Friday, too, Walnut was second in the Rowley Handicap to the Infanta colt; so 'Foy's Frowns of Fortune' might have been the title of a racing tract. We wish it had been her smiles instead. There were one or two notable events during the week that we must briefly touch upon—and first the defeat of Kaiser and Drummond by Hannah in the Limited Handicap over the R.M., which ought to have been foreseen by people who remembered how badly Kaiser performed in the Criterion last year in the heavy ground. But it was disregarded, and so there was heavy wagering on Mr. Savile's horse, who could not gallop, and Hannah very nearly walked in. She had all the best of the weights, too, and yet she was the worst favourite of the three. Truly some of our astute ones must be sent to school again.

There was a very exciting finish in the Criterion Nursery between Benedictine and Queen's Huntsman, the former just getting home after a jostle, which led to an inevitable objection from Morris, who rode Mr. Radcliffe's horse. Griffiths, in flourishing his whip, had, it was alleged, struck Queen's Huntsman over the head, and Morris over the hand; but, after a patient hearing by the Stewards, they declined to upset the Judge's decision. The winner was said to be as good as Apology, and if so, this makes Queen's Huntsman very good indeed—about the very best 'selling plater' we have seen this year, though he is exposed now, and will find scant mercy from handicappers. It was hard lines for his owner, who always runs his horses whatever weight they have got on; and we can only hope he will have better luck with him next year. The new race, the Jockey Club Cup—for which let us give all honour and praise to the Club—ought to have brought out a better field; but, with Cremorne and Favonius *bors de combat*, we suppose it was the best that could be expected. If it had not been for Baron Rothschild and M. Lefèvre starting two each, it would have been poor indeed. Barbillon had been sent over by the Duke of Hamilton expressly for this race; and, seeing what a stayer he is over a long distance, it looked like a severe race between him and Flageolet; but the Duke's horse could not have been himself, for he was the first beaten, and finished nowhere, Flageolet winning easily by a length from Lilian. The Bretby Nursery was won by Harmony, though Newry looked as well as anything in the Abingdon Bottom; but he dropped away all of a sudden, and only finished fifth, no doubt to the great dismay of his owner, who, we hear, talks of retiring; but we trust it is only a rumour, and has no foundation in fact. There are some men we can ill afford to lose.

And now turn we to hound and horn, and first of all for the changes that have taken place. Since last season there have been several in hunting establishments. Among the Masters those that occur to us alphabetically are—The Cotswold, which has a new one in the person of Captain Arthur Sumner, a brother-in-law of the present Lord Fitzhardinge; his father was for sixteen years Master of the Surrey Union, and Captain Sumner was entered

to the noble science by John Dale, who taught him his rudiments of hunting—and he could not have had a better private tutor. The Earl of Coventry, who now hunts the country round Croome, has been succeeded in the North Cotswold country by Mr. Algernon Rushout, and Sir Bruce Chichester has given up entirely. Mr. A. W. Hall has retired from the Mastership of the Heythrop, and is followed by Mr. Albert Brassey of Addlestrop; Mr. Chamberlayne has retired from the Committee of the 'little Hursley,' leaving Colonel Nicoll virtually sole Master in the field—who, we hear, rises with the park, and is keener than ever. The Hurworth has Viscount Castlereagh as a new Master, in the place of Mr. Cookson, and Mr. Harvey is now the sole Master of the South Durham. Mr. J. Liell Franklin has retired from the Rufford and been succeeded by Mr. J. J. Barrow, of Normanton Hall. We regret not seeing Mr. Franklin's name among the list of Masters, as, save perhaps Mr. Musters, we hardly know anybody who delighted so much in hounds and spent so much time in his kennel. Lord Henry Paget has left the South Staffordshire, where he is succeeded by Captain Browne. The Pytchley country has been divided: Mr. George Watson, of Rockingham Castle, being now the Master of the North, or Woodland country, which he will hunt two days a week with kennels at Brigstock; and Mr. Naylor will hunt the other four days from Brixworth. The Tedworth has taken a fresh lease, and will continue to be managed by a committee—a rumour once reached us that Sir Reginald Graham was to have been the new Master, and we regret that it was not true, as it is a pity to see one born and bred as he is out of harness. Colonel Fairfax, for many years a Master of Harriers, is the new Master of the York and Ainsty, vice the Hon. Egremont Lascelles. Mr. Frederick Ames, of Hawford Lodge, has succeeded Mr. Allsopp in Worcestershire; and Mr. Tom Winter-Wood, of Chelmarsh Hall, near Bridgnorth, is the new Master of the Wheatland. Crossing the border, we find that Mr. Anstruther Thomson has taken his own old country, The Fife, for the third time, thus utterly denying the saying that a Scotsman never returns to his own country. Of the servants who have migrated during the summer, we find that Bill Bowers has left the Craven for the Cotswold, and if he will only withstand the seductions of Cheltenham—which must be a perfect Capua for Hunt servants—we think he will astonish the natives, as he used to do with the Pytchley when on the little chestnut Whitewall. John Machin has left the Pytchley, as was stated last month, and been succeeded by John Squires, the elder brother of poor Tom, of the York and Ainsty, who was killed last season; and Fred. Percival, from the West Kent, so many years Whip to the Southdown, is Mr. Watson's huntsman with the North Pytchley. He has made a very good impression on all who have seen him in his new country, at which we are not surprised, as he is very civil and intelligent, and a neat good horseman. Henry Rees has left Mr. Offin and gone to Kildare, in the place of Richard Scarth, who has gone abroad. Mr. Offin's new man is Edward Bentley, from the Puckeridge. George Kennett has left the Shrewsbury and gone to Mr. Henry Villebois, in Norfolk, where we regret to hear there are very few cubs. Fred. Goaden has gone to the East Sussex in the place of Thomas Hastings, who has joined Mr. Anstruther Thomson, in Fife: this is not the first time he has crossed the Border, having been in Scotland with Sir David Baird when he was Master of the Lothian. William Channing, so many years with Lord Wemyss, has gone to the West Kent in the place of Percival, and has made a very good start. George Day, from the Oakley, is the new North Warwickshire Huntaman, in the place of Tom Drayton, who is out of commission. Day is in every respect a gentleman's servant, and

knows his business—and it would be odd if he did not, after living ten years with Mr. Robert Arkwright. Mr. F. Foljambe has promoted William Dale to be Huntsman in the place of Channing; and Philip Tocock has once more gone back to his old friend Dowdeswell, in Durham.

There has been a slight change in the Hurworth, Alfred Smith going to the Hon. Mark Rolle, who gives the Hurworth William Brice in his place.

From the North we hear very good accounts. The cubbing season in Durham, up to the middle of October, did not leave much to be desired, though the ground was dry and fearfully hard in places. Mr. Cradock has killed a lot of foxes; his hounds are in prime fettle, and will be hard to follow when the regular 'ding-dong' work begins. Mr. Booth has also done well with the Bedale; he had a better show of foxes than usual; his hounds are very clever, and he and Alfred Thatcher, his huntsman, are very keen. Mr. Maynard in North Durham has been showing wonderful sport, so we think the country may look forward to a rattling good season.

With the Bramham Moor scent was not very good up to the last week in September, but on the 1st of October good work was done in covert for one hour and twenty minutes with a kill. There are plenty of cubs, and the young hounds are working with spirit. The Holderness too, have been doing very well.

Colonel Fairfax, the new Master of the York and Ainsty, has begun his season well. He hunts the hounds himself, and handles them in a business-like manner, is very quiet, and lets them hunt, which is the main thing. The scent has been on the whole good during October, and the gallant Colonel has succeeded in killing fifteen brace of cubs. We are glad to hear that all signs of that terrible malady which appeared among the young hounds this summer has entirely disappeared, and great doubts are now expressed whether there was ever any madness about it. The Colonel himself is well mounted, and he has mounted his men in a business-like manner; there are any number of foxes, as there always are, in this most sporting of sporting countries, and all Colonel Fairfax wants is some luck to ensure him that good season which we heartily wish him.

York it is expected will be full this winter, and Sir George Wombwell has been among the early arrivals with a strong team of horses. By the way, the ancient city was honoured on the 13th of last month with a visit from the Prince of Wales, who arrived late from Scotland, and was entertained at supper at the York Club by Lord Aylesford, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. C. B. Denison, M.P., and Mr. Christopher Sykes. The Prince put up at the New Club Chambers, recently built for members, and H.R.H. expressed himself much pleased with the hospitality shown him. It was hoped he would have had a day with the Y. and A., but he was obliged to go on the 14th to Lord Londesborough, where, we are sorry to hear, the sport was only moderate, owing to the bad partridge season it has been in every part of Yorkshire, with the exception of Newburgh Park and one or two other favoured spots, where Sir George and his friends have done well.

Another valued correspondent tells us that they have had bad scenting weather all this month with the Bramham Moor, and very little rain, the ground hard as iron. With nineteen couples of young hounds, a fair sprinkling of hares, and the first whip ill for six weeks, they are hardly in proper form for real business next week. However they have plenty of foxes, and if rain comes they hope to keep the game alive. The York and Ainsty, thanks to the courage and perseverance of the new Master, Colonel Fairfax, are doing well. A nasty species of exaggerated distemper carried off some of his entry, but he has

picked up a few couples from other kennels, and has, by constant personal attention, put an end to idle, dirty, careless management in the kennel, and turns his hounds out bright and well. He looks well on his horse and in the field. A huntsman—his manner with hounds is very good, and they understand him. His voice is heard by the pack at the right time. He blows a good horn, and not too much. His determination to kill his fox delights the keepers. He will have him; and though a very good man over the country, and always with his hounds, he is as great an artist with spade and pickaxe as Tom Hodgson of former days. And he is on the right side. Nothing does so much good, or tends to the preservation of foxes, so much as a huntsman who works hard—'Kill 'em and eats 'em.'

Mr. Tailby has had a week's hunting in the Atherstone country, and his horses and hounds were taken in by Mr. John Darby at Rugby, who, in a few days, made up some capital kennels. The loan of the Coombe coverts to the Atherstone is a mutual benefit to them and Mr. Tailby, who has no big woods in which to enter his young hounds. They found cubs at All Oaks and Hill Park, and routed them about until dark, but Mr. Tailby returned without the scalp of one of his enemies. The coverts were exceedingly thick and were soon foiled, added to which there was only a moderate scent. Mr. Tailby was accompanied on his visit by Sir Bache Cunard and Mr. Fludyer, who both evidently love hunting for itself.

The Duke of Grafton has had some capital mornings' cub-hunting, but up to the present time it has not been a good scenting season with him.

The V.W.H. have been doing right well during the past month, and have rendered good accounts of the foxes in the Bradon country as well as nearer home. They were running on the 8th from 7 till 12.30 in the woods, and at last bowled over an old dog fox—a rare day for the hounds, who ran very hard. On the 14th they had a good run from Tappingwell, by East Leach to Little Faringdon, where they lost their fox, and then found a rare lot of foxes on Bibury racecourse gorse, and killed. On the 15th a good run over the biggest part of Bradon with a kill in the open. The young hounds are doing remarkably well.

George Day has made a very good start with the North Warwickshire, and the country is well off for foxes.

The prospects of the Pytchley hang in the balance: Machin, who hunted them last season, was discharged by Mr. Naylor just as they began cub-hunting. At that period all places are filled up, and there are seldom any really good men out of employ; but, however, John Squires, who has seen a good deal of hunting in his day in England and Scotland, and been under some good men, has been retained. The Pytchley post is a very difficult one to fill up properly. A huntsman there should be in the very prime of life, a bold rider, very clear-headed, know the run of a fox, and be a gentleman's servant into the bargain.

Cub-hunting in Hampshire with the H. H. began late this season on account of the harvest being so long about; there were many places they could not go to in consequence of this. Mr. Deacon's first day was not till the 5th of September; he has not as yet been very successful in bringing them to hand. His continuing to be Master and carry the horn delighted the farmers, with whom he is very popular; he often has a story for them or a little bit of chaff. His entry this year is very good, and he appears to be following the last advice of the old huntsman to his son: 'Mind and breed them with plenty of bone.' The Hambledon have sustained a sad loss by the death of one of their oldest and most influential members, Mr. Barkworth, of Cams Cottage, a very forward rider, who had always a good stamp of hunter in his stable.

Phillips, the huntsman, has his hounds in very beautiful condition, and they have killed three brace of cubs, and should the animals be more plentiful than they have been for the last few seasons they may look forward to having some good sport.

The 'Little Hursley' had a very jolly run on Monday morning, the 13th. They met at Leckford Hut, where a large field assembled, amongst them several ladies, and of those we recognised were Miss Jarrett, Miss Stewart, Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, and Miss Bowker on Donato, the winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup at Rugby, 1871, looking as well as when he was so admirably ridden by Captain Pritchard-Rayner, then of the 5th Dragoon Guards; Mr. Alan Lee on his old mare; Mr. Alec Crawford on a five-year-old chestnut, a very taut craft; Major 'Billy' Williams on his cob; Mr. Stagg, Mr. Theobald, Mr. Hill, Mr. Allee, Mr. Fitt, and several others. Colonel Nicoll was in full force, and he had out for the first time a remarkably handsome bay mare, a recent purchase from Rugby, and she must have been rather astonished at the horrible Hampshire flints which abound in that locality.

They drew the plantation on the left of the road to Longstock, and found a cub and several hares. Then a fox, probably an old one, jumped up in a turnip-field, and gave them thirty-five minutes without a check, running at a good pace over the hill, through Dumper's Oak and its dependencies; then he tried to turn back by the down on the right of the Stockbridge Road, but some sheep headed him, and he then took them through North Park and Sombourne to Ashley Hanger, where he went to ground.

Mr. Anstruther Thomson has been very busy with his new kennels. The men's families have already arrived, and the hounds will come next week. The kennels look very nice. The lodging-houses have wooden floors, painted cream colour, the sides are boarded two feet and black-tar varnished, and the walls are whitewashed. The divisions of the houses are two-inch boards, all movable, so that they can alter the size of any room at will. Mr. Thomson says that the hounds at present are very wild, and very fond of currant jelly; but they do handle the fox when he is on foot, and they all drive and back at once.

The Crawley and Horsham have had some capital cub-hunting; the young hounds, seventeen and a half couple, have entered first rate, and been well blooded, and George Loader has every reason to be proud of them.

A M.F.H., well known in the South, was very anxious to get rid of a horse, and, being unable to do so in his own neighbourhood, wrote to one of the partners of the firm at Albert Gate, and requested him to sell him and get the best price he could; but, on being brought to the hammer, not all the powers of Mr. Pain's now proverbially persuasive oratory could get more than 12/. Accordingly he wrote a letter to his client, regretting the fact, and assuring him he had done all he could; when he received a reply, sincerely thanking him, and informing him that he only gave 7/. for the horse a very long time ago!

The Hunt Servants' Society has up to the present time had several calls on its funds for full sick-pay allowance, six men having already come to serious grief. This institution ought really to be supported by every lady and gentleman who hunts. Surely half-a-sovereign a year, which would be very thankfully received and acknowledged, for a regular hunting man is no sum. Yet what a fine fund it would make, if all would give it! What is half-a-sovereign? The cost of one bottle of fiz. Think of that, ye who back outsiders for fivers on every racecourse from March to November and hunt the rest of the year!

A gentleman residing in Leeds has collected for this Society from those who live in that town and neighbourhood who hunt with the Bramham Moor Hounds, the sum of fifty guineas, which he has forwarded to the Secretary.

Lest some of our south country readers should imagine that these were all rich manufacturers, we beg to inform them that the list included two surgeons, two innkeepers, a builder, coachbuilder, and a sadler—Bravo Bramham Moor!—and may they all have a rare good season, and their example be followed by other hunts. And we have no doubt it would, if only somebody would take up the cause, as Mr. Murray has at Leeds.

And at the last moment of going to press we are informed that again have the mysterious initials M.H.S. appeared in the banker's book, with the same munificent donation of 200*l*. This will gladden the heart of the Treasurer, and in a measure make up for several unpaid promised donations.

Some people who set up to be ultra-fastidious assert that there is not a hunter to be found in the United Kingdom, and would try to persuade you that, like Ripston pippins, they have died out. If they will only pay a visit to Rugby they will see a few, and have a good trial if they mean business; and, if not satisfied there, they can go on to Wansford; where Great Tom will show them some more, and will tell them that 'he can't get horses half 'fast enough.' Like the best Wallsends, 'horses is riz.'

We are sorry to hear of more than one case of poisoning foxhounds. The infliction of injury on these poor innocent animals is a most cowardly and truly un-English proceeding. The statute against poisoning and the penalty on detection should be made generally known in all hunting countries where this detestable offence has been committed. It appears that in the New Forest no less than eight and a half couple of hounds have suffered from poison picked up during cub-hunting. We remember a case of this sort being detected, when the wretch, a farmer, was publicly bastinadoed on the market-table until he howled for mercy, and he went home a sorer and a wiser man.

In this testimonial-giving age, it is well to observe that the metropolitan county Surrey is not behind her neighbours in her anxiety to 'do honour to those 'to whom honour is due,' as witness the recent examples presented to our notice in the week just past; but when the result both fosters and encourages hunting as a national pastime we must not be silent, feeling sure that some reference to the receivers will enable the givers to perpetuate their love of sport by a recollection of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society as the best monetary recompense they can accord to the worth of servitude, fidelity, and merit in regard to the working departments of the chase. 'Pounds I'll give you!' How often this greets and grates against the dealer's ears. Let the fiver thus saved be at once forwarded to our estimable Secretary, Frank Safford, at Tattersalls'. With this digression, we will proceed to state that such thoughts are prompted by our having been present at an event which took place at the Town Hall, Reigate, on Tuesday, the 21st October, on the occasion of the presentation to R. Nicholl Byass, Esq., late of Quarry Hill, near that town, now the fortunate owner of Dalesford Park, near Chipping Norton (of Warren Hastings celebrity), of a testimonial eminently worthy of his acceptance. To be thoroughly English, it was, of course, an after-dinner gift, made under the able presidency of Mr. Gerard Hoare, Field Master of the Burstow Foxhounds, supported by the guest of the occasion, and right and left of the Chairman by Messrs. Lee Steere, M.P.; Granville Leveson-Gower; Farnell-Watson; Mosse Robinson and Jas. Norris, Master and Secretary of the Surrey Stag Hounds; W. Mortimer and Hine Haycock, Master and

Secretary of the Old Surrey; V. Nicholl, St. Barbe, Sladen, Corbett, Lainson, F. Kearsy, Akroyd, Horne, T. Nickalls, C. J. Smith, Keen, Woodriff, Taylor, Captain Mirehouse, Herbert Morrison, Bamford, Laurence, Henderson, Hughes, Sargent, Richardson. In the vice-chair was the popular Secretary of the 'Busters,' G. Carter Morrison, surrounded by at least 250 farmers of the neighbourhood, who, to a man, obeyed the call to duty, at whatever personal inconvenience, and testified their desire to do all honour to Mr. Byass as one so deservedly worthy of it. Of course compliments flashed about like summer lightning; though, with words as true as they were graceful, the Chairman, 'midst nine times nine of hunting cheers, placed before the departing guest a large and handsome silver tankard, or loving cup, which bore the following inscription:—'Presented to R. Nicholl Byass, Esq., by 'members and friends of the Burstow Hunt, on his leaving Reigate, Oct. 21, '1873.' Thoroughly well merited as was this gift, we must now give place for a record of one to as worthy a recipient, whose career as M. F. H., with other particulars of local interest, including his attachment to hunting for a period of now over fifty years, were fully detailed in the pages of 'Baily' for April, 1871. Suffice it to say that on Saturday last, the 25th ult., at the house of Mr. Henry Butler, Elmore Chipstead, a staunch supporter of the Old Surrey pack, there were assembled those who had hunted with them from half a century downwards, in order to commemorate the inauguration of the worthy Master, Mr. William Mortimer's thirtieth season, and upon which occasion Mr. Waring, of Chelsfield, on behalf of some of the chief worthies of the hunt, tendered for his old friend's acceptance the beautiful and costly full-length portrait of the late Tom Hills (whose eventful life was chronicled in the number of 'Baily' for March last), painted in 1867 by the President of the Royal Academy, purchased on the sale of poor old Tom's effects, and which bore the following inscription:—'This 'Portrait of the late Tom Hills (nearly fifty years Huntsman to the Old 'Surrey Fox Hounds), painted by Sir Francis Grant, was presented to 'William Mortimer, Esq., on commencing the thirtieth season of his Master-ship, by a few friends, the 25th October, 1873.' Letters of regret and congratulation were read by Mr. Hine Haycock from Lord Amherst, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, M.P., Mr. Mosse Robinson, M.S.S.H., Captain Edwards, Mr. Beaumont Lubbock, Mr. W. M. Coulthurst, the father of the Hunt, and his nephew, Mr. Edmund Coulthurst, Mr. James Brand, Mr. Alfred Christy, Mr. Sillescu, and the greatest gratification seemed to prevail in the minds of both giver and receiver.

Mr. Reginald Herbert's sculling match against time from Maidenhead to Westminster Bridge, alluded to in last 'Van,' came off on the 16th ult. under most favourable circumstances. It was one of those rare October days that forestal 'the little summer of St. Martin' in warmth and brightness, or at least it was so to us who did not rise from the downy until it had been a trifle aired. But the day told a different tale at the Orkney Arms, Maidenhead, at 4.30 or 5 A.M. to what it did at 10 o'clock in Pall Mall. Nobody except a lunatic likes getting up at 4.30, and whether you are going to be married, to row in a match, or to be hung, the feeling is pretty much the same. When the hero of the day was roused from his slumbers (he had gone down the afternoon before under the care and supervision of Lord Queensberry, the umpire, Mr. H. F. Beaumont, M.P., Captain Herbert, Mr. C. Froom, and Mr. L. Brickwood, the latter a well-known amateur and authority on the river) the prospect was not encouraging. You could not see the opposite bank of the river, and the fog seemed getting denser instead of clearing.

Mr. Herbert had, unfortunately, in a long walk in the rain on the previous Sunday, taken a severe cold, which, but for judicious treatment, might have turned out something worse, but as it was, he came to the post fit, and faced the cold raw morning with equanimity which changed to high spirits as he warmed to his work and the fog disappeared. We mentioned last month that, for some cause or other, the bookmakers, not always the most astute of men, were inclined to lay against Mr. Herbert when the match was made. Unluckily for Mr. Herbert and those of his friends who wished to be on, they did not long continue in this blessed frame of mind, but appear early to have 'tumbled' to what a very good thing it was. The consequence was that comparatively but little money was wagered on the event, and the fortunate early birds who took 5 to 4 were few. It is true Mr. Herbert's cold got about at Croydon and other places, but then bookmakers stuck out for 3 to 1, and it is not every one who likes to lay these odds either on biped or quadruped, so the good thing was missed by many. We missed more than the good thing, for we missed the race, and a tremendous account, utterly extinguishing all others, which we meant to have given our readers, is lost to the world. We were one of a band of brothers emanating, not to deceive you, from the Arlington Club, who arrived at Teddington on that forenoon, prepared to accompany our sculler on his way. There was the steamer that was to take us down on the other side of the lock, and the portly form of the Arlington Steward on deck showed us also that there was the luncheon. It was a glorious morning; the banks were lined with spectators, and many ladies had come down in our train from town. Mr. Herbert had arrived, and was taking rest and refreshment in a cottage hard by, over which Mr. From stood janitor with jealous care. The match was virtually over there and then, for Mr. Herbert had arrived at Teddington at 11.54, and had got a good five hours to do the remaining sixteen miles. Of course there was great rejoicing, and while 'Reggy' rested, thoughts of luncheon came over the Arlingtonians. We sought our barque, and if our captain had not been an idiot we should at once have got under weigh and proceeded on our voyage. But the commander of Citizen X did not inform us that we were in any danger of grounding, and so we loitered for some of our passengers, a certain 'Fred' being the chief delinquent, who stayed until we were tired of blowing the whistle for him. At last we got off, but, alas! brief and ignominious was our end. We had just sat down to luncheon, and the acknowledged *raconteur* of the club—may his shadow never be less and his stories never fail!—was in the middle of a highly interesting anecdote and a very good pigeon pie, when, with a scrunch that struck dismay into our hearts, we stuck hard and fast in the mud. We were all ordered on deck and requested to go into the bows (the *raconteur* being pushed to the farthest extremity), with the vain hope of being able by that strategic movement to lighten the boat, but all in vain. The worst of it was, that we were in the middle of the tide-way, with some objectionable barges hard and fast like ourselves in close proximity, and how the launch with the umpire on board was to get through did not seem clear. Of course, no umpire, no match, and we felt for a moment or two that we should have liked to have tied 'Fred' and the captain neck and heels and tossed them overboard; especially did we so feel when the sculler came in sight, going with ease, and in his wake the steam launch with the hon. member for the South-west Riding, a stern Rhadamanthus, in its bows. It was a near touch, the Isabel getting through, but happily she did it, and our consciences, and we trust that of our skipper's, were lightened when she was clear on her way. We regret to say no one sympathised with us in our melancholy position, but we had the consolation of luncheon, and, that done, *saute qui peut* was our motto.

By various ways and means did we manage to see the finale, and help to swell the cheers that greeted Mr. Herbert as he shot under the middle arch of Westminster Bridge about ten minutes before four o'clock, having completed his task in a trifle over ten hours. The crowd on the bridge was immense and the cheers enthusiastic. The Claimant and Dr. Kenealy weren't in it that afternoon. It was about the time these worthies emerge from Westminster Hall, but they performed before a very scant congregation on that occasion, and the mob of idlers and loafers had for once in a way something worthy to honour. Mr. Herbert had not turned a hair, and getting into a bansom with his brother, drove away. There was a little dinner at The Arlington, which is good at little dinners, be it said, and a very merry evening. Mr. Herbert was able to look in, and Col. Knox, who had preferred Bromley Races to the river, looked in also. A good deal of talk and a good deal of chaff, and all as merry, let us hope, as a marriage bell.

The following from Ireland, communicated by an esteemed friend, we must tell while we think of it. It is strictly true. The scene is Baldoyle race-course, and the *dramatis persona* Charley Brindley, the well-known Huntsman of the Ward Union Staghouads, and Swell of the Period. Charley (touching his hat): 'Good morning, sir. Beautiful weather.' Swell: 'Yaas. When do you begin *cub-hunting*?' Charley collapses, and has not been heard of since.

Another from Northamptonshire. A certain vice-regal personage was out with the Pytchley cub-hunting last week, when a native who had not seen him for some time, observed to a gentleman by whose side he was riding, 'I think, sir, his lordship wants clipping,' adding after a few moments' reflection, 'He's long past singeing!' Indeed, that good and noble sportsman did cause a little anxiety to his friends, for in the present blind state of the country, it seemed as if the fate of Absalom might be his.

The necessity of sanitary reform, in consequence of the vast increase of our population, has for some time past occupied the attention of our leading statesmen; and both Mr. Disraeli and the Earl of Derby have lately taken up the matter in such an able and determined manner, that unquestionably the Victorian era will be marked by the great sanitary improvements that are being carried out. The human frame is exposed to many injurious influences, but none are so deleterious to health as contaminated water; and, to insure a plentiful and constant supply of the pure element in every large town, the compulsory establishment of efficient purification by filtration is absolutely necessary. As is usually the case when any new system is introduced, private enterprise takes advantage of the invention, and carries it out in practice long before the authorities see the necessity of adopting it, notwithstanding their requirements may be most urgent. In the purification of water on a large scale, Captain Machel, following in the footsteps of that eminently practical sportsman, Lord George Bentinck, has taken a decided lead; and, by his direction, Messrs. F. H. Atkins & Co., the well-known hydraulic engineers of Fleet Street, have constructed, at his training establishment at Newmarket, one of the most perfect and efficient arrangements for the filtration of water for a large stud that has ever been carried out in this country. The new Stud Company at Cobham (whose breeding paddocks and stock of thoroughbreds are a sight such that any sportsman would ride fifty miles to see) and other well-known breeders of racehorses are following Captain Machel's lead; and it is to be hoped that before long Government may see the necessity of extending the same benefits to all her Majesty's subjects, as well as to soldiers and troop-horses.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club held during the Houghton week,

Mr. Alexander's and Mr. Chaplin's motions,—the one for the repeal of Rule 15, touching the early running of Two-Year Olds,—the other for the doing away, in its present form, with the Middle Park Plate,—were, we regret to say, both carried. The majority in each—two—was small, it is true; and if the meeting had been held in London, as was the case when four years ago Sir Joseph Hawley carried his motion, it would probably have been the other way. We are of course in ignorance of the cogent reasons that have thus induced the Club to repeal their former legislation on Two-Year Old running before that legislation has had a fair trial. The debates of our Turf Parliament are sealed books, and so we are left to conjecture the arguments which no doubt were there freely ventilated, but we should much like to know what has happened in these four years since 1869 to cause the Club to so stultify themselves. The rule was still on its trial, and was in the opinion of many working well. It is true some of the early race meetings have suffered from the absence of these Two-Year Old Stakes, but that was foreseen when Sir Joseph Hawley's motion was carried, and we cannot, however much it is to be regretted, perceive that is a sufficient reason for repealing a rule passed after much deliberation by a good majority. It is stated out of doors that Lincoln and Northampton have had much to do with the late decision, but we do not like to believe it. We cannot imagine that the Jockey Club, so called, but in reality a body of irresponsible men who make laws for the racing world, could be influenced by such considerations as these alone. There must be others of which we are in ignorance, and we can only beg to be enlightened.

Mr. Chaplin's motion, too, respecting the withdrawal of the 500*l.* given to the Middle Park Plate,—we should like to know what has induced the Hon. Member for Mid-Lincolnshire to press that alteration on his colleagues. The Middle Park Plate is the Two-Year Old Derby, almost as great a prize as 'the blue riband' itself, one as eagerly sought for, and perpetuating an act of liberality on the part of its founder which the world, rightly or wrongly, has always believed not to have been received in the spirit in which it was given. The proposal of Mr. Chaplin would seem to give colour to that belief, but here again we are met with the simple words of the motion, that the giving of the sum of 500*l.* to a Two-Year Old race 'is not expedient.' We have heard it stated that one, if not the principal, reason assigned, is that the race entirely spoils the Derby betting, but we feel sure that Mr. Chaplin has some better reason than this for his action. As in the case of Rule 15 we pause for a reply.

Much speculation and some amusement has been caused by a motion which the Duke of St. Albans has placed among the *agenda* at the next general meeting of the Jockey Club, 'That no member of the Jockey Club be allowed 'to run under an assumed name.' The motion is a most admirable one and has our entire approval. But what will 'Mr. Hedington' say?

We always fancied that the Royal Borough was pre-eminently pure in sporting matters. How comes it, then, that the town itself and the railway stations to London are placarded all over with this very sportsmanlike intimation:—

'COURSING.

'150 TRAPPED HARES.

'500*l.* to be Competed for.'

Tread gently over the shades of Sefton, Randell, and others, or they will surely rise and rebuke these cockney murderers. Whose land have they spoliated of their game, I wonder?

1873.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HIS MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Cork . . .	Frank Goodall . .	Richard Edrupt H. Hewson William Bartlett I. Cook	Royal Kennels, Ascot, Berks.
ANGELSTEIN'S, MR. (<i>Brandon</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Angerstein .	John Hickman . .	R. Rennard	Westing, Brandon, Norfolk
BERKHAMPTON (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring</i>)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle .	Master	Mr. H. Browne Mr. J. Rawle G. Fewings . . .	Berkhamstead Common, Herts
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Winsford, Ex- ford, Porlock</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- sett	Arthur Heal . . .		Rhyll, near Dulverton, So- merset
EASINGWOLD* (<i>Easingwold</i>)	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty . .	Mr. Dixon Batty . .	Thomas Cass . . .	The Lund, Easingwold
NEVILLE'S, MR. T. (<i>Winchester</i>)	Wed.	Mr. T. Neville . .	Thos. Lock . . .	George Lickiss T. Blake	Chilland House, near Win- chester
PETES'S, HON. H. (<i>Ingdestone</i>)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. H. Petre . . .	Master	Harry Lee John Collier . . .	Westlands, Ingdestone, Essex
ROTHERHILL'S, BARON (<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild . .	Frederick Cox . .	Mark Howcott. . .	Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard
IRELAND.					
WARD UNION (<i>Dublin, Dunboyne, Ra- loath</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	Charles Brindley . .	James Brindley . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath
ALBRIGHTON (<i>Newport, Shifnal, Wol- verhampton</i>)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughy .	John Todd . . .	J. Scott Geo. Cottrell . . .	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ALNWICK AND OQUETDALE (<i>Alnwick</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Browne . . .	Richard Lyon . .	Charles Brindley Thomas Pedley . .	Green Rig, Bilton, and Bre- mish Glanton
ATHERSTONE (<i>Tamworth, Rugby</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakley .	George Castleman .	John Hayes . . . William Jones . . .	Witberley, near Atherstone

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAMES OF HUNT, with nearest Torma for Visions.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BADSWORTH (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Hope Barton	Tom Morgan . .	R. Hepworth E. Haynes William Sharp Richard Roberts . .	Badsworth, near Pontefract Garreglydd, near Holyhead
BARTON-PANTON'S, MR. (Holthead, Llangefni)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. W. Barton-Panton	Master	Heber Long Robert Pickard	Badminton, Chippenham
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF . . (Malinesbury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Sodbury)	Five days a week	Duke of Beaufort .	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K. H. Masters	Ed. Henderson	Coed Coch, near Abergelo
B. O. O. H. (Dunbigh, St. Asaph)	Mon. & Fri.	Colonel Wynne . } Captain Conway }	Alfred Thatcher .	Henry Wells, K.H. L. Jones Robertson Walker .	The Leases, near Bedale
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, North- allerton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John B. Booth .	Frank Gillard . .	William Goodall Alfred Orbell Tom Chambers Henry Grant . . .	Belvoir, Grantham
BELVOIR HUNT (Greenham, Melton Moor- bray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland .	W. Backhouse . .	E. Ratcliff C. Shepherd William Dent James Hewgill . .	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BENEFIELD (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge .	John Comins . .	Eli Skinner John Kelsall John Louch Richard Russell . .	Chorleywood, Rickmans- worth New House, Abingdon
BENEFIELD, OLD (Rickmansworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Leicester Hibbert	John Treadwell .	John Beatt John Overton . .	World's End, Reading
BENEFIELD, OLD (Abingdon, Farringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. O. Blount Lord Craven Mr. T. Duffield }	Richard Roake . .	Richard Russell John Beatt John Overton . .	Stratton Audley, near Bies- ter, Oxon
BENEFIELD (SOUTH) (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves .	William Claxton .	John Comins, Jun. H. Dawkins . . .	Sherborne, Dorset
BICESTER (Bicester, Buckingham)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Charles Hawtin .	W. Boxall	Blackney, near Lincoln
BLACKMOOR VALE (Sherborne, Henstridge Ash)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	John Porter . . .	E. Brown	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Keswick
BLANKNEY (Lincoln, Sleaford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Edward Chaplin	Siddle Dixon, Jun.	Henry White John Hollidge	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on- Tyne
BLANCHETRA (Kenrick)	Thurs days a week	Mr. John Crosier .	Mr. G. Kingsbury		Brannham Park, near Tad- caster
BRAYS OF DERWENT* (Sholley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. Cowen . .			
BRANHAM MOOR (Bodon Spa, Tadcaster)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lano Fox .			

<i>(Drigg, Caidor, Great Grimsby, Market Ratten)</i>	Fri. & Sat.	Mr. R. Kalsey . .	Mr. Gerard Hoare .	William Burton	Lincolnshire
BURSTOW, THE . . . (<i>Red Hill, Edenbridge</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Kalsey . .	Mr. Gerard Hoare .	John Killick . .	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
BURTON, THE . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale . .	William Hawtin .	Beepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGEHIRE . . . (<i>St. Neot's, Cambridge</i>)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell .	John Bailey . .	John Peake . . . Jem Bartlett . . . Frank Turton . .	Carlton, Cambridgehire
CATTISTOCK (<i>Dorchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Codrington	John Whitmore .	Joe Sorrell . . . T. Samson . . .	Evershot, Dorchester
CHEESHIRE	Mon. Tu. Th.	Mr. H. R. Corbett .	John Jones . . .	Charles Malden .	Forest Kennels, near North- wich
CLEVELAND (<i>Salburn, Redcar, Gisbore</i>)	Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. T. Wharton .	Benjamin Shutt .	Samuel Bacon . . Richard Sherwood .	Skelton, near Maiske-by- the-Sea, Yorkshire
COTSWOLD (<i>Cheltenham</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. A. H. Sumner .	Charles Travers .	Will Bowers . . . William Cooper .	Whaddon Lane, Obeltem- ham
COVENTRY'S, EARL OF . . . (<i>Pershore, Worcester</i>)	Three days a week	Earl of Coventry .	Robert Price . .	Joseph Titcomb .	Croome, Severn Stoke
COTTESMORE (<i>Oakham, Ballaul, Mel- ton Mowbray</i>)	Five days a week	Earl of Lonsdale .	John West . . .	Will Jones . . . J. Atkinson . . . William Neal . . Jas. Goddard . .	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CROADECK'S, MR. (<i>Croft Spa, and Darlington</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. Cradock . .	Tom Champion . .	Tom Harrison . .	Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
CHAVEN (<i>Hungerford, Newbury</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Harcourt Capper	George Orbell . .	Charles Toock . . R. Thompson . . J. Seabright . .	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HOBBHAM . . (<i>Chickfield, Horsham, Cruxley</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader . .	James Beid . . .	Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
CUMBERLAND (<i>Carlisle</i>)	Two & three days	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.	Major Wybergh. .	T. Watson . . .	Roehill, Dalton, Carlisle
DEVON, SOUTH (<i>Newton Abbot, Torquay, Teignmouth</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Thos. Westlake	Master	W. Derges . . .	Oakford, Kingsington
DORSET, EAST (<i>Blandford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Port- man, M.P.	Thomas Dyer . .	Joseph Moss . . . J. Shepherd . . .	Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, SOUTH (<i>Dorchester, Blandford</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe .	H. Beers	Levi Sheppard . . J. Davis	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
DURHAM, SOUTH (<i>Stockton, Darlington</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Harvey . .	Tom Dowdeswell .	Philip Toock . .	Sedgesfield, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, NORTH . . . (<i>Durham</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony Maynard	H. Haverson . .	T. Noble . . .	Newton Hall, Durham
ESSEX	Mon. Wed.	Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright	Stephen Dobson .	W. Hanswell .	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX, EAST (<i>Chipping Ongar, Harlow</i>)	Fri. & Sat.	Capt. W. H. White	Master	Robert Allen .	Notley Lodge, Braintree
(<i>Halstead, Braintree, Witham</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.			Robert Masterman	
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. D. Dove .	Ben Morgan . .	Joe Sorrel, K.H. .	W. Grayson
(<i>Colchester</i>)				Edward Woodcock	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
F. B. H.	Five days a fortnight.	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage .	W. Witen . . .	Truro
(<i>Truro, Haldon</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Abraham Phelps	Nicholas Snow .	O. Stevens . . .	Porlock and Oare
(<i>Porlock, Linton</i>)				Daniel North . .	
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam .	Master	James Roffy . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
(<i>Rotherham, Wentworth</i>)			Joseph Orbell, K.H.	G. Murfin . . .	Milton, near Peterborough
FITZWILLIAM'S, HON. G. .	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam	George Carter . .	John Hills . . .	
(<i>Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Oundle, Huntingdon</i>)				C. Dewton . . .	
GARTHE'S, MR.	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth .	Charles Brackley .	Thomas Anstun .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
(<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)				Henry Povey . .	
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton .	Frank Beers . .	T. Smith . . .	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
(<i>Tonchester, Buckingham</i>)				Edward Cole . .	
GROVE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan . .	Charles Howard .	Grove, near Bedford, Notts
(<i>Bedford, Bawtry, Doncaster</i>)				Robert Vincent .	
H. H.	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon .	Master	Richard Turner	Ropley, Abresford, Hants
(<i>Alton, Abresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)				R. Collington .	
HAMPTON	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	T. Phillips . . .	F. Manderville .	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.
(<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)				W. Newman . .	
HAYDON	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. William Lambert	Robert Bruce . .	J. Dickinson . .	Haydon Bridge
(<i>Haydon Bridge</i>)					

(Briqg, Unitar, Great Grinaby, Market Raisen)	Fri. & Sat.	William Burton	Lincolnshire
BURSTOW, TEE	Wed. & Sat.	John Killick	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
BURTON, THE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	William Hawtin . . . John Feake	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGEHIRE	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	John Bartlett Frank Turton	Caxton, Cambridgehire
CATTISTOCK	Tues. & Fri.	Joe Sorrell	Evershot, Dorchester
CHESHIRE	Mon. Tu. Th.	T. Samson	Forest Kennels, near North- wich
CLYVELAND	Fri. & Sat.	Charles Malden . . . Samuel Bacon	Skelton, near Maiske-by- the-Sea, Yorkshire
CORSWOLD	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Richard Sherwood . . Will Bowers	Whaddon Lane, Chelken- ham
COVENTRY & EARL OF (Perthore, Worcester)	Three days a week	William Cooper . . . Joseph Titcomb . . .	Croome, Severn Stoke
COTTENMORE	Five days a week	Will Jones	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CRAVEN	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	J. Atkinson	Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
CRAWLEY AND HOREHAM . .	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	William Neal	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CUMBERLAND	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	James Bead	Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
DEVON, SOUTH	Two & three days	T. Watson	Roehili, Dalton, Carlisle
DEVON, NORTH	Mon. & Thur.	W. Derges	Oakford, Kingsteignton
DORSET, EAST	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Thomas Dyer	Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, WEST	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	H. Beers	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest town for visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MEYNELL, THE (Burton-on-Trent)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark. Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P.	Charles Leedham	Richard Summers.	Hear Cross, Burton-on-Trent
MIDDLETON'S, LORD (Malton)	Six days a week to Christmas	Lord Middleton	George Orris	G. Jones F. Goodall Edward Burton	Birdsall, near Malton
MONMOUTHSHIRE (Abergavenny)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	The Master	Samuel Roberts, K.H.	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORGAN'S, HON. GODFREY. (Newport, Mon.)	Mon. & Thur.	Hon. G. Morgan, M.P.	Master	S. Herbert Charles Barrett C. Barrett, Jun.	Tredegar Park, Newport, Mon.
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Cookson	Mark Robinson	John Rance	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST (Southampton, Lymington)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Standish	Master W. Summers, K.H. Robert Clayden	Joe Ford James Tasker S. Smith H. Brown	New Forest, Lyndhurst, Hants
NORFOLK, WEST (Massingham, Stouffham, Dereham, Lynn)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. A. Hamond			Gt. Massingham, Rougham
NORTH PYCHLEY, THE	Two days a week	Mr. G. L. Watson	Fred. Percival		Brigstock Kennels, Thrap- ston
NOTTS, SOUTH (Nottingham, Southwell)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. John Chaworth	The Master	German Shepherd, K.H. Charles Atkinson	Amesley Park, Notts, and Wiverton Hall, Bingham
OAKLEY, THE (Bedford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Arkwright	Master	Tom Whitmore, K.H. John Goddard	Milton Ernest, Bedford
OFFIN'S, MR. (Billericay, Chelmsford, Brentwood)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Offin	Edmund Bentley	Joe Bailey C. Hagger	Great Burstead, Billericay
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Thame)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Macclesfield	Master	G. Morgan, K.H. W. Shepherd	Shirburn Castle, Tetworth
PEMBERSHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen	Master	Cornelius Williams	Haverfordwest and Priskilly Forest
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Penbrooke, Tenby, Narbeth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach	George Griffiths	Thomas Palmer	South Pembrokeshire
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth	C. Littleworth	Sam Morgan George Shepard W. H. H. Powell	Eggesford, N. Devon
POWELL'S, MR. (Llanbelydy)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. B. H. Powell	John Rees	George Rees	Maesgwynne, S. Wales

(Bishop Stortford, Buntingford)	Sat.	Four days a week	Mr. R. C. Naylor	John Squires	Thos. Beeson	Brixworth, Northampton
PITCHAM (Northampton, Market Harboro', Rugby)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. Coupland	Toss Fir	George Gilson	David Painting	Quornden, Loughboro'
QUORN (Leicester, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor	John Dale	John Anthony Dale	Charles Burditt	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNOR'S, EARL OF (Salisbury)	Mon. & Fri.	Colonel Price	Rice Jones	Tom Price	Lyons Hall	Stevensstone, Torrington, N. Devon
RADNOR'S, W. HERFORD (Kingdon)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Hon. Mark Rolle	Charles Norris	R. Stevin	A. Smith	Ruſford, Ollerton, Notts
ROLLE'S, HON. MARK (Torrington, Bideford, Barnstaple)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Barrow	Henry Jennings	John Smealh	Will Shephard	Preston Boats, Shrewsbury
RUFFORD (Newark, Southwell, Mansfield)	Mon. & Thur. & Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. L. Burton	George Bollen	J. Simmons	Wm. Hayward	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brookhurst, Salop
SHREWSBURY (Church Stretton, Wem.)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Hon. R. G. Hill	Master	H. Judd, K.H.	Fred Payne	Kirby Moorside
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH (Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Shrewsbury)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. M. Kendall	John Parker	James Woodley	Henry Parker	Bowerhayes, Carhampton
SOMERSET, WEST (Pickering, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell	Henry Sebright	Edwin Brooker	Ringmar, near Lewes	Belchford, Horncastle
SOMERSET, WEST (Dunster, Williton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & alternate Sat.	Mr. R. J. Strenfield	George Champion	Henry Saunders	W. Povey	Trentham
SOUTHDOWN (Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Committee	Dan Berkshire	Tom Ridley	J. Atkinson	Most Bank, Lichfield
SOUTHWOLD (Hornacastle, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Nugent	Stephen Dickens	G. Rose, K.H.	R. Davis	Bury St. Edmund's
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Stoke-upon-Trent)	Tues. & Sat.	Capt. Browne	Master	Thomas Knever	R. Simmons	Sam Frost
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Lichfield)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. Greene, M.P.	Mr. E. Walter Greene	Mr. E. Walter Greene	Mr. E. Walter Greene	
SUFFOLK (Bury St. Edmund's)						

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SURREY, OLD (Croydon, Godstone, West- terham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer Mr. John Young	Samuel Hills . .	Thomas Hedges T. Johnson	Garston Hall, Kenley, Caterham Valley
SURREY UNION	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Francis Scott.	George Summers .	Philip Bishop . .	West Clondon, Guildford
SUSSEX, EAST (Hastings, St. Leonards)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. A. Egerton .	Fred Goeden . .	Harry Pacey . .	Battle, Sussex
TAILBY'S, MR. (Leicester, Market Har- boro')	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	Master	Richard Christian . William Grant	Steffington, Leicester
TEDWORTH, THE (Andover, Marlboro')	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee . .	John Fricker . .	G. Sears John Bayan	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TICKHAM	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. Hall . .	Thomas Hills . .	W. Smith T. Hills, Jun.	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TIVERTON (Faversham, Sittingbourne)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	G. Merriman, K.H. .	Diddecombe, Holcombe, near Wellington, Somerset
TIVY SIDE (Tiverton, Wellington)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell .	Master	Thomas Lewis, K.H. .	Noyadd Trefawr, Llandys- si, S. Wales
TRELAWNEY'S, MR. (Cardigan, Llandysil)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. C. Trelawney .	William Boxall . .	William Spiller . . A. Shephard	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
TREDEDALE (Torbidity, Plymouth)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. G. Fenwick	N. Cornish . . .	C. Atkinson . . . William Ambler	Stagshawe, near Huxham
UNITED PACK (Hexham and Stamford- ham, Boleay)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris. . . .	Sam Francis . . .	Cheney, Longville, Salop
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Bishop's Castle)	Three & four days a week	Sir William Throck- morton, Bart. Mr. H. Villebois .	Robert Worrall . .	A. Wheatley . . . W. Nevard	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VILLEBOIS, MR. HENRY .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	George Kennett .	Henry Strike . . . Henry Smith	Marham Hall, Downham Market
VINT, THE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. H. Spencer Lucy	Charles Orvis . .	T. Nevard W. Adcock	Overton, Hants
WARWICKSHIRE					Kineton, Warwickshire

WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Leamington, Rugby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant .	George Day .	J. Press Fred Firr	Milverton, near Leamington
WESTERN (Penzance)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Bolitho . Mr. T. R. Bolitho . Mr. R. F. Bolitho, Jr. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson .	W. Nute .	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall
WHADDON CHASE (Bletchley, Windon, Stoney Stratford, Leighton Buzzard)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. Winter-Wood	Master J. Smith, K.H.	W. Turrell W. Pendar	Whaddon, near Stoney Stratford
WHEATLAND (Bridgnorth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. Winter-Wood	Jas. Alexander .	P. Beck	Oldbury Road, Bridgnorth
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH (Warminster)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett .	George Southwell .	Frank Jones Charles Woodley	Sutton, near Warminster
WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. & Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. F. Ames .	Thomas Carr .	Mark Gerush Tom Davies	Worcester
WYNES, SIR W. (Ouseval, Wrexham, Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Chester)	Four days a week	Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.	Charles Payne .	Will Haynes T. Smith	Wynnstey, Ruabon
YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel Fairfax .	Trueman Tuffs .	Matthew Cook James Trevick	Acomb, near York

SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Dunse)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Robert Calder .	Charles Jones .	Charles Burns .	Kelloesmans, Edrom, Berwickshire.
BERWICKSHIRE (Coldstream)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Watson Aakew .	Goddard Morgan .	Jacob Martin P. Whitecross	Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire
BUCKLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch .	William Shore .	G. Frost R. Wright	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESHIRE (Lockerbie)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone .	Joseph Graham .	J. Bailly John Roberts	Leafield, by Lockerbie
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Five days a week	Earl of Eglinton .	George Cox .	W. Buck G. Palmer	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE (Cupar)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	J. Anstruther Thomson Captain Carnegie .	Master	Thos. Hastings John Shepherd	Harleswynd Ceres
FORFARSHIRE (Forfar)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan Mr. James Hope .	Master	G. Rae, K.H. T. Cameron	Lour, Forfar
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan Mr. James Hope .	John Squires .	J. Flemington .	Drumpellier, Lanarkshire
LOTHIANS (Edinburgh)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope . Capt. Wauchope	John Atkinson .	T. Woodley G. Buchan .	Golf Hall, Corstorphine
				Joseph Firr	Edinburgh

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SURREY, OLD (Croydon, Godstone, West- terham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer Mr. John Young	Samuel Hills . .	Thomas Hedges T. Johnson	Garston Hall, Kenley, Caterham Valley
SURREY UNION	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Francis Scott.	George Summers .	Philip Bishop . .	West Clandon, Guildford
SUSSEX, EAST	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. A. Egerton .	Fred Goeden . .	Harry Pacey . .	Battle, Sussex
TAILBY'S, MR. . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	Master	Richard Christian . William Grant	Skeffington, Leicester
TEDWORTH, THE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee . .	John Fricker . .	G. Sears John Bevan	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TICKHAM	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. Hall . .	Thomas Hills . .	W. Smith T. Hills, Jun.	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TIVERTON (Paversham, Sittingbourne)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	G. Merriman, K.H.	Diddescombe, Holcombe, near Wellington, Somerset
TIVY SIDE	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell .	Master	Thomas Lewis, K.H.	Noyadd Trefawr, Llandys- sil, S. Wales
TRELAWNEY'S, MR. . . .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. C. Trelawney .	William Boxall . .	William Spiller A. Shephard	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
TYNEDEALE (Hezham and Stamford- ham, Boleay)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. G. Fenwick	N. Cornish . . .	C. Atkinson . . . William Ambler	Stagslawe, near Hexham
UNITED PACK	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris. . . .	Sam Francis . . .	Cheney, Longville, Salop
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Bishop's Castle)	Three & four days a week	Sir William Throck- morton, Bart. Mr. H. Villebois .	Robert Worrall . .	A. Wheatley . . . W. Nevard	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VILLEBOIS, MR. HENRY . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	George Kennett . .	James Stracy . .	Marham Hall, Downham Market
VINE, THE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. H. Spencer Lucy	Charles Orvis . .	Henry Strike Henry Smith	Overton, Hants
WARWICKSHIRE				T. Nevard W. Adcock	Kinelon, Warwickshire

WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Leamington, Rugby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant .	George Day . .	J. Press Fred Fitt W. Nute . .	Milverton, near Leamington Madron, Pensance, Cornwall
WESTERN (Pensance)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Bolitho . Mr. T. R. Bolitho . Mr. R. F. Bolitho, Jr. . Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson .	W. Turrill W. Pendar	Whaddon, near Stoney Stratford
WHADDON CHASE (Bletchley, Windsor, Stoney Stratford, Leighton Buzzard)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. Winter-Wood	Jas. Alexander .	P. Beck Frank Jones Charles Woodley Mark Gerush Tom Davies Will Haynes T. Smith Matthew Cook	Oldbury Road, Bridgnorth Sutton, near Warminster Worcester Wynnstay, Ruabon
WHEATLAND (Bridgnorth)	Tues. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett .	George Southwell .	James Trevick . .	Acomb, near York
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH (Warminster)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. F. Ames . .	Thomas Carr . .		
WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. & Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.	Charles Payne . .		
WYNNES, Sir W. (Oswestry, Wrexham, Ellesmere, Whitechurch, Chester)	Four days a week	Colonel Fairfax . .	Trueman Tuffs . .		
YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.				

SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Dunee)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Robert Calder .	Charles Jones . .	Charles Burns Jacob Martin P. Whitecross . . G. Frost R. Wright J. Bally John Roberts . . W. Buck W. Blakeborough . . G. Palmer Thos. Hastings John Shepherd G. Rae, K.H. . . . T. Cameron J. Flemington . . . T. Woodley G. Buchan Joseph Fitt	Kelloe, Edrom, Berwickshire Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire Leafield, by Lockerbie Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr Harleswynd Ceres Lour, Forfar Drumpellier, Lanarkshire & Houston, Renfrewshire Golf Hall, Conestorphine Edinburgh
BERWICKSHIRE (Coldstream)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Watson Askew .	Goddard Morgan .		
BUGLEUGH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch .	William Shore . .		
DUNFRIESHIRE (Lockerbie)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone . .	Joseph Graham . .		
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Five days a week	Earl of Eglinton . .	George Cox		
FIFE	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	J. Anstruther Thomson Captain Carnegie . .	Master		
FORFARSHIRE (Forfar)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan	Master		
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope . .	John Squires . . .		
LOTHIAN (Edinburgh)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Capt. Wauchope . .	John Atkinson . .		

FOXHOUNDS (IRELAND.)

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town or Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Walga.	Kennels.
BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY. (Bandon, co. Cork) CARLOW AND ISLAND (Carlow, Qullon, New- tonberry)	Mon. & Thur. Three days a week.	Mr. G. Baldwin Mr. Robert Watson	Richard Gallwan Master	Michael Walsh M. Conner B. Bryan	Brookfield, Bandon, and Moulrour, Bantry Ballydarton, Bagnulstown
CURRAGHMORE (Currick-on-Suir, Waterford)	Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	D. Ryan W. Quin M. Herlphy J. Connor J. Dempsey P. Nolan P. Barry	Curraghmore, Portlaur, Wa- terford Donerally, co. Cork Killaheale, Rathcormac, co. Cork
DONALLOW (Malloe, Donerally) FERMOY'S, LORD (Fermoy, co. Cork) GALWAY COUNTY (Athlery)	Mon. Wed. & Sat. Tues. Fri. bye day Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Ware Lord Fermoy Mr. Burton R. P. Parsoe	John Walsh John Smith Master	George Browne Will Freeman T. McAllister J. Heffernan	Moyode, near Athenry Johnstown, Kennedy, Rath- coole, co. Dublin Castle Blundeu, Kilkenny
KILDARE (Naas) KILKENNY (Kilkenny) LIMERICK (Limerick) LOUTH (Dundee) MEATH (Narain, Kells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri. Three days a week. Two or three days a week Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Sir Edward Kennedy, Bart. Mr. H. W. Briscoe Sir David V. Roche, Bart. Mr. W. de Salis Fil- gate Mr. W. N. Waller Lord Hastings	Henry Rees John Tidd Master John Kennedy, K.H. Master J. McBride Master W. Smith Master	John Costelloe Henry Hardy, K.H. John Corrin John Bishop H. Reynolds John Smith John Fitzgerald D. Cody W. Betton J. Shephard D. Mullane John Ahern	Carras, near Croom Lisranny, Ardee Newgentstown, Kells. Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's Co. Stradbally Hall, Queen's County Oatlands, Kinsale
ORMOND AND KING'S CO. (Newagh, Borrisokane)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. R. G. Cosby Mr. T. W. Knollies	James Malden	Patrick Connelino T. Keenan	Fethard, co. Tipperary
QUEEN'S COUNTY (Stradbally, Maryborough) SOUTH UMON (Kinsale)	Tues. & Fri.				
TIPPERARY (Fethard, Clonsilla, Cashel)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. D. F. Going	James Malden		

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

(Cork) WEXFORD (Ennisceorthy)	Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty	Master	Phillip Morisy. John Morisy	County, Association, &c.
ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (Carno)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams	Thomas Owen	E. Humphreys	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASPUILL'S (Wigan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby		Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. (Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master	Charles Eynstone, K.H.	Beesdaleleigh, Abingdon
BIGGLEWADGE (Biggleswade)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master	G. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggles- wade
BOUGHAY & SIE THOMAS, Bart. (Broughay)	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughay, Bt.	Master	R. Jones, K.H.	Aqualata, Newport, Shrop- shire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALIE (Bradford)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Thompson	Stephen Shepherd	W. Shepherd	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRIGHTON (Brighton)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master	P. Thorpe W. Smith	Brighton
BROOKSIDE (Brighton, Leices)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Saxby Mr. S. Ikard	John Funnell	J. Lower	Lord, near Leics
BRUCE & M. (Middleham, Leicestershire, Le- dale, Richmond)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. W. S. Bruce	Master	W. Hodgkinson W. Lumley	Middleham, Bedale
BURNHAM (Wadon-super-Mare)	Tues. Fri. & bye day	A Committee	J. Binning		Burnham, Somerset
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST (Buxton and Chapel-en-le- Frith)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet	J. Shaw	R. Gress	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON (Carnarvon, Bangor)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward	Owen Jones		Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
COLCHESTER (Colchester)	Various	Mr. W. F. Luger	Master		Colchester
CORBERT'S, Sir V. M. (Shrewsbury)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir V. M. Corbett	Master	H. Brown	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
CORYTON'S, Mr. (Sulham)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton	Master	J. Higman	Bittlesford, Leamington, Corn- wall
COTLEY (Chard)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Farnes	Master	Mr. W. D. Farnes	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
COWBRIDGE (<i>Coebridge</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy	Edwin Usber	F. Archer	Llandough, Castle
CRAYEN (<i>Gargrave</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Col. Robinson	John Tobin	Joe Tancred	Holme Bridge, Gargrave
DART VALE (<i>Totnes, Ashburton</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce		Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DEARS, Mr. JAMES. (<i>Winchester</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Dear	Master	Tom Wilding	Winchester.
DOVE VALLEY (<i>Uttchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	W. Frederick Cotton	John Galway, K.H.	Anthony Horden	Roseater, Staffordshire
EASTBOURNE (<i>Eastbourne, Lewes, Hailsham</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	James Hume	Walter Wickham	Old Town, Eastbourne
FOWEY*	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	J. Collings		Lantyan, St. Sampson's, Par Station, Cornwall
FULFORD	Five days a fortnight	Mr. E. S. Clarke	Master	C. Carnell, K.H.	Fulford, near Exeter
GILBERT'S, Mr. T. HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B. HIGH PEAK (<i>Balewell, Wirksworth, Buxton</i>)	Twice a week Tues. & Fri. Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Gilbert Sir Robert B. Harvey Mr. R. Needfield	Master St. Farr Master	W. Young E. George Jas. Heage	Swinford Lodge, near Rugby Langley Park, Slough Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE (<i>Ramsbottom</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. E. D. Wilson	John Jackson		Holcombe, Manchester
IDRIS SIDG* (<i>Dolgelly</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. E. Walker	Lewis Rowlands		Dolgunissa, Dolgelly
JONES'S, CAPT. D. (<i>Llandovery</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. D. Jones	Master	W. Harris	Danyralt, Llandovery
KERRISON'S, SIR E.* (<i>Eye</i>)	Wed. . . .	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	Richd. Fridlington	A. Wheatley	Oakley Park, Eye
LONSDALE* (<i>Hornby, near Lancaster</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	G. Sharp, K.H.		Low Bentham, near Lancaster
LYME*	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mr. T. H. Yelverton	John Marshall	Disley, Cheshire

(Liskeard, Bodmin) MATTOCK, MR. (Tasdon & Wellington)	Tues. & Fri.	Marshall Mr. Robert Mattock	Master	T. A. Pratt James Rice	Leard, Cornwall Lowton, Wellington
MONTGOMERY, NORTH (Llanfyllin)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. A. Pugh Mr. R. H. Starkey Colonel Powell	John Jones E. Baker	David Owen T. Evans	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin Nant Eos, Aberystwith
(Aberystwith) NEWCASTLE & GATEHEAD NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK (Yarmouth)	Tues. & Fri. & bye day. Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb Mr. Edward Garrett	S. Dixon Master	Fredk. Enever	Kenton, Northumberland Clippesby, South House, Norwich
NORTHMOOR (Dulverton)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. A. Locke	T. H. Yelverton		Northmoor, Dulverton, Somerset
OLDEAN*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	S. Olloson	R. Hilton	Foxdenton, Chaddaston, Manchester
OXENHOLME*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson		High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PENBOURNE, LORD (Salsbury, Wilton)	Two days	Lord Pembroke	Master	Hon. S. Herbert Mr. W. Flower G. Horton	Wilton
PENDLE FOREST (Burnley)	Three days & weak	Major Starkie	W. Walmsley		Huntroyde, Burnley
PENISTONE	Two days & week	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	Master	W. Bramall J. Mitchell Dan North Jam Steer Thomas Rees	Plumpton, near Penistone Porlock and Oare
PORLOCK AND KILMOOR, THE (Linton and Lymouth)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Phelps	Mr. Snow		Bwlchlychan, Llanfyllther
PRYSE, MR. (Lampeter, Llanfyllther, Llandysul)	Mon. Thur. Sat. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master		
RADNORSHIRE (Landrindod, Rhayader)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	Master	Rice Lewis	Landrindod and Rhayader, Bednorshire
ROMNEY MARSH (New Romney)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master	Thos. Hinds	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
SADDLEWORTH (Greenfield, Oldham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent	Master Allen Scho- field	J. Mellor	[M]ington, Hants Vicar's Hill Lodge, Ly-
SHURBURN, MR.* (Greenfield, Oldham)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. C. Payko Shrubbs	Master	W. Dowden	Greenside, near Broom
SILVESTON*	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber	Master	John Pitts	
SOUTHPOOL* (Kingsbridge, Devon)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. A. Hold- sworth	E. Arundel		Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLMAN* (St. Columb, Newquay)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle	J. Flaminck	B. Solomon	Tregualick, St. Columb, Cornwall

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
KINSALE (Bandon)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sanly Cove, Kinsale
LECALE (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde, M.P.	T. Radwick	R. Mitchell. . . .	Seaford, co. Down
MCCLEINTOCK'S, MAJOR* (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McCleintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Omagh, co. Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR. (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henebry . . .	Springfield, Holycross
MAYO, SOUTH* (Claremorris & Ballinacree)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. B. Jennings	Master	John Brennan . .	Mount Jennings, Holly- mount, co. Mayo
MEATH UNION*	Two days a week	Mr. Philip Blake	Master	Ladynath, Navan, co. Meath
MONAGHAN, THE* (Monaghan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lord Rosemore . .	H. McElroy	Paul Duffy. . . .	Camla, near Monaghan
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoey.	Master	J. Richardson Pat Rice	Newry
NEWBRIDGE (Newbridge)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	John Culleton	Newbridge
ROCKENHAM* (Cork City)	Variable	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry	None	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROUTE (Portrush)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Lecky, jun.	P. Hackett	Ballyangry, Coleraine
ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan . . .	John Mulcahy . . .	Capt. Holmes Lake Egan	Ballynoe, co. Cork
SPAGPOOLE'S, MR. (Limerick)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stac- poole	Master	P. Cunningham . .	Derry Knockayne
SPROUSE'S, SIR J. (Tynan, Caledon, Ar- magh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart., M.P.	Joseph Gardner . .	G. M'Arce	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WARBURTON'S, MR. (Portarlinton)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Warburton .	G. Mulhall	Richard Kenny. . .	Garrylinch, Portarlinton
WEST CORK* (Shibbereen)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Stephen Sweet- man	John Leaby	F. Bailey	Garrylinch, Portarlinton, Queen's co.
WICKLOW* (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Comerford .	George Shephard . .	J. Aggls	Glasnamet Rathdrum, Wicklow

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VI. III. 1000000

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LIEUT.-COLONEL CALVERT.

IF, as the Great Duke said, the hunting-field is the school for soldiers, how many of that noble profession gladly seek in after-life fresh laurels where they first won their spurs. To how many on service among the burning plains of India, or doing garrison duty at home, comes the pleasant dream of a snug hunting-box in some good country, with a stable large or small according to their means, when the sword shall have been returned to the scabbard, or perchance beaten into a ploughshare. Probably it was a dream that visited not unfrequently the present gallant Master of the Crawley and Horsham when with the Royal Artillery in India, and going through the fighting and hardships of the mutiny. For five-and-twenty years Lieut.-Colonel Calvert served with his distinguished regiment, and always a sportsman, especially a hunting man, made his name known wherever good horsemanship and bold riding were required. While in Calcutta he frequently joined the Pig-sticking Club, and many were the first spears that fell to his share; and when he retired on half-pay some few years since, and settled down at Ockley Court, between Horsham and Dorking, he soon found congenial occupation with hound and horn.

In the spring of 1868 Colonel Calvert undertook the management of the Crawley and Horsham hounds conjointly with Mr. Robert Loder, of the High Beeches, and Mr. W. E. Hubbard, Jun., but at the end of the season Mr. Loder assumed the sole command. That gentleman retired at the end of one season, and then Colonel Calvert became the Master. He is now in his fifth year of office, and has got together a good dog and bitch pack, admirably suited for that rough and sporting country. It has a good deal of wood and a good deal of jumping, and the few foxes that there are, are stout ones, and require a deal of killing.

Colonel Calvert is bred to hunt. As far back as 1727 his ancestor, Mr. Calvert of Hertfordshire, kept foxhounds in that country. On

the maternal side, Sir William Rowley, Bart., of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, was an M.F.H. for many years. A good horseman, and, what is more, a good horse-master, very fond of the sport, and always to be seen with his hounds, in this respect something extraordinary, Colonel Calvert unites to these qualifications those pleasant and courteous manners in the field so essential to the popularity of a Master. That popularity he fully enjoys.

A CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

It has been alleged against the Opposition, by the followers of the party now in power, that they have no policy; and it is asked, in a triumphant tone, what measures lately passed by the 'popular' Government its opponents would have the wish or power to repeal, in the event of their once more assuming office. It cannot be said of Messrs. Chaplin and Alexander, and those who have elected to serve under the reactionary banner of the great Turf council, that they have 'no policy;' while they have further shown their talent for repealing by disendowing the Middle Park Plate—one of the most successful and popular institutions of Newmarket—and revoking their edict of some years since relative to the early running of two-year-olds. They have given direct encouragement to an increase, instead of diminution, in the labours of the young racehorse, by decreeing not only that his work shall commence earlier in the year, but also by the disestablishment of a race which held out high inducement for owners to spare their animals until the autumn months. We have no means of analysing the division-list on both motions; but it is obvious that the tendency of a slight majority was to retrace steps taken deliberately a short time ago, thus seeming to argue that the changes had not worked satisfactorily, or that some external and obscure causes of jealousy or pique influenced their judgments. We hear of a rediscussion (of both the proposals reported as having been adopted) by a fuller meeting of the Club in London, and that some technical objection may be taken to Mr. Alexander's motion; but, except in case of the latter having been passed informally, we cannot see what a reopening of the *vexata questio* could effect, except a painful and somewhat undignified exposure of the weakness and vacillation of the legislative body. Mr. Chaplin, we understand, consented to postpone his motion in order to give members time for reflection; and the interval was doubtless used by both sides as an opportunity for marshalling their forces and 'whipping' stragglers together to aid in the final division.

We are not aware that either Mr. Chaplin's or Mr. Alexander's motion was brought forward in deference to any current of public opinion which might be thought to have set in in the direction of the proposed alterations. But then the Jockey Club, like all other aristocratic bodies, seem to take an occasional delight in running

counter to the wishes of owners, trainers, and the public, just for the sake of showing that their rule is still supreme in racing affairs. From Jockey Club decisions, at any rate, there is no appeal; and our only consolation in bowing to their decrees is that the august body itself, as owners of horses, is also bound by the same enactments it promulgates to its subjects.

We will consider the two motions separately, and take Mr. Alexander's first, as affecting more generally the subject of two-year-old racing, and not passed with a view to the correction of any specific alleged abuse, as in Mr. Chaplin's case. Viewed in the abstract, it may be considered as touching mainly the interest of racing *entrepreneurs* and breeders—individuals, without doubt, closely connected with the success of sport, but in no way (anomalous though it may appear) carrying on business with a view to the vaunted object of racing, viz., the encouragement of the breed of horses. Both managers and breeders are anxious to make a market of the animals they can attract to their meeting or bring into the sale ring; and in most cases the 'nimble ninepence' is preferred to that 'splendid shilling' which theorists promise them if only they will wait a little longer. Managers, of course, will reap the greater benefit, though the breeding of a certain class of animals will remunerate proprietors of stud-farms, and give them some standing in lieu of that cut from under their feet by the summary abolition of the great two-year-old prize. Still, apart from the advisability of resuming early two-year-old contests, we do not see that clerks of courses and breeders are quite the sort of people requiring encouragement at this present time when 'enterprising lessees' are reaping golden harvests, and stud companies distribute a first dividend of ten per cent. After all the lamentations over departed Brocklesbys and defunct Althorpe Park Stakes, we doubt whether Lincoln and Northampton really suffered to the extent supposed, except in so far that their bills of fare became less varied, and recourse had to be had to hurdle and steeplechasing, which, no doubt, attracted as many spectators as before. Breeders might not unreasonably complain that there was no market for their small and early ones; but, on the other hand, optimists might question the advantage of rearing animals who stood no apparent chance of developing into fit and proper candidates for stud honours, and whose functions as racehorses were tolerably certain to cease at a very early period of their careers. But where we think the Club have acted unreasonably as well as precipitately is in their determination to rescind the legislation of two years ago, while the system recommended thereby was still on its trial, and before even the most far-seeing could attempt to judge of its effects. A much longer period of probation might be demanded in mere justice to the admitted importance of the case, and out of courtesy to those who brought the scheme so forcibly before the public and their colleagues in the Club. Sir Joseph Hawley, on a former occasion, disclosed his reasons for reform openly and frankly in the public press; and though couched, perhaps, in somewhat peremptory terms, and

lacking consideration, yet he carried a large section of the public with him, who were anxiously watching the effect of his restrictive measures, upon which we are now left without means of forming a judgment. Ten years might have been reasonably allowed to give the new *régime* a thorough trial, and its summary quashing will not inspire greater confidence in the legislative moderation of the Club, or in the consistency of that section which has so suddenly veered from its allegiance to the famous 'Hawley proposals.'

Before proceeding to the discussion of Mr. Chaplin's motion and its effects, it may be expedient, once for all, to lay before our readers an exact statement of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the Middle Park Plate, which, so far as we know, have never been correctly described, although the truth may have been promulgated piecemeal in the various accounts laid before the public. We have the very highest authority for our statement, which we give in mere justice to the memory of one whom England will always cherish as one of her most enterprising and successful breeders, as well as in fairness to those who have an equal claim to consideration as his former assistants and successors at Middle Park. The late master of Eltham, thinking that the breeders for sale of thoroughbred stock ought to contribute among them a prize of 1000*l.* value, wrote to Admiral Rous on the subject, stating his proposition and readiness to furnish his share towards the new undertaking. The Admiral (rather diplomatically, we think) replied that, in his opinion, the Royal Stud should take the initiative in the matter, and offered to make the necessary overtures. Nothing more was heard of the affair for some time, when Mr. Blenkiron, on meeting with Admiral Rous, was informed by him that the Hampton Court authorities declined to move in the matter, and intimated that the subject had better drop. Mr. Blenkiron, however, with characteristic generosity, replied that, rather than that should be the case, he would give the whole sum himself; and this being accepted by the Jockey Club, the race became established; it is needless to add with what share of success and popularity both with owners of horses and the public. As to its being an 'advertisement' for the Middle Park Stud, that is an idea which could only present itself to the mind influenced by ill-nature or ignorance. The wine from that vineyard, at least, required no bush—proof alike against the poison of envious detractors or fulsome effusion distilled by cringing panegyrists.

So the 'two-year-old Derby,' planted in the seemingly congenial soil of Newmarket, came to be regarded as one of the most prominent features of the Turf. Patrons and admirers hoped to see it spreading its branches to the sea and its boughs to the river, little dreaming that it was nothing more than a

'Sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at beltane, in winter to fade.'

Unlike the 'evergreen pine,' it was not destined to take root and

flourish, root and branch, for ever. Its first growth was vigorous enough, but shortly there arose some evidence that the soil was but scanty and the nourishment insufficient. Its roots came upon the stratum of stony indifference, and were soon altogether stopped by the flinty rock of opposition, which stunted the goodly growth of its limbs and marred the glory of its foliage. To change the metaphor, its foster-parents soon got tired of their adopted child, jealous, perhaps, of the precocious growth and healthy development which they could not claim for their own. The great autumn two-year-old races dwindled down into comparative insignificance on the arrival of the 'little stranger;' and a blight came over the harvest of winter speculation on the Derby. In order to control this undue progress in the plebeian infant the Club felt they must either compass its removal or make it exclusively their own property. The former course was rejected, partly, perhaps, out of deference to public opinion, and, partly, of a certainty, because members of the Club were not altogether unwilling to have a 'cut in' at so goodly a prize. So, as a sort of compromise, they determined to refuse the annual subsidy of one thousand pounds, and in place of that munificent sum to substitute a 'monkey' from their own funds. Some members may have stood aghast at the proposal for 'so large 'an order' out of revenues which had hitherto only furnished a few paltry plates; but they were consoled by the reflection that all occasion for acknowledging the liberality of the commoner would pass away with the rejection of his proffered gift, and the sanctity of the stands and inclosures on the Heath would be in no danger of violation from the presentation of their freedom to the master of Middle Park. An important addition to the revenues of the Club was also actual or prospected in the new tax on carriages plying on the Heath. So the cheese-paring section took comfort, and courage besides; for a prominent member of the Club came forward to advocate an alteration in the name of the race, following the example of conquerors, who change the nomenclature of subject cities and provinces, and are eager to call the lands after their own names. The bad taste of the proposal came to be forgotten in the general surprise that it should find a supporter; and surprise almost culminated in unbelief when the name was mentioned of one of the most popular and liberal sportsmen as the ally of Lord Calthorp. Only one besides was found to go up with them and find defeat at Ramoth Gilead; his name, like that of the temple incendiary at Ephesus, is happily buried in oblivion. Still were there to be found men who bore enmity to what had become their absolute property, and in a moment of reflection the Club repented them of their liberality. In spite of the withdrawal of half its sustenance, the bantling waxed strong and flourished, and a cry went from the Flat to the top of the town of neglected Clearwells and Prendergasts, and despised Criterions: the ancient spirit of Newmarket Heath, like Rachel, weeping for her children. The sword of Herod had spread confusion among the innocents, and that was now

wielded by the parents themselves. The borrowed weapon had brought confusion among themselves, and there was a name still graven on the hilt which might hurt their family pride, and remind of obligations unwillingly performed and presents tardily acknowledged. So, at all risks, it must be sheathed, and the experiment tried whether the public would again be induced to compete for their own money, and sustain the 'juvenile offender' now thrown upon their mercy, and left to go, at its own sweet will, either to the parish or to the wall.

This brings Mr. Chaplin upon the scene. Having passed through his 'baptism of fire' in the hot days of plunging, a man of mark in the Hastings era, and the hero of many a sensational purchase, in the soberer hours of more matured youth he had fitly become the colleague of Sir Joseph Hawley in his advocacy of those Turf reforms which took the racing world by surprise a few years ago. Neither their brethren of the Jockey Club nor the followers of sport could endorse all that the experience of age demanded, or the enthusiasm of youth suggested, and the Harmodius and Aristogiton of Turf republic wreathed their swords in myrtle in vain for the reform of the Turf and regeneration of the thoroughbred. What little good was effected the new decree hereinbefore alluded to has swept away; and thus the labour of Sir Joseph and his fellow-counsellor are now things of nought. Mr. Chaplin is, perhaps, desirous of keeping up the rôle of a reformer, and his recent motion gives a colouring to this supposition; but he surely would have acted more wisely, not to say more courteously, in giving owners of horses, other than his colleagues, some inkling of the reasons which induced him to take the step of disendowing the Middle Park Plate. The *inexpediency* of adding so large a sum to a two-year-old race may be regarded in so many different lights that it would be only fair to state more explicitly in what particular such inexpediency consists. Otherwise Mr. Chaplin's conduct reads strangely inconsistent. In effect he says: 'From reasons which it is beneath my dignity to state, I consider that it is improper to encourage two-year-old racing by giving so large a sum to one race; in the meantime I shall have a good try to win it, and I enter two horses for the next race.' We have assumed that Mr. Chaplin grounds his objection to the continuance of the annual subsidy on an alleged idea of undue encouragement given to two-year-old racing, because we are unwilling to impute to him any unworthy motives in the shape of private pique or desire or thought of resentment. We have been assured, on the same excellent authority by which we have been enabled to lay before our readers the particulars of the foundation of the Middle Park Plate, that the best feeling always subsisted between Mr. Chaplin and the owner of the 'Monster Stud Farm' at Eltham. There cannot be anything especially unpleasant in the recollections of the place where Hermit was born and reared; and the very fact of Rosicrucian being at present located at Middle Park confirms our previous statement. Mere caprice could not

have dictated such a course of action ; we are left, then, with the supposition that it is merely a repetition of the old crusade against two-year-old racing ; and we are moreover compelled to the extraordinary conclusion, that the best means towards its suppression or limitation is to begin as early in the year as possible, and to take away all inducement for owners to keep back their growing youngsters until the Newmarket Autumn campaign. We are quite aware that Mr. Alexander's and Mr. Chaplin's motions were quite separate and distinct, but they were presumably discussed and accepted by the same individuals in conclave assembled. The circumstances attending both their deliberations and the divisions thereupon we are, unfortunately, not in a position to describe ; for, by a strange anomaly, the debates of the governing body are a sealed book to their subjects, and 'like gods together, careless of mankind,' these wielders of Turf destinies alter laws and upset ordinances in a little world of their own. Reporters' and strangers' galleries would be looked upon with horror and detestation due to the shade of Dan Dawson ; and the silent foot-fall of the keeper of the match-book is the only thing to remind of the outer world in that august assembly, whose Hansard is the 'Racing Calendar,' and from whose tribunal there is no appeal.

We fully concur in the remarks of a journal, which cannot be accused of discussing sporting questions otherwise than temperately and firmly, and whose contributors are not in the habit of indulging in the strong language contained in the following sentence. The 'Field,' 'taking the result of the division-list, and refusing to deal 'with names,' says : 'On the strength of these results we shall be 'beld enough to say that anything more contradictory, stultifying, 'or absolutely ludicrous has been rarely known than the business 'transacted by the Jockey Club at their meeting on the Wednesday 'of the Houghton Meeting. This is so pregnant with evil that it 'would be well if so retrograde a body would, in the future, stay at 'home and confine its doings to facilitating the decline and fall of 'Newmarket.' A body with absolute powers of government, and unlimited ideas of legislation, containing members of both Houses of Parliament and strictly limited to blue blood, might at least have hesitated before it committed itself to so incomprehensible a course of action. So far as we are aware, the utterances of the press and the voice of the public have both been raised against the glaring inconsistency betrayed by recent legislation. So far from the best interests of the Turf being considered safe in their hands, for the future it will be said that all rules, ancient and modern, are liable to be altered or annulled at the caprice of any amateur reformer in the Club who may have a pet grievance to air or a momentary whim to indulge. With them knowledge cannot be said to be power, but that their power consists in a knowledge of their absolute supremacy in racing affairs. They can bend and torture to their will any recalcitrant clerk of the course, or roll the full thunder of their wrath over the head of anyone who dares to question their authority. The

whole racing world is bound to submit to their arbitration and respect their decrees; and it is on this very account, knowing that no reckoning can be demanded of them, that in altering or rescinding old laws, or framing new regulations, they should exercise the utmost care, and consult feelings and interests other than their own. For be it remembered the freedom of their subjects is so far complete, that by dissociating themselves from the sport, they cease to acknowledge the rule of the Club; and that the more discouragement high-class racing receives, the fewer the sportsmen of the Hawley, Merry, and Rothschild stamp will care to cut in at the game, and the greater influx will there be of those questionable characters who have done so much to drag down the reputation of a sport which they only blacken and defile. With the abolition of the more important historical contests, whose status we cannot reckon as safe from one meeting at head-quarters to another, a new order of things must necessarily arise, and the oldest among us may yet live to see the day when Newmarket shall have degenerated into the character as well as the sport of a Metropolitan meeting, and the jingle of the shilling be heard in the gate-keeper's box at the Burwell Gate, where old race-goers of twenty years ago would stare at the half-guinea demand for the freedom of the Heath for their carriage. We have spoken thus strongly, not in any feeling of opposition to the powers that be, but in the interests of the sport they profess to regulate. They cannot pursue their present weathercock policy without the probability of making the Heath their own peculiar playground—not a very interesting condition in practice, however charming it may be in theory, to that spirit of exclusiveness which of necessity animates so aristocratic an assembly as the Jockey Club. No one could endure the horrors of a week of 'off days,' or trying conclusions over and over again with the same animals. The public are the real supporters of racing, and it should be the policy, if not the pleasure of the ruling powers, to induce them to continue that support, not by a system of disendowment and summary abolition, proposed without reason and adopted without consideration, but by a steady process of reform, conceived in a liberal spirit, and unhampered by the inconsistencies and vagaries of Conservative reaction.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XXVII.

THE people inhabiting Pleyben and the surrounding district are probably as purely Breton as any in Lower Brittany; for there the old Celtic ballads of the sixth century may still be heard at their festive meetings, and there many a legend and many a quaint custom, half pagan and half Christian, traceable even to an earlier

period, is still retained by the descendants of the ancient race with singular tenacity and devotion. The manly game of wrestling, too, of long standing in the country, is still to the fore; and although they have had no Homer to chronicle the achievements of their antique heroes, long past away, the names of many such are still handed down from generation to generation, and their prowess in the ring recorded with just pride throughout the region of Cornouaille.

The very name of *Ar Gourren*, which is the Breton term for a wrestling-match, indicates its classic origin, that being also the Breton for the crown or prize awarded to the successful wrestler. In the 'Testamant Nevez,' however, the word, as used by St. Paul in reference to the Isthmian Games so well known to the Corinthians, is spelt *Gurunen*, which of course is a corruption of *corona*, the crown bestowed on the victor in the athletic sports of old Rome at a subsequent period, the translation being doubtless made from a Latin rather than the Greek text into the Breton language.

From the adoption of the word *ar gourren*, then, it may fairly be inferred that the game of wrestling was derived from the Romans who, in the time of Cæsar, occupied in great numbers the country of Armorica, when it was constituted a province and called 'Lugdunensis Secunda;' but, from the still earlier visits of the Phœnicians to that country, it may have had even an older origin, though, as it has been already remarked, the Bretons have had no ancient chronicler to record the fact. A comparatively modern one, however, has informed us how, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the time of Francis I., a grand wrestling-match took place between the French and English athletes; and how, when England gained the mastery, the greatest regret was expressed that the Bretons had not been sent for to oppose the English, as they were deemed unconquerable champions in this manly game. The accounts, too, of the treasurers to the Dukes of Brittany constantly make mention of sums of money given to their wrestlers; it being the object of the Government to cultivate the muscle and bodily strength of the people by such gymnastics.

Having so far referred to the antiquity of the sport in that country, let me endeavour to describe a wrestling-match, such as every summer may be seen at Pleyben, a small town in Finistère, nearly midway between Châteaulin and Châteauneuf-du-Faou. To him, however, who has ever witnessed a gathering for the like purpose in Cornwall or Devon, I cannot, I fear, hope to contribute information either of a novel or startling character; still, although the game may be somewhat similar, a strange difference exists in the picturesque and mediæval appearance of a Breton assemblage from that of our Western counties.

On a favourable grass-plot, and under the shade of a clump of chesnut-trees, the spectators were compelled to form a vast ring, which, although unroped, was admirably kept by a staff of men appointed for that purpose. These, answering in some degree to

our sticklers, twirled their whips and sticks with wondrous effect in the face of the crowd; and, besides maintaining the circle, performed the further office of seeing fair play enacted between the combatants. Then, the hubbub of the crowd as some favourite champion stepped manfully into the ring, the shrill squeal of the bagpipes and the rattle of the kettle-drums, created a din equalled only for its discord by our betting-ring and race-course previous to a grand event.

It is impossible to overstate the picturesque appearance of the whole assembly, dressed, as the peasants were, men and women, in the holiday costume peculiar to their own Communes. That of the men, although varying in shape and colour, resembled the fashion of dress worn in the sixteenth century rather than that of the present or any previous age; there was the trunk-hose; the round, short blue or claret-coloured jacket and vest, studded with buttons; the broad garnished leathern belt, encircling the waist and secured by a metal buckle, often of silver, and huge dimensions; and lastly, the broad-brimmed hat and flowing hair to finish the quaint picture. But how shall I describe the wonderful caps of the women, especially those from Rosporden, Elliant, and Pont l'Abbé, in the neighbourhood of Quimper, some of which were decorated with straw plaits and some with point lace, very dingy and apparently very precious? They must be seen to be understood; and that can best be done by a visit to Quimper on a fête or a fair-day, when the Bretonnes from the neighbouring Communes throng into the town in all the variety of their gay *coiffures*, voluminous petticoats, and tight-fitting bodices. But, strange to say, that chief ornament of a woman, the hair, is carefully hidden under the cap, and is only revealed to the Paris perruquier, who pays periodical visits to that country, and for a small sum, often nothing more than a cotton pocket-handkerchief, secures a tress of golden hair that, shortly after, probably adorns the head of some proud duchess, and puts a handsome percentage into the pocket of the wily trader. At Lannvallon, near Port Rieux, an annual fair is held, to which the peasant-maidens of Côtes-du-Nord and Finistère resort in swarms; and there come too the Paris perruquiers, or their agents, to bargain with them and carry away, for an old song, grand crops of hair that have been growing, probably without much cultivation, for many a previous year. With a sharp scissors and a practised hand, three snips are sufficient to render the head a bare pole in an instant: expedition in the matter is important, as not unfrequently, after a bargain has been made, the lasses are wont to repent and altogether decline the proposed operation.

But now to the ring. The Greek wrestlers went naked to the fight, their bodies being well lubricated with oil, and sanded afterwards to assist the grip of the hand; but, among the Bretons, the combatants were at least decently attired, a close-fitting canvas shirt enveloping the body, with the continuation of the bragon-hose from the waist to the knee, and strong leggings thence to the ankle.

The head, however, presented a most grotesque appearance: the long hair, having been carefully drawn back, was plaited with coarse straw into a pig-tail, being less likely in this form to become troublesome to its owner during the ups and downs of the exciting struggle. This process, which is the finishing touch to his toilet, a by-stander performs for the combatant, who, on his knees, is receiving at the same time sage counsel from a Nestor interested in his favour. He then springs on his legs, and having selected the prize for which he is prepared to contend, he stalks bare-footed round the ring, and with defiant air challenges a rival to come forth and enter the lists against him. Three times is he bound to repeat this ceremony; and if, at the last round, no one is found valiant and strong enough to oppose him, it is pronounced a 'walk over,' and he pockets the prize. If, on the other hand, some daring competitor steps like Ulysses into the arena, and touches the shoulder of this son of Telamon, a ringing cheer bursts from the crowd, and both heroes prepare forthwith for the encounter.

Certain preliminaries, however, are still necessary before the struggle actually begins. In order to give proof that no enmity exists between them, the two combatants advance to the centre of the ring, and, shaking hands cordially, swear that as they commence the contest in a friendly spirit, so will they continue to regard each other after the struggle is over. They then make the sign of the cross to indicate that they are Christians, and have neither had recourse to witchcraft, enchanted herbs, nor made compact with the devil, who, at the expense of their eternal damnation, might give them superhuman strength for the battle. This ceremony over, they and the crowd feel satisfied that, so far, no foul play has been imported into the match, and that the combatants go to work on equal terms.

They then seize each other, shoulder and hip, deliberately and firmly; and, with legs apart, and foreheads fixed against each other, like two rafters of a house, 'each propping each,' the beams of their backs fairly creak, and the sweat runs down like rain, as, interlocked and with a lively use of the heel on the hollow of the knee, they tug, they strain, till at length one, more breathless and exhausted than the other, is uplifted bodily in the air and thrown on the flat of his back heavily to the ground.

The prize is then awarded to the victor; not such, however, as Achilles offered when Ajax and Ulysses strove in vain for the mastery—not a fireproof tripod, valued at twelve oxen, to the champion, nor a damsel, valued at four oxen, to the vanquished; no, the first prize at Pleyben is simply a hat—fluffy, broad-brimmed, and heavy as the helmet of a dragoon; but yet contended for with as much earnestness and honesty as if it had been a crown of gold.

The wrestlers being barefooted, there was none of that savage shin-kicking which, in the days of Cann and Polkinghorn, often inflicted severe punishment on the legs of our West-country heroes; still, the back kick of the Breton, horny and hardened as the heel

is by its contact with the sabot, was no child's play, and served frequently to help the man most adroit in its use to bring his adversary to his knees and weaken the hold that seemed to root him to the ground. Barring the hubbub of the bagpipes and kettledrums, it was in every respect a quiet and orderly meeting; no drunkenness, no foul play, and no savage wrangling. Two or three priests were present, and by their influence on the peasant mind served, doubtless, to keep the crowd under salutary restraint with respect to drink and licentious behaviour. I could not but infer, too, from the little interest they took in the 'play,' that the object of their attendance was rather to act as '*Censores morum*' than from any wish to view the *spectacle*, or indicate partizanship with any particular wrestler in his struggle for victory; still, there was a kind, pleasant-faced priest looking on whose eyes twinkled luminously as one of his parishioners stepped out of the ring, prize in hand, and followed by the plaudits of the admiring crowd.

This intermixing of the clerical with the lay population, the shepherds with the sheep of their flocks, in such innocent and manly games, might be extended, I venture to think, with the utmost advantage to both parties in other countries besides that of Lower Brittany; for, where excesses and bad language are checked by the presence of a clergyman, there he cannot be out of place, either in behalf of his own work or for the good of the company in which he is found mixing. My old friend Bob Buckstone thought so too, or, honest and conscientious as he was in all that appertained to his duty as a curate, he never would have devoted two days a week to the mere pastime of fox-hunting if he had not been convinced that his little parish, numbering but thirty inhabitants, suffered no neglect from this practice; that in the field his presence, so far from giving offence to any, was welcomed by all, and, moreover, had the quiet and unobtrusive effect of checking the utterance of many a coarse word as it rose to the lips of those around him. This was Bob's conviction, and, with his love for the chase, hereditary and inborn as it was, well might he say that 'he only wished 'his whole life had been spent as innocently and happily as in the hunting-field or on the river-side.'

Still, his bishop—a man who, by his zeal, industry, and untiring activity did the work of ten ordinary men, and whose eloquence, now, alas! silent for ever, was wont to charm every ear, patrician or proletarian—strongly objected to Bob's hunting tendencies; and, with the hope of persuading or compelling him to renounce them, he summoned him to his palace, where accordingly on a stated day Bob made his appearance.

'I am told, Mr. Buckstone,' said his lordship, very gravely, 'that you are in the habit of regularly joining a pack of fox-hounds in your neighbourhood; and such a practice being inconsistent with the sacred character of your office, I must beg you 'to give me a distinct promise that you will renounce it at once so 'long as you continue to be a curate in my diocese.'

'My Lord,' said Bob, with an air of remonstrance, but at the same time with the utmost deference, 'I neglect no duty; and my health, which is not strong, is greatly benefited by the exercise. I have, too, but a cob pony to ride; so I trust your Lordship will not bind me to give a promise which some day I may be tempted to break.'

'And is your nature so weak and your passion for the chase so strong,' said the Bishop, somewhat sarcastically, 'that not only your word, but interests even of the highest import must needs be sacrificed to such indulgence? What was your reason given you for, but to control your passion? No, Mr. Buckstone, let me have your promise, and be a man and keep it.'

Now, Bob's spirit was a very independent one; and to be lectured as if he were a mere schoolboy was not exactly the most judicious mode of dealing with him on this or any other subject. But when he perceived the Bishop's temper was getting the better of his reason, that sense of awe with which he had been inspired, and which, at the commencement of the interview, had brought an icicle to his nose, now vanished like a vapour; and Bob, writhing under the taunt, firmly refused to give the demanded promise.

But the colloquy did not end there. It so happened that a short time previously the newspapers had commented sharply on the appearance of his Lordship at a grand ball given by the Duchess of —; and the Bishop had written a letter to explain that he had never entered the ballroom at all, but had remained in the ante-room, with the sole object of enjoying the fine music performed by the band on the occasion. This circumstance being fresh in Bob's memory, some imp of mischief must have possessed his tongue when that 'unruly member' proceeded to say that 'if there was any moral turpitude in the matter, there was at least as much in going to a dance as in going to hounds.'

The cap fitted at once; and the Bishop, taken aback by this counter-hit, instead of continuing to attack Bob's position, was compelled to defend his own. 'I know, of course, what you allude to, Mr. Buckstone; but I have already explained and again repeat that I never entered the dancing-room, but remained in another apartment enjoying the music.'

'My Lord,' said Bob, 'your position and mine are precisely similar: I delight in the music of the hounds, but am very seldom in the same field with them.'

The Bishop's gravity fairly gave way; and feeling the parallel was too accurate to be questioned he dropped the subject, insisting only that Bob should stay to luncheon with him ere he turned on his homeward route. Before that meal was over, Bob became so charmed by the Bishop's good company that he begged his Lordship's acceptance of his cob, an offer, however, which, it need scarcely be added, was most graciously declined. Those two men, the one a poor but honest curate, the other a magnate of unrivalled ability, since that event have both been brought by one sickle to the

same level ; but who shall say which of the twain is now the more exalted ?

When the wrestling at Pleyben had been brought to a close, the bagpipes seemed suddenly inflated with fresh wind and renewed vigour as they struck up a lively air, the prelude to a wonderful dance called the 'Jabadao.' It is the Breton Fandango ; and though most popular among the Bretons *pur sang*, it is utterly unknown beyond the region of Cornouaille. No pen but that of a Frenchman, and he need be a master of the art, could describe intelligibly the saltatory action, the pirouettes, the jigging and figures of the dancers engaged in the 'Jabadao.' From the name, which so nearly resembles the Spanish word 'Zapateo,' or the knocking of sabots, the dance probably owes its origin to that country, formerly and in better days the land of song and dance ; but, if it does, the grace and elegance said to distinguish the old Asturian 'measure' have certainly not descended to the 'Jabadao,' as at present danced by the Breton peasantry.

The priests, it should be added, were now no longer visible ; the wild turn of the music and the passionate delight with which the young men and maidens dashed into the dance had put them to flight ; and, although there was nothing bordering on indecency in the exhibition, the close contact of the couples and the pirouettes performed by the lady, when her hand was passed over her head, were enough to disturb the virtue of an anchorite. So, perhaps, it was quite as well on their own account that they did not stay to witness the 'Jabadao.'

This dance, which is held in high contempt by the French bourgeoisie, is not altogether confined to the peasant class of Lower Brittany ; for it has been my lot to meet more than one member of the old Breton noblesse whose proficiency in footing it was the talk of the country, and who, whenever the tunes of the bagpipe invited them to a caper, never missed an opportunity of mingling with the peasants, and indulging their fancy in this provincial amusement. It was said of a fine young fellow, who frequently joined our wolf-hunting expeditions, a cadet of the ancient house of de Morlaix, that his passion for dancing the 'Jabadao' had been the ruin of his life. He was engaged to be married to a lady who, in addition to great personal charms, was reputed to be the wealthiest heiress in all Brittany ; the day had been fixed, the trousseau provided, and wedding guests bidden to the ceremony from the storm-beaten cliffs of Penmarch to the château of Larochejaquelin on the distant Loire. A week or so before the event was to have taken place his presence was required at Quimper to meet the father of the bride elect, the Baron St. Pol-de-Leon, between whom and himself certain legal documents, relating to the lady's settlements, were to be signed and attested by both parties. St. Pol, one of the few specimens left of the Grand Monarque School, punctilious, proud, and treating the slightest liberty taken with himself as an affront to his dignity, was duly in attendance at the appointed time ; not so, however, young

de Morlaix, who, in passing through a village between Le Faou and Quimper, unfortunately heard the strains of a bagpipe playing the 'Jabadao' tune, and unable to resist the attraction, had fastened his horse to a tree and flung himself into the circle with the spirit of a Spaniard dancing the Bolero.

While he was thus engaged, amusing himself and fascinating a peasant girl, who was the belle of the district and his partner in the dance, the horse broke his bridle, and, turning his head in the direction of his own stable, trotted off unseen by a human being. Still, the wild notes of the bagpipes kept the revellers going; and not until de Morlaix, looking at his watch, discovered that already he had overstayed his time, and could only by hard riding keep his appointment at Quimper, did he hurry away from the attractive ring. His dismay, on finding his steed gone, no one knew whither, and himself stranded at least three leagues short of his destination, may be better imagined than described. However, after tracking the animal a long distance, without being able to overtake him, he gave up the chase, and started at once on foot for Quimper, hoping still to catch St. Pol in the town, and explain the cause of his delay. But he was too late. The haughty old baron, after waiting two weary hours in the Avocat's office, ordered out his carriage, in an ungovernable rage, declaring his daughter was slighted and himself insulted by this cool conduct of de Morlaix. Nor did the matter end there. The next day came a challenge, worded in fierce language, and demanding immediate satisfaction for the offence offered. To this, however, de Morlaix returned a mild apologetic answer, explaining his brief enjoyment of the 'Jabadao' *en route*, and the misadventure with his horse; but the fiery baron was not to be appeased, and, although no duel ensued, the match was broken off, and de Morlaix never saw the lady afterwards. The result, however, made little or no impression on his spirits; for, only a week after the event, he was the life and soul of a party hunting with St. Prix's wolf-hounds in his father's forest; neither was his fancy for the 'Jabadao' impaired a whit by the loss of the heiress; but, on the contrary, he never failed to take a turn in it whenever a peasant girl and the bagpipes gave him the chance of doing so; and he was wont, moreover, to say that, had he been connected with St. Pol, the scruples of the haughty old peer would probably have compelled him to give up that exhilarating and delightful dance—a sacrifice too painful to be contemplated.

After that day at Playben no particular incident worthy of record, with respect to the wild sport of the forest or the social amusements of the people, occurs to my recollection during the remainder of my stay in Brittany. Carhaix being my head-quarters, the centre of the roughest and wildest country between St. Brieuc and Douarnenez, the point of divergence from which the best hunting and shooting could be obtained, and the town of all others the least frequented by strangers, I returned thither to pack up my goods and bid adieu to the many Breton friends, gentle and simple, who had shown me no

little kindness during my long and pleasant sojourn amongst them. To M. de Leseleuc, a grand specimen of a native gentleman, I was especially indebted for his never-failing courtesy and counsel with respect to the customs of the people; for his hospitality; and, above all, for his good company on many a shooting excursion in the surrounding forests. On shaking him by the hand for the last time, and thanking him for all the favour he had shown me—‘It is ‘nothing,’ he said; ‘nothing at all: nor can I ever repay the kindness my father received from your countrymen when he was a ‘prisoner of war so long at Wincanton.’

Great was my regret on parting with these primitive people, among whom I do not remember to have passed a single unhappy hour; for, wander where I would in search of game, I was never once given to understand that I was an intruder on the soil, nor, with one exception, and that most justifiably, was my *permis de chasse* ever demanded either by a gendarme or a peasant proprietor. I had just shot a woodcock which rose from a spring close to a peasant’s homestead; and, as my faithful old Rover brought me the bird, a wild-looking Breton rushed out upon me, exclaiming with great excitement, ‘That’s my fowl; I have been feeding it daily for ‘the last fortnight; there are my traps (*da lindag*) by which I hoped ‘to have caught it.’

I looked down, and saw the bog round the spring pegged all over with horse-hair springles, and the marvel was how the cock managed to evade them even for a single hour. ‘By what authority are you ‘here,’ he continued, in an angry strain, ‘destroying and carrying off ‘the produce of my own property?’

‘By the authority of this document,’ I said, confidently, pulling out my *permis de chasse*, and handing it to him for inspection. While he was examining it, literally upside down, I took the woodcock alive out of the old dog’s mouth and begged his acceptance of the bird; while, at the same time, opening my tobacco-pouch, always well stocked with ‘*caporal*,’ I insisted on his filling his own *plaque* with that fragrant and much-coveted tobacco. Had we, like Tam o’ Shanter and Souter Johnny, been

‘————— fou’ for weeks thegither,’

we could not have become better friends than we did in two minutes. The offerings, especially the latter, acted like magic upon him; and I left with a pressing invitation on his part that I would soon come again, and shoot woodcocks in that locality.

The two good hounds I brought with me into Brittany, one of which was bred at Lanharan and the other at Ty-isha, both possessing the same blood with the Welsh hounds now so famous in the Chepstow and Langibby kennels, I left as a legacy to my kind friend M. de St. Prix. The Lanharan hound, however, going astray, was soon after eaten by wolves; but the other, the black and tan, ‘Warrior,’ took to the rough game at once, and became one of the best hounds for wolf and boar in the Louvetier’s pack.

A fair passage in a spanking bullock-craft, called the 'Eclipse,' conveyed me in four hours from Port Rieux to Jersey, and thence, taking the mail-steamer on the following morning, I was landed at Southampton comfortably that same evening.

BROTHER TOM.

A SEQUEL TO THE MAN WITH ONE HUNTER.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

'Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso.'

RESCU'D from suicide, brought back to life
From the depth of despair by a stable and wife,
Brother Tom, to whom Hymen had given this lift,
Brother Tom of his luck I will tell you the drift.

That good wife he wedded is gone to her rest,
Leaving Tom of her lands and her fortune possest ;
But no ticket can life from vexations insure,
The rich have their troubles as well as the poor.

Two sons—on three hunters apiece they insist,
Their nights they devote to blind hookey and whist ;
Five grown-up daughters besides—Heaven bless 'em !—
Who can tell what it costs a fond father to dress 'em ?

For those gowns light as gossamer, widely outspread,
When compress'd in the bill become items of lead ;
And a feather, stuck there, is no more the light thing
That it was when first pluck'd from the ostrich's wing.

Among manifold masters what guineas dispers'd !
By a tutor in German all thoroughly versed ;
You would think they were natives their French it is such,
While a master of music makes perfect their touch.

In patient submission to duty's stern call,
Brother Tom must go with 'em himself to the ball ;
Watch in hand see him stand there the picture of woe,
Till whipp'd in one and all to the carriage below.

With what care-laden clouds in the stable o'erhung,
The old ones need nursing, rough-riding the young ;
Too restive is one e'en for Rarey to tame,
One is wrong in the stifle, another foot-lame.

Bit-sore, not an oat will old Tearaway touch,
Give Plumper the muzzle, he feeds over much ;
Now some favourite mare is heard biting her crib,
Now a stable-boy kill'd by a kick in the rib.

Now the groom, baulk'd of half he expected to grab,
 Swears that master's new purchase is not worth a crab ;
 ' Black as crape,' he exclaims, ' from his head to his hocks,
 ' Just the thing for a hearse if he had not white socks.'

Tom has always the cud of some grievance to chew ;
 Now he loses his temper at losing a shoe,
 Now he blows his own nose when he hears his horse sneeze,
 Ever vext and perplext by such trifles as these.

What with horses and grooms, what with daughters and sons,
 Still behind him sits Care through the fastest of runs ;
 So many the ills that embitter his life,
 'Tis a bet that e'en yet he will take to the knife.

Content with the small share of sport that I see,
 That share from such endless anxiety free,
 Wealth I declare a delusion and snare,
 Reduc'd to one horse I have only one care.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

BERKSHIRE—THE CRAVEN.

' Nōw,' said our friend, ' we will turn to the Craven, and, to be truthful, I must say it is one of the very worst hunting countries that I know. There cannot be a much more difficult one for hounds to kill a strong fox in, and the great John Warde said, " that he had been sent there as a punishment for his sins ;" and he called it " the cold, heavy, cheerless Craven country." A great part of it is covered with flints, and on the Coombe Hills and underneath are big beds of them ; but generally the country is too boggy and soft.

' Round Ashdown Park is the best part of it, and the *softest* is round Stype, where there are great blind ditches ; about Highclere and Burghclere also the ground is bad and boggy, with awkward fences, while round Woolley and Catmore they are lighter, but then there are great chains of woods. In short, from its big coverts, beds of flint and bogs, it is far from a pleasant country to ride over, and it is a very unfavourable one for hounds.

' There is no great choice as to its meets ; Tinker's Corner is a good place to get a run over the Downs ; East and West Woodhay are not bad, Hinkman Common is famous for foxes, while Stype, in spite of its softness and big ditches, has always been a favourite covert. In fact, although the country is a bad scenting one, it has the merit of being wonderfully well supplied with foxes, so that if they lose one there is no trouble to find another, and a huntsman can very easily poke one up without half the people knowing that it is not the same. Galloping from covert to covert is the

' usual order of things, as the foxes generally are short runners ; but
 ' I may safely say that there is no country in the kingdom where
 ' they are better preserved than the Craven. At the present time
 ' the fields are not large, being composed mostly of farmers ; the
 ' largest musters are round Ashdown Park, which swarm with foxes,
 ' Lockinge, and Tinker's Corner.

' The country extends nearly to Marlborough, and they go up as
 ' far as Colonel Loyd Lindsey's at Lockinge, and draw Fence and
 ' Lockinge brickkiln. The Craven is of course a subscription
 ' country, and they get 1400*l.* for three days a week. There are 102
 ' earthstoppers in it who dine together annually, and I have been
 ' assured by one who has been with them that for twenty-three
 ' years he never heard an angry word or saw one of them the worse
 ' for liquor.

' With regard to its antiquity, it is said that the Craven country
 ' was hunted about one hundred and fifty years ago by Fulwar Lord
 ' Craven from 1740 up to the time of his death in 1764, and it is
 ' known that he and his two next successors kept hounds for half a
 ' century continuously, and it appears that, as was the habit of those
 ' times, they roamed about and had no definite country, and Fulwar
 ' Lord Craven brought his hounds every season as far as Dummer
 ' in Hampshire, and hunted round that district.

' Then Mr. Charles Dundas, who was afterwards known as
 ' Lord Amesbury, and was member for Berkshire, was Master for
 ' very many years. He lived at Barton, was a large farmer and
 ' noted sheep-breeder, besides being the owner of the well-known
 ' horses, Rubens, by Buzzard by Woodpecker, and Pyramus and
 ' Robin Adair, so celebrated as a hunter getter, that a poet wrote of
 ' him in the " Sportsman " in 1842—

' There are steeds on the Border and steeds in the West,
 And Erin's green Isle layeth claim to the best ;
 And I've seen in their princely and elegant garb
 The fleet-going Arab, the high-mettled Barb ;
 But of all the boki hunters old Erin can boast,
 Or from Tartary's wilds, or from Barbary's coast,
 Or with e'en the best mettle of Araby fair,
 Oh ! match me the blood of Auld Robin Adair !'

' The title of Lord Amesbury rose and became extinct with his
 ' lordship.

' Filer, who was afterwards with the Marchioness of Salisbury at
 ' Hatfield, was his huntsman, and Will Hedden his whip.'

' Who succeeded him ?'

' Colonel Stead of Donnington Castle, which was once the
 ' residence of the famous Chaucer, and Mr. Bacon of Elcot took
 ' them, Filer still carrying the horn.

' In 1814 came the great John Warde of Squerries, in Kent, who
 ' lived in the old Manor House at Hungerford, and had his ken-
 ' nels there also. He kept the Craven for eleven years, with a

‘ subscription of about a thousand a year, and then retired in 1825 to his place in Kent, after being Master of Hounds for over fifty-six years; he succeeded Lord Yarborough in the title of the “Father of Fox-hunting;” and Mr. Robert Vyner has said that he was only just of age when he first became Master of a pack of fox-hounds. His great friend and brother Master, Mr. Nicoll, of the New Forest, thus sung his praises in a birthday ode :

‘ On this the birthday of John Warde,
 Let me in humble verse record
 How high he stands in sporting fame,
 How great his deeds, how great his name;
 How in the kennel or the field,
 Now Meynell’s dead, to none he’ll yield.’

‘ He was remarkably convivial and facetious, and revelled in a joke, and used to say that the Craven was the best six-o’clock country in the kingdom. He was a great coachman, and almost as fond of the whip as the horn, and was an original member of the Benson Driving Club, and I believe horsed, or partly horsed, more than one coach. He would drive his team from Northampton to London, and make no fuss about it. Once he went on the box of a friend’s drag to dine at Virginia Water; on their return his friend said, “I have but two paces—a walk and a gallop—“ which will you have?” “A gallop, of course,” replied John, “and where do you think we pulled up?” he said next morning to a friend; “why between the two last horses of an eight-horse “Exeter waggon.” His hounds were so large that they were commonly called John Warde’s jackasses. Somebody once asked him why he liked to have hounds with such large heads, and he said, “Because when they get them down they can’t get them up again.” When on a visit to Mr. Villebois, Master of the H. H., they were looking over a particularly neat and clever bitch, when he observed, “Yes, yes, such hounds as that are all very well “for you, but if I had them with my weight, I should never “see which way they were gone.” There is a high hill near Fosbury, in a part of a country now hunted by the Tedworth, to the top of which Mr. Warde always sent a horse when the hounds met anywhere within a few miles, so that if they ran over it, he had a fresh one to go down with. Another peculiarity was that a doe lived in an outhouse close to the kennel door, and was so tame that she fed with the hounds at the trough, and would eat not only meal but boiled flesh. Then she walked out with them, and it was from this cause that the hounds were so steady from deer in Marlborough-Forest.

‘ Mr. Warde’s portrait on Blue Ruin, with his favourite bitch Betsy, is well known; and I have heard that he bought Blue Ruin in Hungerford because he once drew for a wager a very heavy load of hay round the Market House, when Mr. Warde said he was just the sort of horse to make him a hunter; and so good was he that Mr. Assheton Smith offered three hundred guineas after riding him

on a frosty day. In his latter days Blue Ruin showed great speed and endurance in harness. Mr. Warde used to bring his hounds to Weyhill during the month of March, where he had a temporary kennel, and from thence he hunted the country round Tedworth. His huntsman was Will Neverd, who had lived with Colonel Cook in Staffordshire, a very trusty, faithful servant, but said to have been rather slow in the field. Neverd lived eighteen years in Mr. Warde's service, and then hunted Mr. Horlock's hounds until his death in 1843, assisted by Will Heddon. Mr. Warde's servants wore green coats in the field, and he was not at all particular as to the weight they rode, remarking that he found little difference, as "the heavy ones broke their horses' backs, and the light ones their hearts." He once, however, inculcated the lesson of careful riding on a whip whom he saw unduly pressing his horse uphill by making him get down and run to the top.

The leading man with Mr. Warde, and for many years in the Craven Hunt, was the Rev. Fulwar Craven Fowle, the rector of Kintbury, a capital sportsman, and universally esteemed. At one time Mr. Fowle commanded the yeomanry, and, after a review at Windsor, George III. remarked that he was not only one of his best cavalry officers, but one of the best preachers, one of the best shots, and one of the best riders to hounds in his dominions. Mr. John Sloper of West Woodhay; Mr. Wroughton of Woolley Park, who took the management in Mr. Warde's absence; Mr. Lidderdale, now an old inhabitant of Hungerford, who hunted as a boy with Mr. Warde, and once rode home in a post-chaise with him and two tired hounds after a hard day's sport, in which Mr. Lidderdale's pony was completely knocked up; Mr. Thomas Howard of Yattendon, who was at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1823; Jack Bunce, a bruising rider, and a great character, who then lived near Newbury.

There also lived in the county at this period a magistrate named Sparrow Hawke. As he was one day riding with Mr. Fulwar Fowle a sparrowhawk flew by them with a mouse in his talons, on which Mr. Fowle said, "There is not much difference between a sparrowhawk and an owl," to which the other replied, "The only difference was that an owl is fuller in the face, fuller in the body, and a fuller fowl all over." And occasionally Mr. Fowle of Chute, of whom I told you when we discussed the Tedworth, came out. A man once said to him, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that your horse is lame," and he replied, "I wish to heaven, sir, you could have told me that he was sound."

In 1826 Mr. Isaac Horlock gave two thousand guineas for Mr. Warde's hounds; but he only had them one season, when they were transferred to his brother William, who hunted part of Wilts and Somersetshire, from his residence at Ashwick, a few miles from Bath.

In 1828 Mr. William Wyndham of Dinton was Master, and held them for two seasons.

' In 1829 Mr. Thomas Smith, commonly called "the other Tom Smith," on his giving up the Hambledon, became Master, and lived at the Manor House, Hungerford, hunting the hounds himself, and was considered a perfect covert huntsman. He was first assisted by John Sharp, who had been with the Hambledon, and then by Charles Treadwell, who came to him from Mr. Horlock, and who ended his career as the talented and respected huntsman of the Bramham Moor. It is somewhat strange that the two Tom Smiths known to hunting fame at this time held neighbouring countries, and came into collision about the right to draw Southgrove, which had been lent to Mr. Assheton Smith, and was again claimed by the other Tom Smith, but is now finally in the Tedworth country. Mr. Smith had capital sport, and in one season killed ninety foxes in ninety-one days, which is the more remarkable as, when he went to see the country, he was told by Mr. Fowle that Mr. Wyndham had left only seven alive; yet at the end of the first season the number of masks on the kennel door was thirty-nine brace. Not only as a huntsman did Mr. Smith show in glowing colours in the Craven country, but also as a horseman, having once charged and cleared Elcot Park wall on his famous horse General, so well known in the shires, and had carried him over the deer palings of an enclosure in the New Forest, where Sir Bellingham Graham came to grief. The shock of pitching over the park wall, however, proved almost too much for both horse and rider, and nearly knocked both out of time. Mr. Smith was an artist as well as a sportsman, and painted a picture of the Craven Hunt which was given to Mr. Frederick Villebois, who left it to his nephew, Mr. Henry Villebois of Marham Hall in Norfolk. The scene is laid at Standen House, with Stype Wood in the distance; and it contains portraits of Mr. Smith, the Master and Huntsman, and Treadwell, his first whip; Mr. Charles Houblon of Welford House, Mr. John Archer, Mr. Frederick Villebois, Mr. B. Wroughton of Woolley Park, Mr. H. Smith of Ramsbury Manor, a very good sportsman; Mr. Charles Bacon of Elcot Park; Mr. Head Best, who afterwards kept the hounds at Donnington Castle; Rev. John Sloper of West Woodhay, Rev. Mr. Thomas of Inkpen Rectory, the Messrs. Waddilove of Chaddleworth House, Mr. F. Charteris of Sandford Priory, Mr. William Wilson of Hungerford, Mr. Richard Compton of Eddington House, Admiral Dundas of Barton Court, Rev. C. Coxe of Newtown Lodge, Major Hilliard, who was a great fisherman, lived at the Bear Inn, Hungerford, and the sitting-room he occupied was for many years called after him; Dr. Hemsted of Newbury, Mr. Arbuthnot of Newbury Newtown, Captain Arbuthnot of Wallingtons, formerly the residence of Mr. A. F. Nunez, the Master of the Hambledon, in 1816; Mr. John Pearse of White Hill, who is hunting now; Dr. Merrick, and his son Edward, of Ramsbury; Mr. Kingsmill of Sidmonton; and Lady Elizabeth Bruce, who was a fine horsewoman.

‘ In 1833, Mr. Frederick Read Orme Villebois of Benham Park, became Master, and kept the hounds for eighteen seasons. He was a very kind, hospitable man, and fond of having good singers down from London whenever he had company staying with him. His huntsman was Ben Foote, who had been for three years in that capacity with Mr. Drake before the younger Tom Wingfield; but he began his hunting career with Mr. Farquharson, in Dorsetshire. He was assisted from time to time by Jack Woodley and by George Cox, who went to the Raby; by Jem Goddard, who died while with him, and who is buried at Speen; by Tom Clark, who came from the H. H. and whipped-in to him for five seasons; and by Fidler, who had lived with Mr. Morland, and now keeps the King’s Arms at Newbury. The hounds were driven to the meet in a van drawn by four horses, and the men were wonderfully well mounted. Ben Foote was huntsman for eighteen seasons. He was a jolly old fellow, full of fun and anecdotes of his former days to the last, and he enjoyed a day with the hounds; and being a great favourite and a careful man with a horse, he got many a mount. Mr. John Free of Hungerford gave him his last “halloo” as he lay on his deathbed, which so pleased him, that he left him his old box-wood horn; which great relic Mr. Free gave to Mr. Francklin as a memento of the Craven country on his leaving it. Ben died in 1864, quite a patriarch. His old master, Mr. Villebois, had preceded him on the long journey thirteen years, as he died June 12th, 1851, and left 1,500*l.*, his hounds, horses, saddles, &c. to the Craven country. Mr. Villebois also left Ben Foote 100*l.* a year for life, and to all his servants in his employ at the time of his death one year’s salary. This Tom Clark lost, for, just before Mr. Villebois died, he gave notice, as he wanted to get into a better country. After his death a committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Philip Wroughton of Woolley Park, who always had plenty of foxes, Mr. Bacon of Elcot, Mr. Sherwood of Chaddeleworth, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Popham of Littlecote, and Mr. Best of Donnington, who was chief manager and head man of the hunt; and this régime continued for four seasons, by which time they had spent their first capital, and then the hounds and horses were sold. Then came Tom Clark, who went to the old Berks; then Mr. Robert T. Vyner was huntsman, four days a week for two seasons, whose whip was Tom Treadwell, who had been with the Puckeridge; then Joe Orchin, for one, with George Champion to assist him. But about this time the funds got exhausted and they became very poor. The managers were always at loggerheads, and the Hunt dropped down to two days a week. Hunting with the Craven at this period were—

‘ Mr. Francis, son of General Popham of Littlecote Park, whose stud-groom, Rickaby, a Yorkshireman, hunted more than his master and rode like a maniac. He used to shave his horses. He trained Wild Dayrell, and never saw the Derby before he won it with him, and he used to say that he never would go to Epsom until he took

‘ the winner with him. Wild Dayrell had a wonderful trial. He gave Jack Sheppard 10 lbs. and beat him a quarter of a mile; then Charlton backed him for 500*l.*, and he eventually won, full of running. Colonel Bonamy, now residing at Brighton, a friend of Mr. Best, was fond of hunting, and turned out well; General Butler; Mr. Hogan Smith of Fosbury Grove; Mr. Bunny of Newbury; the Rev. L. Halton of Woolhampton, was a clipping good horseman, having good hands, seat and nerve; Mr. William Everett of Netherton, went well; and Mr. Charles Sloccock of Newbury, went well on a made horse.

‘ In 1856, Major George Willes of Hungerford Park, and Captain H. R. Seymour of Crowood, became Masters, with Will Boxall as huntsman. He was a very wild man with hounds, and would halloo, blow his horn, and gallop in a surprising manner. There was no cub-hunting this season at all, as the hounds were got together quite late, it not being expected that there would be any hunting at all. They began, however, with some hounds given to them by Mr. Assheton Smith, and at this time the northern portion of the country was given up to Mr. James Morrell, the Master of the Berks. Poor Boxall was the subject of many practical jokes while in this country. Mr. Free once met him in the street on the 1st of April, and he said, “Ah, Mr. Free, I see, you are going to make ‘ ‘an April fool of me! You are always up to some of your ‘ ‘tricks.” Mr. Free answered, “No! I assure you I never ‘ ‘thought of such a thing;” but after they parted, resolved that he would. Boxall went off home; and then Mr. Free told a boy to go to Boxall’s house and tell him that a tall, big, dark gentleman wanted to see him at the Bear, and that he thought his name was Grimes. “Polly,” said old Boxall to his wife, “it’s all right. I ‘ ‘know it is Mr. Greaves, who has come to speak to me about his ‘ ‘huntsman’s place.” And he put on his best coat and white tie and posted off, saying to several he met, “I can’t stop now. I ‘ ‘am going to see Mr. Greaves, who has sent for me.” Mr. Free went down to the Bear and into what is called “Major Hilliard’s ‘ ‘room,” took up a newspaper, sat down in an armchair, carefully concealing his face, and pretended to be reading. Boxall, after inquiring where Mr. Greaves was, knocked at the door. “Come ‘ ‘in!” shouted Mr. Free, and, after a pause, disclosed his features and said, “It’s only me, old boy! This is the 1st of April!” Boxall raved and swore that he would never speak to Mr. Free again—but he did. Shortly after he was sold again; for Mr. Free asked his cook to stuff a hareskin very carefully with hay and sand, and let her into the joke. Boxall came in, and, after chatting some time, as he was going was told that there were two or three very fine hares hanging up in the larder, and he could have one, if he liked. Boxall said he would leave the choice to the cook; who said, “They are all very good—but that, perhaps, is the best.” And handing him the stuffed hare, he walked off delighted, saying, “How heavy it is! I think it must weigh twelve pounds!” On

‘ arriving home, his wife, who was asked to come down and inspect the prize, saw a bit of hay sticking out, and said, “Why, what on earth is this?” and getting a knife, immediately ripped it open. Boxall was mad, and swore at Mr. Free, and said he would never come into his house again. After this there was no end of chaff. Out hunting, the farmers would say, “There, Boxall, that’s a fine hare! There is no hay in that, old fellow!”

‘ At a place called Aldbourne, where there was a large pond, the natives had never seen a dabchick until one by some chance visited their pond, and the whole village was in a commotion to know what their strange visitor could be. They accordingly sent for the oldest man in the place, who was wheeled to the spot in a barrow, and inspecting the bird, said, “Ah, they baint very common about here; that’s a sea woodcock.” The natives are, in consequence, to this day called Dabchicks; and it is not very safe for a stranger to mention the bird in their presence.

‘ On Boxall’s taking the horn, Aldbourne came in due course amongst the fixtures. Boxall was there early, and of course had the due complement of idle, hulking rustics to look at him. He also had a bitch named Dabchick amongst the pack, who was a little given to get out of bounds; consequently a call to Dabchick was soon heard. “Who do you call Dabchick?” said a great rough fellow; “you shut up!” Boxall, who was rather deaf, took no notice, but shouted out again, “Get away in, Dabchick!” “Who do you call Dabchick, you old fool?” again said the irate rustic. “I wasn’t talking to you; you be hanged. Get away in, Dabchick!” “You get out, or I’ll make it hot for you,” responded the other; and probably would have done so, had not some of the field come up and smoothed things by explaining the matter.

‘ One season Mr. Free whipped-in to Boxall, and, as will happen, there came a frosty morning with snow on the ground. Mr. Free, as usual, was very keen for sport, which Boxall was not, and, going up to the old man’s house, asked him what he thought of it. “Oh, no chance of hunting,” was the response. “Well,” said he, “we had better go to the meet, just for exercise, and home again.” “Oh, yes,” said Boxall, “we can trot there and back again;” and so they started. Arrived at the fixture, they agreed to wait a few minutes, as the weather seemed improving, and Mr. Free riding round a corner, met a friend who asked him if they were going to hunt. “No,” said Mr. Free; “Boxall won’t go on; he’s only come to the meet and going back again.” “Oh,” replied Mr. —, “tell him that Lord Aylesbury and a lot of people are up in the covert waiting; they never come down here.” Mr. Free accordingly did so. “Goodness, Mr. Free, you don’t say so! we’d better go up,” said the old man. When they arrived at the cover, Mr. Free persuaded him to commence drawing, and he would trot on and see Lord Aylesbury and the others, and apologize for keeping them waiting. This of course he did not do; but he viewed a fox across the ride, halloed them on, and got away with a fair scent, having a good run

‘ round Marlborough Forest and the Chisbury country for a couple
‘ of hours, when the day grew worse, and they had about lost their
‘ fox. Who should drive along the road but Major Seymour, one
‘ of the Masters, who asked Boxall what on earth he was about,
‘ and declared he must be mad. On the road home Boxall took
‘ Mr. Free into his confidence, and said, “What a bad man that
‘ “must be to come and tell us Lord Aylesbury was in the covert
‘ “waiting, and make a fool of me like this;” in which jeremiad of
‘ course Mr. Free joined most heartily, and condoled with him to his
‘ heart’s content.

‘ Poor Boxall will never be forgotten in the Craven country. He
‘ committed suicide at Ascot; and why nobody ever knew.

‘ In 1857 Mr. George Cooke, who was a hard-riding farmer from
‘ Suffolk, came from the South Wold, lived at the Bear at Hunger-
‘ ford, and was Master for only one season, and then took the Tiverton
‘ in 1858. He hunted the hounds himself, with George Southwell
‘ as first whip, and Henry May as second.

‘ In 1858 Mr. Theobald of Sutton Courtney Abbey took the
‘ hounds, and lived at the old Castle Inn at Speen; he had before
‘ hunted the country between Bath and Warminster, and also the
‘ New Forest for two seasons.

‘ His first huntsman was Will Cox, who came to him from the
‘ Duhallow, Lord Doneraile’s, but who went to the Hambledon as
‘ first whip. On November 6th, 1858, Cox had the misfortune to
‘ break his leg on his way to cover at Ashbridge, when the hounds
‘ were hunted by Mr. John Free, who took Boxall’s red coat *vi et*
‘ *armis*, as the following story will show:—On the first day
‘ of regular hunting Mr. Theobald’s huntsman was laid up with a
‘ broken leg, which had occurred so recently that the Master, who
‘ lived at Speen, twenty miles away, had never heard of the accident.
‘ Mr. Free, dressed in his cap and green hunting-coat, rode down to
‘ the Bear, where he found Mr. Theobald in deep consultation with
‘ the whips. Turning to Mr. Free, he asked if he would kindly help
‘ him out of his dilemma by hunting the hounds that day, adding,
‘ “Have you a scarlet coat?” “With pleasure,” said Mr. Free.
‘ “I have a coat at home,” which, however, was not exactly
‘ correct. So he rode straight to Boxall’s—who was out of com-
‘ mission, and had gone forward to the meet with a couple of horses—
‘ to borrow his. This, it appears, Boxall had foreseen was likely to
‘ happen; and, jealous that Mr. Free should hunt the hounds instead
‘ of himself, he left very strict orders with his wife by no means to lend
‘ it. This led to the following conversation: “Mrs. Boxall, I have
‘ “come to ask you a great favour.” “Ah! it’s no use, Mr. Free. I
‘ “know what you wants. But Boxall told me before he left I
‘ “should be sure and not let you have it.” “Nonsense, Mrs.
‘ “Boxall! I must have the coat. So lend it me—there’s a good
‘ “woman!” “No, I can’t, Mr. Free. Boxall would kill me,
‘ “when he came home, if I did.” “Then I be — if I don’t kill
‘ “you, if you don’t!” rejoined Mr. Free, jumping from his horse and

‘dashing upstairs. But so fiercely did this dragoness guard her treasure that he landed in the bedroom minus one coat-tail. Then, throwing off his own garment, he seized the pink and, struggling into it, dashed from the house, and, mounting his horse, took command of the pack. Then he threw a few pieces of bread or biscuit amongst the hounds—as they were all strangers to him—and made the whips turn them to him two or three times going to the meet, and they became handy with him before he got there. Then he found his fox, had a good day’s sport, and brought him to hand. Boxall, of course, was out; and, presently, as the joke got wind, people rode up and said, “A strange thing, Boxall, for Mr. Free to be hunting the hounds—and in your coat, too!” “Ah! it’s not my coat,” he said. “I left it safe enough with the old woman, and she would not let it go to Mr. Free, or any one else,” rejoined the old man, confident in the powers of his better half. He was slightly astonished when he found the true state of affairs—and not a little chafed.

‘When Mr. Free first came into the country, he considerably astonished the natives by jumping gates, which they rarely or ever saw done before, for, taking them altogether, they are not daring horsemen. He once, with Mr. Anderson’s stag-hounds, jumped nine, one after the other, which even with his hard riding field attracted attention. Still more wonderful to relate, he once went to meet the Old Berkshire; rode at a brook and had a fall, and afterwards rode home seventeen miles, jumping a fence on the way. Shortly after getting into the stable the mare died, and it was then discovered that she had broken eight ribs. Persons who doubt the accuracy of this may see the ribs if they like.

‘Cox was succeeded by Charles Barwick, whom Will Long always called Gabriel, from the Essex, and who is now with Sir Harcourt Johnstone, and the hounds were turned to them by George Southwell, who was the previous season with Mr. Cooke, and came back from the Tiverton; while their juniors were David Stevens, who went to the South Wilts; Stephen Winkworth, a native of Hungerford, who was a colt; and Tom Firr, whom everybody liked, who is now hunting the Quorn, and this was his first place with fox-hounds. Another whip was Thomas Walker, son of the Mr. Marsh, alias Walker, who took hounds into the Vine country, and soon had to leave it.

‘Mr. Theobald was a big man, and his servants were mounted on thoroughbred horses, of which he took the very greatest care, not liking to see them ridden hard.

‘During his *régime* they found a fox in a tree fully twenty feet high in Hungerford Park, where he was viewed by Hopper, the keeper, who said, “Come, Charley, you’re wanted,” when after a hint or two, down he came, and after a run they killed him within twenty yards of the same tree where they found him. He is said to have lived there regularly.

‘Men going at this time were Mr. G. Mortimer Thoyts; Captain

‘Fowler of Crookham, a very good sportsman; Captain Bouchier of Speenhamland; Lord Carnarvon of Highclere Castle; Mr. T. Kingsmill of Sidmonton; Old Mr. Smith of Chilton Lodge, was very kind and hospitable, and used to ask the huntsman to dine at his house once a month on a Sunday, where he always had plenty of roast beef and plum-pudding; the Rev. Charles Johnson of Enborne Rectory, is well known with the Craven and all the neighbouring packs as a first-rate sportsman: he is a good rider, shot, and fisherman, and a very agreeable man; Mr. J. Fox of Adderbury; and, about 1861, Mr. Padwick lived at Littlecote, and once gave a splendid breakfast there, which is not forgotten by those who were present.

‘In 1862 Mr. J. Thring Coxe of Newtown Lodge, Hungerford, who was born and bred in the country, succeeded, and built new kennels at Newtown. He began with 48½ couples of hounds, including seven couples purchased from Mr. Baker, the Master of the North Warwickshire.

‘His first huntsman was Richard Morris, who had seen a deal of hunting, but who unfortunately broke his ribs. Charles Brackley, Mr. Garth’s present huntsman, whipped-in to him single-handed, but they could not agree—at which I am not surprised, as he was very rough and harsh in his manner. Morris was a character. He always had his hair cut short the day before regular hunting. He was wonderfully handy with his fists. Like with many others, liquor was his ruin, and got him into some terrible scrapes. He was well known in the Pytchley country. The poor fellow committed suicide at Ledbury from grief at the loss of his wife.

‘After Morris’s accident the hounds were then hunted for the remainder of the season by Mr. John Free, who had seen a deal of hunting with the Puckeridge before he came to this country—in which country his father had some good coverts—with Charles Brackley, from the H. H., to assist him; and Mr. Free pleased them all in his capacity of huntsman.

‘Then, in 1863, John Press came from the Cambridgeshire, but he also came to grief like his predecessor, and broke his leg; and Robert Childs, late of the East Sussex, finished the season. There is no better huntsman in England than John Press, but he is not a very neat horseman, as he never catches hold of his horse’s head, and is all legs and wings. Will Brice, a Houghton lad, assisted them; he was a good whip, but suffered much from rheumatism; on leaving he returned to the Tedworth, where he was entered. In 1864 Press went to the B. V. H., and Henry Harris came from Mr. Henry Villebois, in Norfolk, to supply his place, with Frederick Stockley as first whip.

‘I have heard that Mr. Coxe had a great objection to smoking, and once when a man lit up his pipe while they were digging out a fox, he said, in the imperative mood, “Press, take the hounds home; it is impossible to endure this disgusting smoke;” and they went.

‘ In 1865 Mr. George Singer Willes of Hungerford Park, the son of Major Willes, became Master, and bought Lord Poulett’s dog-hounds and built kennels at Walcot. He was very popular, very gentlemanly in the field, and particularly hospitable. Once when a cricket-match was being played, fully 150 pheasants were seen within sight of the cricket-ground, and the next morning the hounds found two litters of cubs. This is worthy of record, and “solemn slaughterers” of pheasants should have their attention drawn to it. It was a great pity that Mr. Willes gave up the hounds, as he was wonderfully liked. His first huntsman was Harris, who was disabled from a fall, so that Mr. Willes handled the horn himself for part of one season, and he showed that he would, with time, have made his mark in the field, while it is a great compliment to his judgment in breeding that Mr. Coupland selected the Craven hounds when in want of a pack for the Quorn country. Harris was succeeded in 1867 by John Fox (from the Cambridgeshire), promoted from being first whip, but he was too fond of strong liquor, had delirium tremens in the field, and drank himself to death. The following season old David Edwards took the horn, and James Wilson, from the Warwickshire, and Alfred Orbell, who went to the Bramham Moor, turned them to him. Edwards’ nerve is as good as ever. When he went down to Quorn with the hounds and hunted them in the forest, I have heard that he pounded the field over a stone wall. He now lives in a most compact, snug little hunting-box at Hungerford, with a very pretty garden, which he attends to himself. Then came (as whip) Charles Orvis from the Bedale, who now hunts the Warwickshire, who was very active, and then Will Neverd, a hard, fast fellow, from the Tynedale, who was, the season before last, first whip to the Atherstone, and then went to the Ledbury, and John Boreham from Mr. Tailby. During Mr. Willes’ Mastership the Craven once ran from Ashdown Park seven miles in nineteen minutes; John Treadwell was out that day with them.

‘ At this period we find going with them—Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C., of Lockinge House; General Butler of Holt Lodge; Mr. Head Pottinger Best of Donnington Castle; Mr. P. Wroughton of Woolley Park; Mr. T. Chaloner Smith, of Chilton House; Mr. Charles Slocock of Newbury; Mr. Edward Dunn, who is in the Rifle Brigade, and Mr. W. H. Dunn of Standen House; Mr. Stephen Butler of Stitchcomb; Major Seymour of Crowood; Rev. G. Wells of Boxford, a good old sportsman; Rev. Mr. Soames of Mildenhall, who knows all about hunting; Mr. W. H. Cave and Mr. Martin of Newbury; Mr. Carbonell of Greenham; Mr. Darke of Crookham; Rev. C. Johnson of Emborne, a famous sportsman; Mr. J. Somerset of Newbury; Mr. Lovelock Cox, the Secretary; Captain Dashwood Fowler; Captain Reed of Kintbury; Mr. Merriman of Marlborough; Dr. H. P. Major of Hungerford; Mr. A. Tull of Crookham; Mr. Fisher of Winterbourne; Mr. F. Browne of Compton, and his two brothers; Mr. Frank A. Cundell of Church Croft; Mr. George Chapman

‘ of Radley ; and Mr. John Free of the Three Swans is one of the keenest men we have ever seen. He would at any time go out on an old post-horse rather than stay at home, and make a better fight than two-thirds of the rest of the field.

‘ In the spring of 1871, Mr. J. Liell Francklin came from the South Notts to the Craven, bringing with him a clever pack of hounds almost entirely of his own breeding, which he hunted himself, assisted by George Orbell, son of old Joe, and showed very good sport. Mr. Francklin was very fond of hounds, and spared no expense in getting the best blood he could. He had a very nice, good-looking pack on the flags, and he almost lived with them. He would often stay with them till it was dark. But at the close of the season, the Rufford country being open, he gave up the Craven and once more went northwards, taking his hounds with him. Mr. Francklin lived at Kintbury Vicarage, about a mile from the kennels. No man could be more popular with the farmers, who gave him a silver hunting-horn, which he could blow famously. The Craven now hunt the country round Burghclere and Kingsclere, which, from 1821, when Mr. Newton Fellowes was Master, down to the end of Mr. Whieldon’s reign, was hunted by the Vine ; up to that time the boundary was at Remenham. And the Vine hunted all the coverts from Highclere to Itchingswell and Knightsbridge.

‘ The present Master is Mr. Harcourt Capper from the South Herefordshire. Some of the hounds were bought by Mr. Chaloner Smith last spring from the Chiddingfold and the Wheatland, and are lent by him to the country, and they obtained drafts from the Vine and the Tedworth. His first huntsman was Bill Bowers, late first whip to the Pytchley, a very hard working good servant, and one of the boldest riders I have ever seen. Long will his performances on the little chestnut Whitewall be remembered in the Pytchley Wednesday country. He brought his hounds out very well, but only stayed one season, and then went to the Cotswold.

‘ The Three Swans at Hungerford is by far the best place for a sportsman to stop at. He will be well looked after by Mr. Free, who is a most agreeable companion, and I can vouch that he will make him and his horse very comfortable, and he will not be dull.

‘ There is an inn at Savernake, kept by Mr. Jarvis ; and the Phoenix at Pewsey, kept by Mrs. Jarvis, his brother’s widow ; and there is also The Chequers at Speenhamland, kept by Mr. Pink.

THE COUNTRY HORSE-BREAKER.

YEARS ago we should have felt some diffidence in placing such a title at the head of a Paper in ‘ Baily ; ’ but since ‘ the Emperor ’ has given his experiences of ‘ ketching ’em up and making ’em go ’ to the world with, as the Druid relates, those long, weird-like fingers of his, and Dick Webster has not only piloted Royalty across the Midland

pastures, but become an institution with the London public, and done more than all the officials put together to render the Islington Horse Show popular, we are not so much afraid that our readers will say to us, in the words of Sheridan Knowles—

‘Sirrah, if more to me thou talk’st of dogs,
Horses, or aught that to thy craft belongs,
Thou may’st go hang!’

Our horse-breaking reminiscences will not compare with those of either of the authorities we have named above, yet we have in remembrance one who, in an obscure south-country village, thought out and practised the precepts of kindness and gentleness which brought both Christian and Webster to the prominent position they have occupied in the horse-breaking world. Few amongst our first-flightmen, or steady performers, who are always there or thereabouts, without doing anything that would lead you to suppose they would ‘witch the world with noble horsemanship,’ and yet are difficult to ‘get rid of,’ think how much the comfort of their lives depends on ‘the Country Horse-breaker.’ How often has that slashing bay, for which, owing to his free action and good looks, they were induced to give a high figure at Tattersall’s, when Lord Morethanenough sent up his stud to be *weeded*, turned out a delusion and a snare to them, and, in spite of chronic rheumatism and gout, insisted that they should equalise arrangements by helping to carry him, while he carried them! How little do they think that the hours of misery they endure from a persistent borer, who wants to go no faster, but likes to be relieved of the weight of his head and fore-quarters, are due to the injudicious handling of some country breaker who put the same tackle on every colt that came into his hands, no matter what his size or conformation, and when mounted rode all of them in the same dull, leaden-fisted style! How astonished would Parson Allgood be to learn that the tremendous cropper his favourite cob gave him while cantering across the common in hot haste to catch the 10.30 express was due to the negligence of some Castor, who had failed to set him properly on his hind legs, and allowed him to go, in horseman’s phrase, ‘anyhow’ when young! But so it is. We (some of us at least, though not so many as formerly, we are afraid)—continue to breed valuable young horses, let them run in a semi-wild state, until they are arrived at the age when we think they ought to be broken, and then place them for a month or six weeks in the hands of some ignorant (possibly drunken) fellow who has dubbed himself horse-breaker, to be made fit to ride. It is no unusual thing to see him mount them the first time with *spurs* on, and ere they have been in his hands a fortnight, riding them to hounds, to the great detriment, not only of their legs, but of the lives of other people; for young horses are by no means to be depended on, and will lash out, not only at hounds, but also at men and horses passing them. Who can wonder at it when we consider the state of excitement even an old hunter frets himself into on such

occasions? We say most emphatically, ~~that~~ if there is one spot more than another where a horse-breaker and his charge is out of place, it is the hunting field; and yet it is hard to attend a meet of hounds without running the chance of having your leg broken by one.

We are by no means advocates for breaking as it is generally understood, and prefer that gradual training from earliest foalhood which allows and induces the horse to take his place more as the willing friend and helpmate than as the slave which has been conquered into subjection. However, unfortunately, all horses are not so placed as to come in the way of this gradual training; and, in spite of the wonders that Rarey was heralded as being about to work on their love and intelligence (does any one ever Rarey a horse now?), nine-tenths of our half-bred colts are still at the mercy of the village breaker.

The one above mentioned is our earliest recollection of the class, and we have little hesitation in saying that, had fate placed him in any of those counties where a man can make a world-wide fame as a teacher of young horses in the way they should go, he would have been now as well known as Dick Christian or Field Nicholson, although he lived in an age when obscure horse-breakers were not anonymous contributors to high-class sporting papers. As it was, he, like Goldsmith's country parson, lived his life happily and contentedly, and

‘Was passing rich on forty pounds a year.’

Our first interview was when he came to break a roan filly of our father's by Sancho, and we shall never forget how tenderly and carefully he handled the mare, who had some of the fire in her composition that brought home Col. Mellish's old favourite first on Doncaster town moor. How, to use an Irish expression, he ‘soothered her’ until he had the large breaking bit in her mouth and the cavesson properly fixed, and how gently and quietly he brought the reins to bear on her mouth and stopped her in the lunge for a caress, and to eat a bit of carrot, ere the task had become irksome to her. Unconsciously we were imbibing a lesson at the same time, and one that has never left us; for while we were wandering beneath the old elms and oaks that surrounded the home of our childhood's days, or reclining, as we sometimes did, on a

‘Bank whereon the wild thyme grows.’—

while the roan had her head down to crop a few mouthfuls of the grass on downs which now, alas! exist no more, he would tell us story after story anent the old world-erules, for he had been head lad in his day in a first-rate training establishment; and many is the winner he had given his last wipe over ere he was despatched to the post. For age he might have been in charge of Smolensko, Blucher, or Whisker as a boy, and have seen the colours of York, Bunbury, Grafton, or Portland carried to the front at Epsom; but he loved best to dwell on later years, and tell how, after Prim had been sent to the post fit as hands could make him, and the stable with which

he was connected was on to a man, the magnificent son of Emilius chose to do a little extempore performance on his hind legs after the others were off and away, so that the heart of old W. Day (Evergreen Will), who rode him, could scarce have beaten more hotly than his own, until he saw his favourite lay down to work with a will, and catch his horses, as if apparently he knew he could give them any amount of start and beat them afterwards, and was determined the world should know it also. Lord Clifden's St. Leger victory strongly recalled the old man's story of Priam to our minds, and no doubt would have reminded him of old times had he seen J. Osborne catch and pass his horses in the same grand style.

Then what tales he could tell of the Cup wonder, Longwaist, and a host of other cracks! And although he could not say with the Druid—

'He remembered feats of Bunbury
And Mellish in their prime,
Hambletonian and Diamond
Seemed but yestreen; from his lips
Fell tales of Young Bay Malton
And the colts got by Eclipse'—

until it certainly did appear that

'To talk with him of other days
'Seemed converse of old Time.'

And he could tell us anecdotes of horses, owners, trainers, and jockeys then household words, but which the present race of Turfmen save and except a few, would try to recollect in vain. However, the roan mare has had her bite of grass, the summer sun is sinking again westward, and the old man thinks it time to be moving again; so once more the lesson is resumed, and day after day repeated, until our rating lore becomes deep enough to gain us a nickname not over complimentary during the next half year at school, and we could shame half the county in the way of 'gentling' young horses. Then what was our delight when the old man declared we should certainly have the first mount on the filly; and, after a long and very quiet morning's exercise, and sundry leanings across the saddle himself, he actually put us up in real horseman fashion, and led her home in triumph! It was a great day that, and has never been forgotten; though, we must confess, it did somewhat astonish us on the following morning, when the mare was to be ridden in due form, to see our old friend's son bucked clean over her head as soon as he started to trot round the lunge. While our eyes were still wider opened when, instead of tendering the commiseration to his offspring that seemed natural under the circumstances, our horse-breaker applied a small and particularly neat ground ash-stick to the young one's shoulders with a violence and persistency that we thought belonged only to our own especial pastor and master, for, as he expressed it, 'teaching the mare bad habits.' The linking over, he was soon placed in the pigskin again, and told to stay there unless he wanted to 'eat stick' once more—a process he most scrupulously

avoided. So in time the roan mare was well broken (we afterwards drove a daughter of hers at the rate of seventeen miles an hour in harness), and the old breaker gathered to his fathers. We learnt many lessons of temper and gentleness in handling young horses from him which have stood us since in good stead.

N.

MY FIRST DAY'S SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MORE years have passed than I care often to think of since I first landed in Algoa Bay *en route* for the frontier, there to assist in garrisoning Graham's Town, which, in consequence of the troops being actively employed against the Kaffirs, would have been unprotected had not a detachment of Blue-jackets and Marines been sent from H.M.S. 'P——,' in which ship I held the exalted rank of a midshipman.

I have always had a kind of *sporting* mania; and from my school days, when my greatest pleasure was to pot everything that had wings to fly with, to the present moment, no distance was too far, no exertion too great, to keep me from sport of any kind when there was, or when there is, a chance of my getting it; and I can well remember my delight at being told off as one of the landing-party. Visions of lions, elephants, giraffes, and antelope of all sorts and sizes falling to my gun tormented my sleeping hours night after night, until we landed and commenced our march up country; and then I found, much to my disgust, that on the whole way to Graham's Town not a head of game was to be found, with the exception of occasionally a few springbuck or a rhee-buck, who would pause far out of shot, stamp his little fore-feet, and, sending down-wind his peculiar whistle, bound out of sight like a 'flash of greased lightning.' However, a worthy old Dutch boor who travelled with us, somewhat cheered me by saying that two days' journey from Graham's Town I could get as much small game as I liked, and also the chance of a shot at a leopard.

We reached Graham's Town without any adventure or accident beyond the accidental capsize of a baggage-wagon, on which occasion our Hottentot driver treated us to a specimen of the most unique swearing I ever heard.

Graham's Town is built on the river Cowie, and at the time I write of had a population of several thousand persons, the majority of whom were English, Irish, and Scotch; and we found it a remarkably nice little place to be stationed at. The sterner sex were all, or nearly all, beyond the frontier; but the fairer sex were left to our particular care, and the dear creatures did their best to make us comfortable.

For a week or two no opportunity occurred to enable us to get away; but one happy morning I was put in orders to take charge of an escort over two wagons, loaded with stores and ammunition, as

far as the small town of Somerset, about three or four days' journey on the road towards Graaff Reinet. Starting one morning at daybreak, we found the country thickly covered with brushwood and succulent dwarf trees, called speckboom, with but very little water, which made it very bad travelling for the oxen. Indeed, one night we had to outspan without having a drop for them. However, we got over about five-and-twenty miles a day, camping about sunset and starting at early daybreak. On the third day we reached a large farm belonging to a very decent old Dutchman; and, as he told me that any number of springbuck and guineafowl were to be found, I concluded to remain until next morning, and, after a heavy dinner with the old man and his fat, motherly *wrow*, I took my gun, and, with a couple of Hottentot boys to act as beaters, sallied out in pursuit of the birds, the farmer having informed me that it was useless to try for antelope unless well mounted, and upon a horse that would stand fire.

Africa, particularly the south and west coast, abounds with guineafowl; and, as they herd together in flocks of fifty or sixty, amongst the long grass and undergrowth, they afford much genuine pleasure to the sportsman fresh from England, as it puts him more in mind of pheasant-shooting than anything else. When flushed by dog or beaters, they rise, whirring like the pheasant, high above the bushes; and, as they fly fast, and can carry away a heavy dose of shot, it is requisite to hold straight and shoot quick to bring them to bag.

On this afternoon I bagged five couple of birds and a duiker-bok—a most beautiful little animal about two feet high, with little straight horns about five inches long, which I think must have been asleep; for, although one of the most wide-awake of the antelope tribe, it allowed me to get within ten yards of it before it sprang up, when a charge of No. 2 settled it.

Returning to the farm-house, I spent an awful evening of strong tobacco and 'Cape smoke' with the farmer, not retiring to my wagon until the small hours, and consequently not starting till long after daylight that morning; but, as we had only a few miles to go, it did not much matter, and we reached Somerset in time for a late breakfast. The town of Somerset consisted of about thirty houses, and everybody seemed related to everybody else. I found the officer in charge of a detachment of the Cape Mounted Rifles, to whom I was to deliver up my charge, an uncommonly nice fellow; and as I was told to remain with him for a day or two, I at once enlisted him for a buck-shooting expedition for the next day.

The first thing to do was to procure me a horse, which we managed, after some trouble, to borrow from a very drunken little Dutch cobbler, and which horse, his owner informed me, had not its equal in the colony. 'Tisn't his looks; d——n looks, I say,' said he. 'If folks took me by my looks, I should not be thought much 'of.' And I candidly confess he was about right in his opinion.

Early next morning we took the field, and, after a couple of hours' ride, the country became more open and practicable than any I had yet seen, and was covered with large herds of elegant springbucks. These beautiful little antelope are pretty enough to be made

into ladies' pets, and it is one of the prettiest sights in the world to watch them go bounding along fleet as the wind over the scrub and bushes. Standing about two feet eight inches high at the shoulder, and about three inches more at the croup, with a length of about four feet six, their form is characterised by elegance and elasticity. Their horns are about a foot long, having the tips turned inward. Their colour is a bright dun above, with pure white underneath; the two colours, separated by a chestnut band, reaching from flank to shoulder. On the croup are two foldings of skin, which commence about the middle of the back, and pass over the loins to the tail. These are lined with long hair like silk, ten or twelve inches in length, and snowy white. When the animal is quiet, nothing of this is seen but a white stripe; but when it is in motion, the folds are expanded, and form a broad disc over the croup, producing a most singular and beautiful effect. Its legs are very slender, and it has rather long ears, and most beautiful full, dark—I may say, 'love-beaming'—eyes, with long dewy lashes, and a funny little tail about six inches long, with a tuft of long and wavy black hair at the end of it.

The usual mode of hunting these little fellows is with dogs; but, as we had none, my friend sent a mounted boy to drive them as much towards us as possible, and then, keeping the weather-gage of them, and riding on a diagonal course with them, we intersected their path; and, as the herd crossed within a few yards of us, to pull up our horses, jump off, and single one for each barrel, was but the work of an instant; but, delicate and fragile as the spring-buck appears, I was fated to be taught on several occasions that day that, unless mortally wounded, they often escape after the sportsman has counted upon having killed; and they seem to think nothing of a broken leg, for I have often seen one of these tough little beggars seemingly only go the faster upon three legs for having his fourth broken, or even cut clean off by a charge of buck-shot. During the day, by dint of hard riding, we bagged seven buck and then had to carry them home. Directly they were killed they were 'broken,' *i.e.* quarried preparatory for carrying. The head and offal are removed and thrown away, and the carcase is stuffed with grass, the bones of the pelvis are cut through, and the vertebræ of the spine divided amidsips; and the body is then thrown across the horse's crupper, the feet being twisted under the girths on either side, in order to secure it. We had each of us to carry two; and, as they are fully as heavy as a sheep, our wretched horse had enough to carry home. One buck we could not stow, so we were forced to leave him for the vultures.

This was my first day's shooting in South Africa; and although since that time I have drawn trigger upon everything, from an elephant to a humming-bird, yet I hardly remember a day of such thorough enjoyment. I was young and fresh to the sport, and to my then untutored mind it was the acme and perfection of wild shooting. What a thousand pities it is that one cannot in one's age retain the enthusiastic feelings of one's youth!

CRICKET.—THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

WE present our readers with the batting and bowling averages of the Elevens of eight of our great schools. It is a pity that so little of their cricket is seen in London, and that so much is played against inferior and comparatively unknown antagonists, as it is almost impossible to gain any accurate idea of their relative merits. Perhaps it may be said that fair progress has been, on the whole, made in most of the schools under notice in 1873, without any very startling advance having been exhibited. The only approach to a sensation in the averages is Mr. Shuter, of Winchester, who stands so far above all the rest of his eleven that he must be a batsman quite out of the ordinary run, unless we are to assume—without any obvious reason—that the remaining ten are worth very little with the bat. His average (33) is the highest of the year. Mr. Dury, of Westminster, has the best bowling average (6 runs per wicket, omitting fractions), and thus in some way makes up for the wretched batting averages of his eleven; but Mr. Shand (7 runs per wicket) is probably the most difficult and dangerous bowler of the year. On a rough wicket he would smite his enemies on the hip and the thigh, as well as knock their stumps down. Mr. Parry, of Charterhouse, has made the largest aggregate of runs (639), but then he has played in a far larger number of innings (35) than any batsman in any other school. It is curious that he has almost beaten, off his own bat, the aggregate score of the whole Westminster Eleven throughout the season. It is probable, however, that Mr. Browne, of Cheltenham (571), Mr. Shuter, of Winchester (507), and Mr. Crosse, of Rugby (438), are the three best batsmen of the year. Undoubtedly the best all-round man is Mr. Browne, who is equally successful as a bowler, and in the field as in batting. We are not unmindful of the difference of grounds; and it is likely enough that some of these elevens, accustomed to very easy grounds, might not do so well had they to play on a side hill, as at Harrow, or on a ground often dead and slow, as at Eton. But, from all we have heard, we should fancy that Rugby and Cheltenham would run a close race for supremacy, with Harrow and Eton next; the others following in due order.

Eton retained five of her last year's eleven, and all five good men. They were: Mr. Buckland, her crack bowler, Mr. Bruce, her steadiest batsman, two of the Lytteltons, and Mr. Whitmore. The new additions to the eleven did very fairly in batting—enough to keep up a double-figure average, and one of them, Mr. Ralli, was the largest scorer of the season. But a second Mr. Buckland in bowling was hardly to be expected. To him was left the lion's share of the season's bowling; and it is curious that he has bowled almost the exact number of balls he delivered last year, and has obtained the same number of wickets, bar one. But he has been considerably more expensive this year than last, and, therefore, we may assume, more easy to play. Certainly the Harrovians did much more with

him than last year, when they were supposed to have a stronger eleven. No one could have bowled better than Mr. Buckland in the great gala match in July, but his antagonists seemed to make light of him, notwithstanding. The true form of the Eton batting was certainly not shown at Lord's; for the results of the whole season unmistakably point to the superior run-getting powers of the Etonians. Before the Eton and Harrow match the verdict—borne out, too, by the averages—was, that Harrow had a singularly poor batting eleven; and it was only the possibility of Mr. Shand's coming off that inspired the partisans of the 'dark blue' with even a faint hope. The signal defeat of Eton, after a fair stand-up fight, was one of the greatest cricket surprises ever witnessed.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
Hon. F. J. Bruce	14	237	61*	1	17
F. M. Buckland	15	230	63	0	15
Hon. E. Lyttelton	14	285	74	3	20 $\frac{1}{4}$
Hon. A. Lyttelton	11	151	41	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. E. Whitmore	14	140	29*	1	10
W. F. Forbes	15	250	69	0	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. Ralli	15	287	46*	1	19
F. Judd	17	237	50	1	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. Alleyne	6	66	41	1	11
E. Denison	8	113	31	5	14
A. C. Miles	13	139	31*	3	10 $\frac{3}{4}$

* Not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Wides.	No Balls.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average of Runs per Wicket.
F. M. Buckland	0	0	1821	174	604	54	11
Hon. E. Lyttelton	3	0	128	6	51	3	17
H. E. Whitmore	1	0	666	61	249	14	17 $\frac{3}{4}$
F. Judd	0	0	35	1	27	1	27
H. Alleyne	0	0	211	7	111	4	27 $\frac{3}{4}$
E. Denison	1	11	977	66	448	25	17 $\frac{3}{4}$

Harrow had four old players, Messrs. Leaf, Webbe, P. F. Hadow, and Shand; but her best batsmen are, undoubtedly, Messrs. Long and Crutchley, two new importations into the eleven. The eleven seem to have reserved all their strength for its great match, for otherwise their performances are nothing to boast of, especially when it is remembered that weak teams of the M.C.C. and G. and I Zingari are among their antagonists during the season. Even Mr. Hadow's average would only have been 10 but for his final flare up

at Lord's. The same opportunity was profited by pretty well all through the eleven, and the consequent increase in averages and total number of runs scored is remarkable. Had it been necessary for the Harrovians to complete their second innings, it is probable that they would have obtained, in that single match, one fourth of all the runs they got during the season; but it must be remembered that half the 'fours' in the Eton and Harrow match—particularly in the afternoon—would only be 'twos' anywhere else. In bowling, Harrow is fortunate to possess Mr. Shand, who was so unexpectedly brought out last year: what an advance he has made in bowling, from 26 runs per wicket to little more than 7! He is a real difficult bowler, though we fancy there are some batsmen who would pile up the runs rapidly off his leg balls. He was well backed up, too, at the other end, in the Eton and Harrow match, and, indeed, the Harrow bowling averages read unusually well.

THE HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Runs.	Number of Innings.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
H. Leaf	84	11	37	1	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
A. J. Webbe	243	12	42	0	20 $\frac{1}{4}$
P. F. Hadow	184	13	54*	1	15 $\frac{3}{4}$
F. L. Shand	106	13	36*	3	10 $\frac{5}{8}$
A. J. Layard	171	10	67	1	19
W. H. Long	228	11	49*	2	25 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. D. Leyland	105	11	37*	1	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
P. E. Crutchley	227	14	86	2	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. B. Walker	150	14	55	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. H. Grenfell	8	7	3*	3	2
C. Morrall	15	5	10	0	3

* Not out.

THE HARROW SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No. of Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average.
F. L. Shand	953	90	301	39	6	7 $\frac{3}{8}$
F. D. Leyland	289	19	125	15	0	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
C. Morrall	596	30	254	17	0	14 $\frac{1}{4}$
W. H. Grenfell	433	28	162	19	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. J. Layard	205	6	84	9	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
P. E. Crutchley	265	13	110	6	0	18 $\frac{1}{3}$
P. F. Hadow	47	2	14	2	0	7

Winchester had three old players, Messrs. Shuter, Hollings, and Marriott. The two latter have made no advance in batting; but Mr. Shuter has raised his average from 21 to 33, and has gained the honour of being the highest average school-batsman of the year. With his total of 507 runs he towers quite a giant above his fellows,

the nearest to him, Mr. Webbe (average 18), not having reached 300 runs. Mr. Shuter appears to have given up bowling this year; but Mr. Marriott has made a great advance from 23 runs per wicket to 9, though he has done far less bowling than would have been supposed. Messrs. Abbott, Benson, and Parke have done most of the bowling work for Winchester, though, with the exception of Mr. Parke, not one of them has obtained his wickets so cheaply as Mr. Marriott.

THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

Names	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an innings.	Times not out.	Average.
J. Shuter	16	507	101	1	33 $\frac{3}{8}$
H. J. B. Hollings	10	113	29	1	12 $\frac{3}{8}$
G. S. Marriott	15	125	22	4	11 $\frac{1}{11}$
J. H. Savory	10	227	29	2	15 $\frac{7}{10}$
H. R. Webbe	16	277	64	1	18 $\frac{7}{16}$
C. T. Abbott	14	89	27	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
J. P. Hewett	13	160	74*	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. P. Benson	17	140	30*	3	10
G. K. Lyon	13	125	47*	1	10 $\frac{5}{12}$
A. W. Parke	10	43	13	1	4 $\frac{7}{10}$
A. D. Sim	15	188	42*	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$

* Not out.

THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.	Average.
C. T. Abbott	14	1332	92	531	1	37	14 $\frac{13}{37}$
J. P. Benson	14	940	58	427	9	34	12 $\frac{3}{34}$
A. W. Parke	11	828	77	268	5	30	9
J. P. Hewett	12	388	16	192	3	14	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. S. Marriott	9	251	16	112	2	12	9 $\frac{1}{3}$

On looking at the Westminster averages we are almost inclined to wonder how the school could, by any possibility, have won a match against antagonists of any *calibre*; yet we see by the footnote that it has won no fewer than four events out of nine. It must have been by bowling and fielding, then; for a more beggarly array of single figure batting averages never figured in the cricketing annals of a public school. Mr. Dury has gone back from 25 to 8, Mr. McKeand from 10 to 9, and Mr. Rawson from 27 to 7. The last-named gentleman, however, has only played four innings in place of sixteen last year. These three are the old players. Their bad example appears to have paralysed the juniors, who, with the single exception of Mr. Allington (15.4), fluctuate in their averages between 9 and 1. The bowling averages are far better. Mr. Dury has improved from 15 to something over 6 runs per wicket, and Mr.

Rawson and Mr. Otter have good averages. Either there must have been much less cricket at Westminster this year, or the antagonists must have been of poor quality, for the number of balls bowled is nearly 2,500 less than last year.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times Not out.	Number of Runs.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
J. B. Dury	14	1	114	34*	34	8.2
R. P. McKeand	10	0	92	28	28	9.2
W. S. Rawson	4	0	30	16	16	7.2
N. C. Bailey	9	0	70	26	26	7.7
E. H. Allington	10	0	92	43	43	9.2
E. Waddington	10	2	63	18	18	7.7
E. Roller	8	2	94	25	25	15.4
H. J. Roberts	6	1	40	24*	24*	8.0
R. B. Otter	4	0	28	13	13	7.0
P. Tatham	3	0	8	4	4	2.2
W. C. Ryde	4	0	8	7	7	2.0
R. J. Boyd	2	3	3	3	3	1.1

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average.
J. B. Dury	1284	101	363	53	11	6.45
W. S. Rawson	469	27	191	20	6	9.17
E. Roller	350	68	180	14	1	12.12
H. B. Otter	338	28	136	19	1	7.3
E. H. Allington	65	2	38	3	1	11.2

Matches played 9; won 4, lost 3, drawn 2.

Charterhouse certainly is going ahead most wonderfully on its new ground, and the county of Surrey will be on the look-out for some recruits from Godalming, just as Gloucestershire is always ready for anything promising from Cheltenham. The highest aggregate scorer for the year comes from Charterhouse; but then, twenty-two matches and thirty-five innings are altogether beyond the dreams of ordinary schools. Clearly, cricket is receiving an amount of encouragement in the new Charterhouse that was sadly wanting in the old. At the old school, matches began about two in the afternoon, ended about six, and hungry antagonists—from a considerable distance, perhaps—might whistle for luncheon or beer, while the luxury of a pipe was sternly denied. Despite his 639 runs, Mr. Parry's average is only 18. There are other formidable scorers, Mr. Corrie (507), Mr. Drew (435), Mr. Williams (458), among them. In bowling, Mr. Parry has also the best average, though Mr. Atherton runs him close, and Mr. Williams has obtained the largest number of wickets. Charter-

House was fortunate in possessing no fewer than six old players, three of whom were bowlers, Messrs. Parry, Williams, and Jeaffreson; yet room was found for the introduction of two new bowlers, one of whom, Mr. Atherton, was more largely employed than any other bowler during the season. This sound policy, of not depending altogether on a couple or three bowlers, might be copied with advantage by other schools. It is true, however, that Messrs. Parry and Jeaffreson did not bowl in the school-matches last year. In batting, the six old hands, with one exception, improved their average; Mr. Parry doubling his. It is unnecessary to point out the advantage possessed by an eleven, most of whose members have had a season's practice together before. The new comers, however, have done but little in the batting department. As last year, the wides are an important and alarming feature in the Charterhouse bowling.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL (GODALMING).

NAMES.	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not Out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
W. W. Drew . . .	20	34	4	435	45	89	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. C. Williams . . .	21	31	6	458	59	59	18 $\frac{5}{8}$
E. H. Parry . . .	22	35	1	639	89	115	18 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	21	33	2	293	36	52	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. W. Corrie . . .	22	36	0	507	51	53	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. H. Firth . . .	20	26	5	140	18	35	6 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. D. Verelst . . .	22	34	1	237	30	30	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. C. Park . . .	22	35	3	308	39	39	9 $\frac{5}{8}$
T. J. Atherton . . .	21	29	6	165	19	24	7 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. Dobbie . . .	19	23	1	159	35	40	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. H. Spooner . . .	19	31	3	114	26	26	4 $\frac{1}{4}$

BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

BOWLER.	No. of Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average.
W. C. Williams . . .	27	2601	96	1237	109	16	11 $\frac{8}{9}$
E. H. Parry . . .	23	1772	96	782	86	3	9 $\frac{2}{3}$
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	27	1625	95	616	53	18	11 $\frac{2}{3}$
T. J. Atherton . . .	31	2702	159	1055	105	19	10 $\frac{2}{5}$
H. H. Dobbie . . .	21	1816	104	692	58	27	11 $\frac{1}{2}$

The number of matches played during the season by the Rugby Eleven has again fallen off; but not so the number of runs obtained. The three old members of the eleven, Messrs. Crosse, L. Jeffery, and Young, have all improved their positions. Mr. Crosse has raised his average from 18 to 27; Mr. L. Jeffery has ascended from 13 to 16, and Mr. Young from 14 to 18. Mr. Crosse did not happen to come off in the Rugby and Marlborough Match at Lord's, but we take it that he is very nearly the best public school

batman of the year. Of the new men, Mr. Vernon has done best, and has the good average of 20. Mr. L. Jeffery's bowling average—10 runs per wicket—is almost the same as last year; but the great bulk of the bowling has been done by a new man, Mr. Simpson, at about the same expense. Mr. Stuart-Russell (9 runs per wicket) has the best bowling average; but Mr. Simpson has done as much work as Mr. L. Jeffery and Mr. Stuart-Russell put together, and has taken more wickets than have fallen to their united attacks. Rugby stands very high in the list of the great cricketing schools, and would, we fancy, make a very good match with Cheltenham.

RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
C. W. Crosse .	12	17	438	134	134	27	6	1	0
L. Jeffery . .	9	14	235	51	79	16	11	0	0
A. H. Young .	12	17	320	84	84	18	14	0	3
G. F. Vernon .	12	17	320	53	53	20	0	1	1
C. H. Simpson.	12	17	140	26*	27	10	10	4	1
J. J. Harding .	10	14	182	32	41	13	0	0	5
E. L. Fanshawe	12	18	174	25*	43	10	4	1	1
J. Forman . .	12	18	180	48	52	12	0	3	2
A. A. Hopkins.	11	15	95	43	43	6	5	0	0
H. Stuart-Russell	10	15	54	23	23	4	6	3	0
J. H. Patry . .	6	9	72	20*	25	9	0	1	3
A. Pearson . .	6	9	84	64*	64*	10	4	1	0

* Not out.

RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs off each Over.	Over.	Runs for each Wicket.	Over.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Over.
L. Jeffery . .	17	1524	381	350	134	51	1	169	10	40	13	0	3	0
C. H. Simpson.	25	2824	706	1021	236	100	1	315	10	21	9	4	4	0
H. Stuart-Russell	18	1332	333	442	104	45	1	109	9	37	3	0	2	0

The three old players of Marlborough were the backbone of the eleven, both in batting and bowling. Mr. S. D. Smith and Mr. F. H. Lee did nearly the whole of the bowling, and Mr. J. F. Cooper was the highest scorer. Mr. Smith's batting average, however, has fallen off since last year, and his bowling has been somewhat more expensive. Mr. Melhuish is the most successful of the new members of the eleven with the bat. The want of change bowling in the eleven is somewhat remarkable, especially as Mr. Smith's and Mr. Lee's averages—14 and 12 runs per wicket—imply something of expensiveness. We suppose there is some latent

bowling talent among the new comers, and, judging from the number of innings played, and of runs obtained off the Marlborough bowling, there must have been opportunities enough for trying it. It would appear—taking, of course, an equal number of innings on both sides—that the Marlborough Eleven did not score many, if any, more runs than their antagonists during the season, and this circumstance clearly points to the necessity that must have existed for additional bowling.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No. of Innings.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Runs.	Times not out.	Average.
S. D. Smith	23	86	101	292	1	13 $\frac{2}{3}$
J. F. Cooper	24	90	119	461	2	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. H. Lee	25	44	44	324	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. P. Wickham	27	40	40	335	1	12 $\frac{3}{4}$
A. C. Sim	23	36	52	255	0	11 $\frac{2}{3}$
E. A. Jackson	21	29	44	256	0	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. Melhuish	27	57	65	435	4	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. M. C. Mackarness	22	35	41	189	5	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. B. Booth	19	69*	69	178	7	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. A. Coplestone	12	55	55	150	2	15
G. R. Burge	17	41*	50	80	3	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

* Not out.

The average Bat for the year has been gained by J. F. Cooper (average 21 $\frac{1}{2}$).

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings bowled in.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.	Wides.	No Balls.
S. D. Smith	20	2093	905	164	64	14 $\frac{2}{3}$	3.2	11	1
F. H. Lee	20	1994	952	101	77	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.85	0	0
G. R. Burge	10	520	310	28	16	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.6	3	0

The average Ball for the year has been gained by F. H. Lee (12 $\frac{1}{2}$).

Cheltenham retains its pre-eminence. Mr. Browne—total runs 571, total innings 20, and average 30, reads better than Mr. Parry, of Charterhouse—total runs, 639, total innings 35, average 18. Then we have Mr. Abbott (514), Mr. Mellor (494), and Mr. Oliver (426); and when the first five batsmen on the list have such averages as 30, 27, 26, 23, 20, we may be satisfied that we are reading of an exceptionally powerful eleven, from which, perhaps, the Graces will select in due course more than one to do battle for the great amateur county. Mr. Browne has kept up his batting average for three years wonderfully, though this year he has made a marked advance from 25 to 30. Messrs. Mellor, Oliver and Allsopp, the other old players, have also improved their positions, while Mr. Abbott, a new

comer, has jumped at once into the foremost position, as his fine average (27) attests. In bowling, Mr. Browne is again a long way first, both in quantity and quality. But the returns show that there is no lack of bowling talent in the eleven; no fewer than six, besides Mr. Browne, having tried their hands. We refer our readers, however, to the comments on the eleven, sent from the spot, for which we return many thanks.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
E. Browne	20	1	571	82	82	30 $\frac{1}{10}$
C. Abbott	20	1	514	86	86	27 $\frac{5}{10}$
F. Mellor	20	1	494	187	187	26
T. Oliver	20	2	426	120*	120	23 $\frac{3}{10}$
P. Burn	17	2	313	82	82	20 $\frac{1}{10}$
E. Leese	18	0	216	79	79	12
H. Gell	16	4	133	24	24	11 $\frac{1}{12}$
H. Allsopp	18	0	198	57	57	11
B. Harrison	19	2	281	47*	47	10 $\frac{1}{11}$
W. Auld	14	4	100	23	23	20
A. Russell	18	4	124	35	35	8 $\frac{1}{12}$

* Not out.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	No. of Innings.	No. of Wickets per Innings.
Browne	2229	895	187	85	10 $\frac{2}{3}$	20	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Russell	996	460	66	41	11 $\frac{1}{11}$	18	2 $\frac{1}{11}$
Gell	591	255	55	16	15 $\frac{1}{18}$	13	1 $\frac{1}{18}$
Abbott	516	217	43	13	16 $\frac{1}{15}$	10	1 $\frac{1}{15}$
H. Allsopp	359	181	28	10	18 $\frac{1}{10}$	9	1 $\frac{1}{10}$
Mellor	633	286	43	13	22	11	1 $\frac{1}{13}$
T. Oliver	389	177	34	6	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	1 $\frac{1}{13}$

E. Browne (Captain), 30 $\frac{1}{10}$. A very dangerous bat against any bowling. Hits well to all parts of the field. By far the most successful bowler in the eleven. Makes use of his head. A splendid field anywhere, but often does too much work. Winner of silver cups for best average and bowling analysis; also second prize for fielding.

F. H. Mellor (26). A first-class bat. Always plays the game. Makes good use of his long reach. A fine field at long leg. Bowls slows (under).

C. A. Abbott (27 $\frac{5}{10}$). Did great service to the eleven in going in first. A very pretty and effective bat, with excellent defence. A straight medium-pace bowler, and a sure field.

T. W. N. Oliver (23 $\frac{3}{10}$). A very free left-handed batsman, drives splendidly. Too anxious to score rapidly. Should take more pains with his bowling.

P. Burn (20 $\frac{1}{10}$). Plays in good form, and frequently 'came off.' Will probably make a good bat. Took the wicket.

- H. T. Allsopp* (11). Has improved very much in batting, and at times got wickets. Is still one of the best fields in the eleven. Winner of third prize for fielding.
- H. Gell* (11½). A beautiful field at cover point, being a safe catch, and having a quick and straight return. A fair bowler. Bats in good form. Winner of silver cup, first prize for fielding.
- A. L. Russell* (11½). A good slow round-arm bowler and excellent field, especially at point.
- J. Ieese* (12). A hard hitter, and dangerous bat when once set. Lacks confidence. Slow in the field.
- B. Harrison* (10½). Did not come up to the expectations formed of him at the commencement of the season. A good long-stop.
- W. Auld* (10). Bats in good style; but was much too nervous to be of any service to the eleven.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Nick-nacks.

WHAT is it that penetrates through the fogs of dark and drear November, and, to our mental vision, stands out the only clear thing in the month? What was it Mr. Righton used to sing in 'Happy Land,' when chanting the deeds of a certain popular Government?—

'With a big row here and a big row there;
Here a kick, there a kick, everywhere a kick.

That is it. We were all having rows, and kicking, or trying to kick, each other. Police rows. Rows at the Argyle. Police wanting to kick officers who declined to be kicked. Great indignation on the part of the public, who evidently desired to kick the police into the middle of the next week. Valiant retort of Colonel Henderson, who requested the aggrieved public to prosecute the police if they considered themselves aggrieved. This, by-the-way, was thought a very happy joke on the part of the Colonel, his most intimate friends having no idea that he had so much in him. 'Henderson's 'own' will go down to posterity. The action that H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief took in the matter was not, however, of so humorous a character. He desired that the officers in question would proceed no further in the way of seeking reparation from the police, which we take leave to think was not looking after his flock as a good shepherd and an H.R.H. should. As we don't happen to be in the Madagascar Fusiliers, or the Brompton Hussars, we may make this remark. It is not the first time that the shepherd has left his flock to be worried. Why is it, we wonder? Is he afraid of King Mob or King Cardwell that he does not stick up for his own? Then a row between the Archbishop of Westminster and Mr. Newdegate. Betting—7 to 4 on the Archbishop, and 1000 to 15 against Mr. Newdegate. Tremendous row at Oxford; Fellows of All Souls, *bene nati, bene vestiti et mediocriter docti*, at a Pigeon Handicap. The Vice-Chancellor in fits, Juvenal's old proverb entirely reversed, and the *corvæ* of All Souls catching it hot. School Board rows, in which lady candidates get involved, and the row none the less sharp in consequence. But the row was the Argyle one, after all—*facile princeps*, both in the correspondence

it evoked, the wrongs of 'run in' citizens it disclosed, and the bad time the conscience of 'Bobby' (if 'Bobby' has such a thing under his belt) must have passed. 'Tyranny,' 'unscrupulous falsehood,' and 'abominable insolence,' were among the mild figures of speech with which he was belarded—some of them, no doubt, not entirely undeserved. But, leaving 'Bobby' for a while to his fate, we wonder no row was got up—while our tempers and our hands were both 'in'—with another institution in another place, namely, the Bumbledom of the Burlington Arcade. Bumbledom is, we all know, one of those highly ridiculous institutions that we have received from our ancestors, but about which nobody much troubles themselves, so long as Bumble is simply a fool. But when Bumble becomes a brute the situation is changed. The proprietors of the Burlington Arcade have determined, it appears, that there shall be no more cakes and ale in that chaste thoroughfare, no more glasses of sherry at the 'Blue Postesses,' and that the only wares offered for sale therein shall be high-heeled boots, Mr. Truefit's balm, sham jewelry, and umbrellas at 3*l.* 3*s.* Good. We have nothing to say against so proper and virtuous a decision. To you and I, my dear sir, who but rarely are seen there (*never* after 4 P. M.), and when we do go it is only to buy our wives the last new thing in buckles, boots, or garters, it can be of very little consequence. But it is of consequence to all Englishmen, old or young, married or single, that the edicts of those in authority over us should be carried out as gently as may be, and that those subject to the said edicts should not be exposed to insult or brutality. Colonel Frazer and his brother officers were offered many indignities at the hands of the police on a recent occasion, but then they were men. We plead for poor women. There have been one or two instances lately where women have been expelled from the Arcade in a manner that would make the blood of most men boil with indignation; not, as in one particular instance that came under our especial notice, the constant *habitués* whose coin Bumble had probably touched; they promenaded under Bumble's nose; but, as far as we could judge, an unoffending woman, keeping aloof from every one, and rather shrinking from notice than otherwise, she it was who was pounced upon by Bumble, and ordered in brutal terms to leave the Arcade. Remonstrance was useless, and some gentlemen who, struck by the man's manner, ventured to expostulate, were told that if they interfered they would be put out too. Now this is, probably, all very right and as it should be, and the proprietors of the Arcade will say that it is private property, and that they are perfectly justified in ejecting who they like. Granted; but for the sake of all that is decent, manly, and English, let it be done in a proper manner. We are, as has been remarked *ad nauseam*, a law-abiding people, but there have been signs and symptoms during the last few years that we are being in this respect sorely tried. Our police are becoming like unto those of Rome, Naples, or Berlin; and our beadles, from being harmless images in cocked hats, are degenerating into brutes. The Burlington Arcade may hereafter be the head-quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, or be turned into a West-End Tabernacle for Mr. Spurgeon, for aught we care. It would not do much more harm, probably, under the latter dispensation than it does now; but if the place is to be cleared, let it be done as gently as may be. Let it be done too by properly selected officials, and let not a rough demeanour be the sole qualification for office. It will be an evil day for Bumbledom if there is too much of this sort of thing—an evil day too for the pockets of the proprietors. *Vcr. sap.*

But enough of the rows. Let us leave Bumble and Bobby to their deserts (though, by the way, sad would be their portion if they got them), and travel down to the second city of the empire, which is putting on her normal garments of mud, rain, and heavy going to inaugurate the winter campaign. The Messrs. Topham had got up their usual big programme, and the meeting promised to be, what it proved, a success. The fields were better in quality than we remember for some time to have seen at a Liverpool Autumn, so called, and the presence of Prince Charlie and Stirling gave an éclat to the fixture it has never before possessed. We do not propose to weary our readers by going through the running of the four days, much of which was of no importance but for the moment. It was, on the whole, a disastrous meeting for backers; and the knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, exhibited by some stables as to the treasures they contained was one of the remarkable features thereof. For instance, Mr. Foy would hardly trust Simplon with a sixpence on the first day, for he had cut up very badly in a trial the previous week, and Simplon won easily. Mr. Baltazzi, who was not present, and bets but little, had no commission on either Diamond King or Surinam, and though the latter on public form was immensely superior to anything else he met in the Welter Cup, the public wouldn't have him, simply, we suppose, because he was at 10 to 1; and so he won easily too. The good thing of the day was Young Fritz, in the Knowsley Nursery, a long-awaited-for two-year-old that the 'Sportsman,' with becoming modesty, declined to mention, but who won anyhow; and the rush to get 2 to 1 about him was tremendous. William Day fancied the Niobe filly, but there was really nothing in it but the winner; and Tangible showed us what a nailer he is over five furlongs by carrying the top weight first past the chair in the Flying Handicap. There was some very good racing on the second day, when poor old Kingcraft at last retrieved his character, and turned the tables on Vanderdecken, his conqueror last year in the Cup. Kingcraft was meeting the latter on 18 lb. better terms than he did over the longer course—so his chance was certainly very good, but still the talent went for Syrian and Day Dream—the former just in his course, and the latter with only 6 st. 12 lb. on her back. It was a splendid finish between Kingcraft, Syrian, and Vanderdecken—Lord Falmouth's horse winning by half a length from Syrian, who was only a head in front of Vanderdecken. So Kingcraft won his first race since the day three years ago he astonished us at Epsom; and very glad we are he has won, for his owner and trainer's sakes. Mr. Baltazzi had another turn with Weathercock in the Liverpool Nursery, but this time he did back his horse, who won in a canter, the favourite, the Niobe filly, proving a non-stayer. Mr. Head got The Knight into a good humour in the Alt Welter with Cannon on him, and, though he lost start, he soon ran through his horses, and won in a canter, after a bit of a race with Sambo. Captain Machell had one of his real good selling platers in Kismet for the Two Year Old Plate—a thing you might have put your money on and gone to sleep; for, despite the second edition of the 'Liverpool Mercury' being waved in his face very near home, which lost him a good deal of ground, he yet beat Turkey by a neck.

But the event of the day was the meeting of Prince Charlie and Oxonian in the Bickerstaffe Cup. It was expected Tangible would have put in an appearance, for Prince Charlie would have had to give him two stone, and it was just possible that this other son of Blair Athol might have done his big brother; but, however, Tangible was *non est*, and the two speedy ones prepared to do

battle, Prince Charlie giving Oxonian, the horse that had the credit of being the quickest beginner in training, fourteen pounds. The great chestnut never looked better, and Tom Cannon, whose ambition it was after his Newmarket race to ride him once again, had his ambition gratified. Goater was on Oxonian, so there was little fear of every justice not being done the pair. To the surprise of most people Prince Charlie was first on his legs, and had gone about a hundred yards before Oxonian got up and assumed the lead, which he held to the distance, and then Tom Cannon, letting the chestnut have his head, the latter proceeded to chaw up Oxonian in a manner that must have been highly satisfactory to 'Mr. Richmond' and William Day. There was no mistake about the way in which he appeared to leave Oxonian standing still, and it showed us that he would have had no occasion to fear Tangible, if he had started. It was a worthy last appearance of this great son of Blair Athol, invincible over his own course, and one the like of whom we shall not quickly see again. The racing on Thursday was not anything very particular, and the Sefton Steeple Chase was a small affair, none of our great cross-country horses—if we have any worthy of the adjective—showing so early in the season. Referee again demonstrated what an unreliable animal he is, for he never was able to get on terms with his horses; and, though he was second at Valentine's brook, he soon dropped away, and when Congress landed on the course it was all over. That bad plater on the flat, Reform, has so taken to the jumping business—that nothing over hurdles can stop him apparently, though we have yet to see what he will do over a country. In the Becker Hurdle Handicap 13 st. 2 lb. could not prevent him winning almost in a canter, and, as he is never backed when he wins, he must be a godsend to the bookmakers. The Cup turned out a magnificent race, after all, and that in the teeth of many rumours that the field would be small and of no very great character. There had been so many evil reports about Sterling, who had, according to the touts, broken down, or something very near it, that he was generally considered out of the hunt; and indeed at Liverpool on Monday night and Tuesday some bookmakers were laying against his not seeing the post. The horse had been stopped in his work for a couple of days, owing to some inflammation in one of his fetlocks, we believe, but there was really nothing serious the matter. If a horse at Newmarket is not seen in constant work, the touts always suppose he has broken down, and hence the panic about him. However, he arrived at Liverpool, and though he looked, and went, as well as horse could look in his morning gallops on Aintree, the cloud still hung over him. Perhaps it was the fog that generally enveloped the ground on these occasions that prevented the early birds from seeing, and got into their brains as well as their eyes, for they only shook their heads over Sterling when they returned to Liverpool. King Lud and Redworth were the two favourites whose position nothing could assail, and the state of the ground brought old Whinyard's chance into notice within twenty-four hours before the race. Indeed, there was quite a rush on him, and bookmakers were full against him. He was never better, said his admirers, and would repeat the coup of two years ago. But such a coup as that was is not often repeated, and Whinyard probably had not improved by age. At the last there was a great desire to back Fève also, for the public had got it into their heads that he might have been very much nearer King Lud in the Cesarewitch than he was at the finish; and as both he and King Lud would run on their merits, Captain Machell's horse was thought to be worth taking 100 to 15 about. Custance was on Sterling, Newhouse on Louise Victoria, and the lucky Constable on King Lud, and a very grand race it was between

these three. Lilian and Whinyard raced together in front to the straight, where the latter was done, and Mr. Savile's mare soon after cried enough, and then for a moment or two Redworth looked like winning; but King Lud, Sterling, who had been laying last with Vanderdecken, and Louise Victoria, were in his track, and when Lord Lonsdale's horse headed him at the distance, there were great shouts of 'The favourite wins.' But at the stand Sterling and Louise Victoria drew up to him, and, after a magnificent race, Custance, who never rode a finer one in his life, landed Sterling by a head in the last stride, and Mr. Cartwright's mare beat King Lud by the same distance. It was one of the grandest performances ever seen, and stamps Sterling to be on a par with Prince Charlie, the two wonders of modern times. Comparatively little money was lost or won over him. People who had backed him when the handicap first came out were, of course, winners, and very unexpected ones too; but since the reports circulated about him, the general backing public would have nothing to do with him, and many bookmakers never wrote his name. This and the Bickerstaffe Cup were the glories of Liverpool, and stamped the meeting as a success.

And here we are, up to time, on the following Tuesday, in the old market square at Shrewsbury, prepared to digest all the good things, if haply there be any, that Mr. Frail has provided for us—the weather inviting, the town lively, Redmayne's shop decked out like unto its Bond Street congener, hotels full, and lodgings in brisk demand. The C.C. has been fighting the good fight in municipal battles, and we think, by the expression of his face, he has come off victorious. His *alter ego* looks out on us from a printseller's window fresh from Dighton's pencil—the living man, as we know him on race-courses and in Piccadilly, in the strangers' lobby and in committee rooms. A capital likeness, with the turn of the hat and cut of the coat that most of us know so well. Dedicated, too, as is fit, to the Conservatives of England; for who has laboured harder and with more success in their vineyard than John Frail? But he is not thinking of Conservative principles just now—though we would not like to lay odds on that either, by the way—but about the well-being and right ordering of his meeting, than which, be it said, there is not one in the book of Weatherby to equal it in this respect. We will not compare it with Ascot or Goodwood, because they are *per se*, but, these apart, there is not a place where the business arrangements are more efficiently carried out, or one where more labour and money are bestowed on making everything as near perfection as it can be made. Racing men of every grade, except thieves and welshers (and sorry are we to say that we must class them among the noble following of the Turf), will bear us out in our testimony. For these worthies just mentioned Mr. Frail had made special preparations, and had engaged ex-Inspector Manton of the Birmingham Detective Police, and Sergeant Moon from Scotland Yard, to do them honour. So attentive were these two experienced officers to their special charge, that the thieves and welshers must have had a very agreeable time. Not a watch was taken or a pocket picked, and people walked about Tattersall's Ring in safety. That Mr. Frail's policy—looking after the comfort of his patrons—is the best policy we feel sure, because, gauging it by that measure of success by which we gauge everything in this world, it is a paying policy; and what can be higher than that? We are not going to make invidious comparisons; but if some other lessees would imitate Mr. Frail's example, and consider that they owed something to the public whose money they took, beyond admission into the enclosure, it would be as well for them.

But enough of this. We are on the pretty course on which the Wrekin looks down, with the sun shining, and the going perfection. A goodly number of horses had arrived, and of horses of a quality, too. The first day was marked by the introduction to us of Fantome as a jumper, though we had seen him before at Bristol on the flat. His fame had preceded him, and in a good field 100 to 60 was the best price at the finish. We do not care at this time of the year to speculate on what are "trying" and what are not. The season is early, and half of our jumpers are doubtless not half fit; but whether or no, nothing could have beaten Fantome that day. He had won all the way, and the rider of Congress, who was second, said the Duke of Hamilton's horse might have left him standing still anywhere he chose. There were two casualties in the race, we are sorry to add. Dodona split her near pastern; and though she was dragged off the course, and given away to a farmer who thought he could save her, a bullet would have been more merciful. Wethercock fell at a fence the second time, and broke both his fore-legs, so of course he was destroyed; and Daniels, who was riding him, fractured two of his ribs. Lunar Eclipse, that horse who was such a favourite for the City and Suburban, for which he did not run, was a wonderfully good thing for the Cleveland Handicap, winning it with ease, and being bought by Sir George Chetwynd after the race. That was about all worth mentioning on the first day, for the Queen's Plate was only an apology of a race—next to a walk over for Shannon. Wednesday gave us the Great Shropshire Handicap, Mr. Frail's big event, and the field, though not so good as last year, included one or two very fair horses; and Oxford Mixture, with 6 st. 6 lb. on her back, settled down as favourite at the finish. That position would have been occupied by Wedmore, a horse belonging to Mr. Fisher, if he had started; but that gentleman is a retiring sportsman, and does not like to see his horse in too prominent position in the market, and sometimes not in the field, and so Wedmore, though on the course, did not start, and many were the blessings invoked on his owner's head. Oxford Mixture, however, is not a thorough stayer, even at a mile; and Redworth did not get quite as far as he did in the Liverpool Cup. Louise Victoria would have liked another half mile or more; Hamlet was not in the vein; and Syrian, whom we all ought to have backed after seeing his race with Kingcraft, cantered in two lengths before the top weight Pompadour, and 10 to 1 might have been had against each of them before the flag fell. It is astonishing how racing men ignore form sometimes, and Syrian was a glaring instance. In the Tankerville Nursery the same day, Sister to Coronet, whom we had almost forgotten since she was such a favourite for the Mostyn Stakes at Chester, came out and cruelly upset the greatest certainty of the day, Lady Warren. The former won in the commonest of canters, so she must have returned to her spring form, at which time they had tried her to be very good, and she was only beaten in the Mostyn by Mr. Winkle, which was no disgrace. Thursday, the first of the Cup days (Shrewsbury is rich in cups), saw Mr. Richmond "collar" the Shobdon for the second time with Oxonian—a very great moral, for Lady Atholstone, Maid of Kent, and Genevieve are not in the same class with that speedy one. The Cups were all handsome and well executed, two of them especially, the Newport and the Severn, reflecting great credit on the manufacturers, Messrs. Smith and Son, of King Street, Covent Garden. The latter prize, the Severn, gave us a splendid race, though only three—Louise Victoria, Shannon, and King Lud—went for it. At two miles it seemed odds on King Lud, but the King had twisted a plate that morning at exercise, and

and very few of those who had seen Johnny perform at Liverpool had the audacity to lay the high odds demanded about him here, with his old coachman in the saddle.

The poor punters, who about this time were getting fearfully demoralized, had a gleam of sunshine in the Maiden Plate, which fell to a son of the once speedy Prescription, who defeated a large field, of whom the Miss Hawthorn colt, if tipsters do not speak falsely, will cook some people's geese on a future occasion, although on this he figured conspicuously in the rear throughout. Dame Fortune, apparently disgusted with the result of the Plate, frowned hideously upon us in the Welter Cup, for which Vanderdecken, the Marquis of Townshend, and Flurry were backed for heaps of money, and the Infanta colt, who has invariably treated his friends badly when really backed in earnest, came out and won cleverly, his owner, who did not attend the meeting, having a mere trifle on. The Silvia colt, ridden by Newhouse, was once more intrusted with heavy metal for the Second Nursery, but performed no better than on the previous day, and Whitebait was highly relished by all who partook of it, in ignorance that it was out of season, the owner being one of those who would not participate. The supporters of Sherwood's stable committed a fearful fiasco in the Guy Cup, as they freely invested on Cora, for reasons before mentioned, and had the supreme felicity of defeating her with Visor, who on this occasion was conceding two stone to the fair one. Thursday's racing was a slight improvement on that of the two previous days, inasmuch as the fielders had not all the fun to themselves, although the balance must have been in their favour.

Blair Hill was made a warm favourite for the Hurdle Race, but performed execrably; and Mr. Richardson's followers are faring little better than those of his south country rival. Julia Lex showed her heels to the company in the three-furlong Scurry; but, in the Nursery that followed, had to succumb to Quantock, who did his owner a turn he richly deserved, as he made no secret of his great chance. There were only eight runners for the Great Midland Handicap, which obtained a wretched acceptance, and of these Captain Machell started two, Vanderdecken and his recent purchase, Laburnam, who ran as ungenerously as usual, and, after interfering with his stable companion, finished in the rear. Falkland, who lay in front throughout, won without the slightest difficulty, Vanderdecken turning the tables on Merivale, who defeated him for this race last year, whilst Redworth once more disappointed those friends who were bold enough to give him another chance.

If the three first days of the Meeting had been disastrous to backers, what shall we say of the last, when we commenced before the usual breakfast hour, and, after a series of disasters, got finally wound up with one of the heaviest blows the talent have sustained throughout the season, owing to Lady Atholstone knocking under to Sioux in the last flat race of the outsiders' year. Backers did not fare so badly in the opening race, as the Philharmonic Knight divided the favouritism with Sambo, and Sweet Note was in greatest request at last for the Nursery, which she had little difficulty in securing. We fondly hoped that Roger would turn out the Simon Pure in the Handicap, but he did not; and Constable flashed past the post on the speedy Electric, who performed far less creditably with Newhouse up later in the afternoon. Jesuit, deserted by all his friends save one, made a host of converts in the Flying Scud Cup, the faithless Cora being one of the earliest, and Bird of Prey dashed down on the lambs amidst general rejoicing in the Selling Nursery. Glaucus, never previously supposed capable of staying, upset an apparent good thing in

Witchcraft for the Bradgate Cup, and Blue Beard, in the Hurdle Race, greatly improved on his previous running. Only six runners faced the starter for the Steeplechase, of whom Last of the Novelists carried all the money; but even over a country Fortune would not smile on us, and Dainty, ridden by Mr. Hathaway, defeated the favourite by a head; Footman jumped in a slovenly manner, but Casse Tête ran well for three miles, and will doubtless again carry the hopes of the sock and buskin in March over Aintree. The rest of the racing calls for little comment; Quantock showed even better form than on the previous day, by defeating Tyne and Julia when conceding weight; and after Sioux had piled up the agony by defeating that false jade, Lady Atholstone, we sped our way home wiser but sadder men!

From north to south we hear indifferent accounts of scent. The Tynedale have had a very fair season up to the beginning of last month, though the scent was not good. Mr. Fenwick's young entry is very promising. Twelve couples of puppies, all very good-looking and carefully bred, have made a great improvement in his pack, and have enabled him to draft some which spoiled the look of his pack on the flags. If there is a fair scenting season Mr. Fenwick expects good sport, as he never had so many foxes.

A Hampshire correspondent says that Monday, the 3rd, was stormy; but after ten o'clock nothing could be more propitious than the weather for the first meet of the season of the Little Hursley, at Mr. Vanderbyl's at Northwood, where there was a capital breakfast. There was a large gathering on horseback, wheels, and on foot. The pack looked very well; the horses ditto. Colonel Nicoll was in full force, and to meet him were present Lord Torphichen of the Rifle Brigade, General Forest and Mr. George Forest, Major Williams of Worthy, the Warden, Mr. Charles Deane and his son, Mr. Theobald, Mr. Barnes, Captain and Miss Everett, Colonel Bouverie Campbell, Mr. Alec Crawford, Mr. Kent, Mr. F. Heysham, Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, Miss Jarrett, Miss Stewart, Mr. Bowker, Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker, Mr. Fitt, Mr. Allee, Mr. House and his small boy on a very sporting-looking donkey, and Mr. and Miss Brewer from the Tedworth, and several others. Owing to the rough weather, Northwood was drawn blank, also Crawley Warren; and after trying a few hedgerows and fields, orders to fall back on Dumper were just about to be issued, when up jumped a fox in a straw-heap below Hill Farm, which gave them a pretty gallop to Chilbolton. Here he turned back and there was a long check, and, though the pack hunted admirably on a cold scent in the open, things began to look somewhat hopeless, when ultimately they hit him off, and, after a woodland gallop, finally ran him to ground in the plantation near the Horse Monument.

The Hurworth had a very good day on Saturday, the 8th. The first fox gave them 30 minutes without a cast, over a splendid country; and afterwards they had a stinger of 52 minutes to the first check, of which nobody, we hear, saw more than Mr. Farrington, and eventually they stopped the hounds in the dark. During a part of the month the scent was wretched, and they wanted rain to purify the atmosphere and soften the ground, &c. Lord Castlereagh, though very young as an M.F.H., is well up in his duties; and it is undoubtedly a very lucky thing for the Hurworth that he has taken the horn. The 'Backbone' of the Hunt is, we are glad to hear, as fresh as paint, and as chatty as ever.

The West Wilts had a nice little run on their opening day, and killed after a pleasant gallop in their miniature Switzerland country.

The V.W.H. had a wonderful day's sport on Thursday, the 30th of

October. They met at the Folley Gate, found in Folley Wood, went nearly into Webb's Wood, turned to the left along the Vale straight into Great Wood, up to the railway; here turned for Wootton Bassett, leaving it on the right, nearly to Purton Church, where he again turned, going through Flaxland, straight through Webb's Wood to Brinkworth Green over the brook to Great Wood, over the railroad up to the canal, and turned back over the Vale, when he just skirted the Folley into Mudget Coppice, whence the hounds sent him out and coursed him back in view to ground after running him three hours and a half. Worrall was delighted with the performance of his hounds, but was sorely vexed to find that the earthstopper had neglected to stop the earths. He says he never knew a pack of hounds hunt, and at times race, better. It was a fine day's sport, over a deal of country. The only gentlemen who were out were Mr. Cator and Mr. Master.

These hounds had also a rare day's sport on November 4th—their first regular day—running different foxes for three hours and a half. They caught a stiff one in Barneley Park, and just as they had broken him up another jumped up, and they raced him for 40 minutes and ran into him. There was a large field out, on the 6th, at Ashton Keynes. They found a rare lot of foxes, and caught two brace after a hard, good day's sport. Worrall stopped the hounds when nearly dark, running like mad, going into Raven's Roots. Up to this, Worrall has handled twenty and a half brace, the largest score known in the V.W.H. country up to that date.

The Pytchley have had very good sport during the month, and the country has been in capital order. John Squires, who thoroughly knows his business, has made a very good start, rides well up to his hounds, and seems most anxious to show sport, and he has had a very up-hill game to play. He says that he prefers the flying fences of the Pytchley to the big dwelling 'on and off' of Norfolk. Nobody in England is better mounted, and he is most ably assisted by Goddard and David Painting.

We were in error, by the way, in our last 'Van' in saying that the Pytchley country had been divided. This is not the case, but one establishment being unable to do justice to the country owing to its size, the district is now being hunted by two packs.

The Bramham Moor hounds met on Wednesday the 12th at Stutton Mill. Found their first fox in Stutton Willow Bed; had a pretty canter to Ingle Bank to ground; 25 minutes. Found their second fox in Tadcaster Willow Bed; went away at once, past the railway station, left Oglethorpe Whin on the left, Thorp Arch on the right, all Bramham Woods on the left, Colonel Gunter's place on the right, past Compton and Keswick to Harewood. The fox, failing to jump the park walls, went up the road and through the lodge gates in the village, past the church, through the pleasure-grounds, down the North Park into the Osley Road, pointing for Arthington, turned up the hill to the corner of Rawden Hill—a stronghold for foxes, composed of old rocks and quarries. The hounds raced him to the covert; he was unable to climb the hill, turned down again, and they rolled him over in the middle of a field, 14 miles as the crow flies, after 2 hours 10 minutes. A most remarkable hunting run, this extraordinary fox never touching a covert; scent only good enough for hounds anxious to be doing, and allowed time and room to keep the line, and now and then push along. Men who saw this performance, and care for hunting, talk much of it. In fact, such runs are seldom seen; and never in 'old days' could more nose, patience, and all good qualities in the foxhound have been shown; and still these hounds can and do chase a fox in

earnest. On Monday the 17th, Mr. Lane Fox had another first-rate day of one hour and a half, from Deighton Spring, when they crossed the river Nidd, near Walshford Bridge, pointed for Huntsingore, came back over the river, left Cowthorpe on the left, went through Ingmanthorpe, Willow Garth, and Old Wood, and killed in the open. They found their second fox in Stockeld Park, raced him past Linton Spring, and gave him a terrific warming over the Wetherby Steeplechase Ground, forced him over the River Wharfe, and rolled him over in the open one field from the 'Old North Road,' near the well-known hospitable residence of the veteran Bramham Moorite, 'Lamplugh Wickham:' time, 39 minutes.

The Queen's hounds met on their opening day at Salt Hill, and we never saw such a field except once before, and that was at Maidenhead Thicket last Easter Monday. The deer was also mobbed quite as badly as then by the usual offenders; but, when uncartered on Mr. Cantrill's farm the Baron made his point for Stoke Green and nearly to Uptown Wood; he then made a very wide ring, and ran nearly back to where he was enlarged, but then put his head straight, crossing Two Mile Brook. Up to this point the pace was terrific, which made the skirter look very blue, for they were riding all over the country; but still 'forward on' was the cry, and the pack, with heads up and sterns down, ran towards Taplow, by Clivedon and Dropmore, crossing Beaconsfield Park and Wilton Park to Gerrard's Cross, when, after a good run of 2 hours and 50 minutes, they took him on Gerrard's Cross Common.

On Friday, Nov. 7, they met at Maidenhead Thicket, and turned out Deception on Mr. Humphry's farm. Her line was by way of Boyne Hill, bearing to the right, skirting Lowbrook. Through Bray Wick the pace was very severe and trying to horses, as it was nearly all steam-ploughed land and very deep; still forward they went on to Fyfield by Oakley into Windsor Forest, pointing for Cranbourne and on to the right, and the deer, wishing to leave once more for the open, went into Fern Hill Park, and there broke her leg over the wire fence, and they took her at Winkfield Row, after one hour and a half. A real good deer this was, and her loss through the horrible wire is a sad one. Goodall had turned her out before as second deer; she then gave them 3 hours and 20 minutes, and was taken near Wendover, after running over thirty miles of country, and he christened her 'Deception;' but on this unlucky Friday she bore out her name and deceived a great many, as when first uncartered she did not seem inclined to leave her home, and they told Goodall that he would catch her in three fields; he informed them her name, and said, 'I thought before that she waited for me and the pack to take her, but that horses would sob, and their riders would cry enough, and beg of her to wait for them;' and sure enough he was right. 'Towler' and Co. hammered along the hard roads harder than ever, and went back to Paddington 'appy and glorious.'

A curious fact in natural history has been reported to us from the North Pytchley, which we can thoroughly rely on. A foxhound puppy out at walk was detected in the act of sucking the cows of a Mr. Simpson, who was walking this eccentric puppy.

The Crawley and Horsham have had a few very good runs, but the scent has been wretchedly bad on the whole; the best day they have had was on Monday the 17th, when they met at Holmbush Tower and found a fox, or a brace, in the rhododendrons, and after two or three rings in the coverts adjoining he went away over the cinder banks, past Stone Lodge, to Mike Milles Race, which he ran from end to end (no joke to push a fox through this

extensive forest at this time of the year) ; left the Alder Wood on his left, to Coolhurst Pleasure grounds, where the hounds pressed him so hard that he swam over the sheet of water in front of the house, and they raced him away by Manning's Heath to Nuthurst, where they killed him in a small patch of gorse on the top of the hill, after a fine run of one hour and twenty minutes, in which there was only one check worth mentioning. Without being invidious, our correspondent says that Colonel Calvert, Mr. Robert Loder and his two sons, and Mr. J. C. Brown, had the best of it all through. Several were thrown out, as the pace was very good.

The Cotswolds have fulfilled the promise of our last notice. Since the resignation of Sir Reginald Graham, the new master, Captain Arthur Sumner, has, we hear, more than fulfilled the expectations entertained of his management. Under the auspices of that prince of sportsmen, Lord Fitzhardinge, he was pretty sure to go down with the Cheltonians, since this noble lord, with Sir Francis Goldsmid, a most liberal subscriber and fox preserver, chiefly furnish the sinews of war. Still more important and gratifying is the manner in which owners of coverts and the farmers of the country have welcomed the gallant Captain, the best proof of their welcome and good wishes being an ample supply of foxes. Captain Sumner was fortunate in retaining the services of Charles Travis, first whip to Sir Reginald Graham. During Sir Reginald's confinement from a severe fall last season, he hunted the hounds and showed all the necessary qualifications of a huntsman ; and it has been remarked that the appearance and condition of his hounds remind one of the days of Charles Turner. Old Harry Ayris says that Cotswold foxes take more catching than any other sort in England. Nevertheless, in seven days Captain Sumner has killed nine strong ones. His men, it should be said, are all well mounted, and quite able to do their work. We select from our correspondent's notes two of the later days' sport. 'Monday, the 17th. *Throngham*.—A good hour ' with the first fox. A second from Miserden. He took the pack into the ' Duke of Beaufort's country, where, finding the earths open, he saved his ' brush. Throngham is considered a rough country, and the meet was ' therefore a select one. The hounds needed little assistance : they did the ' work themselves, much to the gratification of the few good sportsmen with ' them, who were well repaid for their evening ride home of 18 miles.' 'Wednesday, the 19th. *Puesdown*.—The best meet of the country. A ' large field mustered. There were plenty of foxes, a fair scent, and excellent ' sport. One of the oldest Cotswold men said he never saw a bigger or a ' better lot of "customers" on the hilla. The first fox, badly found, verified ' the old adage, and escaped. The second, from Hazelton Grove, made up ' in some measure for the shortcoming (or rather shortgoing) of the former, ' and gave a pleasant though brief run, and was turned up. The New Gorse ' was next drawn, and yielded a real good fox, who led us over a magnificent ' wall country for 42 minutes, and was pulled down in the open. It was by ' this time late in the day ; but the Master, knowing that Old Squire Fletcher ' had come out with his chaplain to *listen** for the hounds in Clevely Covert, ' and was anxiously waiting on the bank which commands a view of the ' covert. Seeing that this time-honoured nursery for foxes lay in our line ' home, to it we went, and in a brace of shakes three foxes were afoot ; and, ' after a very energetic and musical rattling of his covert, the old Squire had ' the supreme pleasure of hearing that a fox had been killed, and the satisfac- ' tion of handling his brush. Not content with finding foxes for us, the old

* I emphasise "listen," for the veteran had lost the blessing of sight.

'gentleman insisted on our partaking of his hospitality; and, having sent his guests away "filled with good things," gave his parting benediction, tagged with the hope that they would soon come back and account for the other foxes they had left behind, assuring the Master in the mean time they should be carefully preserved.'

Colonel Bower of Studwell Lodge, Droxford, late Master of the Hambleton, was riding a young horse on the road the other day, when the latter started at a bird, shot round, slipped up, rolled over, and crushed his rider badly, breaking one leg and a collar-bone. This is a sad accident at the beginning of the season to one so fond of hunting as the Colonel.

A dealer in the Midlands, noted for his gentlemanly demeanour and a happy use of language, was recently showing a very handsome chestnut horse to a lady well known for her bold style of crossing the Pytchley country. The animal kicked far higher and stronger than would have been endured by nineteen ladies out of twenty; but he was unable to rid himself of his fair burden, who said, 'I think, Mr. —, this horse will be too much for me; he does kick so uncommonly strong.' 'Well, madam,' said the accomplished man, 'he may do so; but he is *the most graceful kicker* I ever saw in my life.'

Owing, we suppose, to observations made in our last 'Van,' the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has received some good donations from different quarters, and several annual subscriptions from Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, and also from the Yorkshire Hound Show, thanks to Mr. Lane Fox, the President, and Mr. Parrington, the Manager, than whom there are not two more energetic supporters of foxhunting; many military men have also come to the front boldly, notably the 12th Lancers and the 3rd Dragoon Guards. This is as it should be; and we hope their example will be followed by other hunting cavalry regiments. The Treasurer, however, still reports a long list of donations and annual subscriptions as unpaid which have been promised long. This is not as it should be. Men adopt strange excuses to avoid giving anything. 'I am not a hunting man,' said one who keeps two very good hunters of which he thinks a great deal, and on whom, when out, he is seen crashing about all day, and in the evening, *plenus ginni et aque*, he lays down the law at the club, let us say at 'Laverick Wells,' with the authority of a Beckford. And yet, forsooth! when asked for a subscription to anything in connection with hunting, he denies he is a hunting man—only goes out occasionally, just to hear the news, &c. Bad luck to all such impostors!

Sporting parsons are not backward in the art of repartee, as witness the following fact. Not many weeks back a gentleman, resident at Cambridge, who had recently patented a fowling-piece on a somewhat novel principle, wrote to a North Devon clergyman, known to be pretty handy with his double barrel, sending a sketch of the gun and begging he would purchase and recommend his 'new breech-loader.' His reverence, however, took not the bait, but replying with a sketch of his greatly dilapidated parish church, added, 'I send you a likeness of my *old breech emptier*. Please, &c.' (the responses have not been repeated).

And while on the subject of gunnery, let us add a word of caution to the rising generation and future readers of 'Baily,' not to be taken in by the specious claptrap advertisements so profusely submitted to public and school-boy sympathy by some of the weekly sporting papers—to wit, 'The Westley Richards side-action breech-loader, cost 42*l.*, to be sold for 12*l.* 12*s.*; a trial allowed.' Correspondence ensues. The money must be deposited as a guarantee, or the gun will not be sent. Cheque forwarded. No weapon

arrives. At last the lawyer has to be visited to procure back the coin, minus a heavy bill. Such are the experiences of a sharp friend of ours, and we willingly add, *caveat emptor*.

Not many weeks ago an acquaintance of ours, after a tiring day with the O.B.H., stopped to dine with a farmer, who took care of his nag, but sent him to the metropolis in such a state of Jack Mytton that, being sensible enough to remove his chronometer from a tightly-fitting pocket, placed it upright in a tumbler of cold water, and put his back teeth under his pillow. His surprise on awaking, plus a headache, may be more easily imagined than described.

We took occasion to refer in last month's 'Van' to the abominable practice of coursing trapped hares, and now find from the leading article of a daily contemporary that the poor animals are kept in a sort of yard or sheep pen ready for slaughter. Surely the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will shortly have their say.

After commencing their season with some very moderate sport (except a few gallops in the Forest), the Royal pack showed their real form in earnest on Tuesday the 25th November, when the meet was at Down Barn, about two miles from Hillingdon. The lovely Harrow country never looked more tempting than on that beautiful morning, with its miles of grass stretching away as far as eye could reach. The deer, 'Highlander,' who had once before distinguished himself in this locality, was uncartered before a very large field. On the hounds being laid on, with their heads pointing for the cream of the Vale, it soon became apparent that none but good ones would be able to live the pace; they went over the brook and to Eastcot in fifteen minutes, where a slight check occurred, which enabled many loose horses to find their owners, and gave all the panting steeds a welcome pause. We next made for Pinner, but half a mile short of the station the deer turned to the left, and ran over the large grass fields on the left of the North-Western Railway, where we crossed the line, and pointing as if for Watford, 'forward' was still the cry, the pace being undeniable. We checked again at Mr. Carew's house, after 58 minutes, about a mile and a half short of Watford, and then turning to the right made in the direction of Barnet. It was here that we came upon the only ploughed field in the course of the run, after which we passed Bushey Heath and Stanmore Common, over those fine grass fields to the Elstree reservoir, where 'Highlander' took to the water, and the field made the best of their way home. It was amusing to hear of the points of the compass which *home* represented,—one gentleman inquiring his way to Notting Hill, one to Hampton, another to Richmond, while your correspondent found himself and his old chestnut horse exactly twenty-four miles from Datchet. The hounds were quite thirty miles from their kennels, and had done a great day's work. We wish we had time to recount half the moving incidents by flood and field which occurred to parties of both sexes, and steeds of every calibre. The gentleman from London who jumped into the middle of a large pond early in the run had plenty of time to 'dry himself' afterwards, and that fine horseman, Mr. S——, from the neighbourhood of Twickenham, will not forget the brook which brought him to grief. In justice to the "London stones," we may say that a horse just bought out of a London cab went well through the run, and returned to Windsor afterwards. Lord Cork on his grey rode exceedingly well, and—except when thrown out at Pinner Station—was always near the front, while Goodall appeared delighted with his hounds and

the Harrow country, which he negotiated in most workmanlike style. We wish we could close our account without a word of censure on the reckless way in which many of the field ride. It is a wonder that half the hounds are not maimed for life through the carelessness, or something worse, of a few of these would-be sportsmen; as it was, one hound was severely injured at Pinner. One can put up with being jostled in a crowd, or crossed at a fence, but pray let us allow the hounds a clear stage and fair play. We have not had the opportunity of measuring on the map the points of this fine run, which lasted about two hours, but we can safely say that no county in England could have shown a finer sample of a real hunting country, great pace, and satisfactory finish.

The following has reached us from Kent:—An old-fashioned sportsman, who goes out to hunt and not to gossip, when the hounds had come to slow hunting, and were trying to pick it out, saw a single hound feathering and evidently on the line. He gave a halloo to the huntsman, who, knowing this good old sportsman could be relied on, brought up the body of the hounds, who soon showed that there was no mistake. A gentleman came up to him and said, 'Pray, sir, how did you know that it was right, for that dog did not bark?'

Will some of the daily journals, for they we think are the principal offenders, be pleased to take notice that the word *huntsmen* and *hunting men* is not synonymous, as they seem to imagine. The announcement that 'a special train will leave Paddington for Slough for the convenience of HUNTSMEN from London,' &c., &c., was a great shock to us. Could Lord Cork have put on some extra hands, we asked ourselves, with the view of making more brilliant an Ascot Heath meet—more men in scarlet and more in Lincoln green? Will Messieurs the writers of these paragraphs condescend to be informed, that there is only *one* huntsman to each pack of hounds? If they would be so kind we should be much obliged. They cannot know how these cockneyisms grate on a sportsman's ear. They savour so much of Astley's sawdust, with a gentleman in a scarlet coat standing on his horse's back, while the band plays 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' and the ginger beer and the oranges mingle their fragrance. We pray them to avoid it in the future.

We have to lament the death in the prime of his youth of Mr. Greville Sartoris, the son of Mr. E. J. Sartoris, M.P., and his wife, formerly Miss Adelaide Kemble. He died from the effects of a fall when trying some young horse over a country. Passionately attached to field sports, especially hunting and steeplechasing (he won the Grand Steeplechase at Baden three or four years ago), Mr. Sartoris was a well-known figure at all cross-country meetings, and the Grand Military will miss him sadly. The last time we saw him in the saddle was when he won the Open Hunters' Steeplechase at Rugby in '72, on The Celt. He was a universal favourite, and his untimely fate caused deep regret wherever he was known.

Mr. G. H. Laporte, whose illustrations in the 'Old Sporting Magazine' some 40 years back some of our readers may remember, has also departed. He was a very clever animal painter, and there are few hunting countries in which he has not left his mark. Perhaps the best picture by him we have ever seen is the portrait of Mr. George Darby on Brown Brandy.

Our dramatic budget must needs be small this month, for the 'Van' driver has been deprived of that pabulum in which his soul so much delights by circumstances beyond his control. Only two theatres has he been able to visit, the Opera Comique and the Globe, at the former of which 'Miriam's

Crime,' with a mild burlesque entitled 'Little Tom Tug,' has been drawing good houses. We cannot say we are admirers of the drama in question, and consider Miriam's rôle a rather thankless one; but Miss Gainsborough interpreted it very charmingly, with much pathos and force, making a decided impression on her audience of latent powers yet to be more developed. Each new part this lady essays she seems to climb another rung in the ladder. 'Arkwright's Wife' at the Globe has introduced Miss Helen Barry to Londoners, not in a sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls as in the 'Happy Land,' but in the homely guise of a Lancashire lass of a hundred years ago. The play is a fair play, not the best or the worst of Mr. Tom Taylor's productions; the first two acts are good, the third, in which the inevitable righting of everything and everybody takes place, rather lame and improbable. The weight of the piece rests on Margaret Hayes (Arkwright's wife), and Miss Barry goes through her arduous task with a spirit and pathos that has done much for the success of the play. In the first act, at her humble home at Leigh, her bitter denunciations of the spirit of invention which has brought that home to poverty were well given, and were happily relieved by brusque retorts to her lover, whose audacity she is half indignant at, half admires. This was very well expressed by Miss Barry, and we are not sure that we do not like her best in that scene. The breaking of the machine in the second act, the wife's mad passion, her unreasoning hatred of what she looks upon as the cause of past misery, as it will be of misery to come, was all well given. Miss Barry has a singularly expressive face, and the cloud and the sunshine pass over it rapidly with very telling effect. To say that Mr. Emery plays the part of a hard Lancashire mechanic, filled with hatred and desire of revenge on the man whom he considers has stolen his ideas, is to say that it is played as only Mr. Emery can play it, and Mr. Charles Kelly is manly and dignified as the misunderstood husband, Richard Arkwright. The evergreen 'Still Waters Run Deep' gives Mr. Montague an opportunity of making another mark as John Mildmay. He is the best we have seen since Alfred Wigan.

We regret to say that the Presidency of the Norfolk Club has not yet been filled up. Several names have been mentioned for the vacant chair, and it was thought that during the recent meeting at Norwich, circumstances seeming to be favourable, a ballot might have been taken, but whether it was from the qualifications of the different candidates being so evenly balanced, or from some other cause, no election was made. This is not as it should be, and we hope in our next 'Van' to announce that the choice of the Club has fallen on some one worthy of the honour.





W. H. Smith

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE HON. RALPH NEVILL.

THERE can be no shadow of doubt that the life-like portrait and accompanying record which form our New Year's Gift for 1874 will prove acceptable to every reader of 'Baily's Magazine,' inasmuch as our present contribution adds one more example to the many that now and ever will exist of the truth of the old adage, that 'the boy 'is father to the man.' Ralph Pelham Nevill, second son of the fourth Earl of Abergavenny, was born in 1832, and from the old Kentish root-tree of the family to the playing fields at Eton, and thence to those more extensive ones near to where 'Isis rolls its classic tide,' he may be said to have followed the career of a sportsman, and to have imbibed a taste for outdoor pursuits from his boyhood onwards. He was distinguished at Eton for his love of athletic sports, indeed was one of the best runners of his time, and captain of the football team. He had been initiated in the pursuit of hunting from a very early age, as his father kept a pack of beagles at Birling Manor, with which, during the holidays, the subject of our memoir used to render a good account of the hares. As time rolled on the beagles were exchanged for harriers, and when he went up to Oxford he was master of a very clever pack, which he hunted himself. At the University the study of the noble science entered largely into the *curriculum*, and Mr. Nevill's first meet was in the Bicester country with 'the squire,' when Lord Portsmouth gave him a mount, some time afterwards presenting him with a few couple of hounds, his old horn and couplings. His Oxford career finished, it was now time for the harriers to be substituted for foxhounds; but though Mr. Nevill had hunted foxes and hares for three or four years, it was not until 1858, and then at the early age of twenty-six, that he was entitled to add M.F.H. to his name. At that date Mr. Colyer (better known as Tom Colyer), who had hunted the West Kent country for eight years, retired in the middle of the season, but in this emergency Mr. Nevill was requested to help to keep the country going; and

the sport he showed (accounting for his fox almost every day he was out) will long be remembered by the men of West Kent.

For the next four seasons Mr. Nevill hunted his own country, a rough woodland one, adjoining the West Kent and Tickham, where he received a thorough perfecting in hunting and handling hounds. In the year 1862 he became joint Master of the West Kent with Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, and on that gentleman retiring two years later, Mr. Nevill continued sole Master, and he has so remained to the present time, as his coadjutor was, a firm friend to the farmers who looked up to him, to the poor, who worshipped him, extending to all the warmest liberality in thought and feeling, well worthy of example. In lieu of hunting five days a fortnight, as was the old rule, the hounds now meet four days a week—a change keenly appreciated by those yeomen of Kent who benefit by it. The pack consists of 55 couple, the majority bitches, and have been this season ably handled by Will Channing, for many years with Lord Wemyss. The country is close, thickly-wooded, and in some parts very flinty; the foxes strong, requiring a deal of killing.

The Master of the West Kent unites to a thorough intimacy with the science of foxhunting those other qualifications so necessary to the position he holds, for he is a bold rider, and in that somewhat rough and difficult country always with his hounds, has a cheery melodious voice, which hounds love to fly to, and he never leaves his fox if there is the slightest chance of killing him. When unable to take the field, which is sometimes necessarily the case, Mr. Umfreville, of Ingress Abbey, a host in himself, acts as Deputy Master. Mr. Nevill is an active magistrate, and commanded a troop in the West Kent Yeomanry for eight years, and he is also as M.F.H. a strict disciplinarian, though most popular with his field, uniting to an inborn knowledge of the science those qualifications so necessary to a Master, being a thorough lover of the noble sport, an accomplished gentleman huntsman, backed by sound judgment, great activity, and possessing a singular gift of manipulating those numerous essentials, which are so necessary in keeping a large country together, and therefore so well worthy of precept and imitation.

THE PRINCE OF THE T.Y.C.

LET hoary veterans, past their prime,
 Dilate on the steeds of a bygone time,
 And their genealogical tree:
 On 'Charlie's' form can they name a patch?
 What flyer of old they would bring to scratch,
 What 'modern Eclipse' could they dare to match
 With the Prince of the T.Y.C.?

Oh ! sweet is the transient shout that rings
 In the ears of Derby and Leger kings,
 Who have humbly bent the knee
 To the Prince, who led them in lengthy file
 O'er his own little course on the Rowley Mile,
 From start to finish in meteor style—
 The Prince of the T.Y.C.

As strong, as *loud*, and as brief in his reign
 As triumphs the force of the hurricane
 Over storms of lesser degree ;
 What ' stoutness ' could face, what ' staying ' abide
 The whirlwind sweep of his mighty stride ?
 The highest must lower his colours of pride
 To the Prince of the T.Y.C.

Sprung from the stock of kingly ' Blair,'
 A Princess soothed his infant care,
 Where, queen of the fenny lea,
 Her beacon tower old Ely rears
 ' O'er desert plains and rushy meres,'
 Like thee above thy dwindling peers,
 Oh Prince of the T.Y.C. !

By a yeoman bred, by gold unwon,
 Good yeoman's service hast thou done,
 Without reward or fee ;
 As ' firm as oak and true as steel ;'
 One magic touch of an armour'd heel,
 And lo ! thy foemen swerve and reel,
 Prince of the T.Y.C. !

'Thy best loved pilot dead and gone,
 Thou needs must make for port alone,
 No more to tempt the sea ;
 The white sail furl'd, and the anchor cast,
 With colours nailed to the taper mast,
 And timbers staunch and firm—to the last,
 Prince of the T.Y.C. !

Oh ! silken sheen of a snowy vest,
 Be thine the meed of trophied rest,
 Like pennon floating free
 Above some 'parted warrior's shrine,
 Emblazoned high with rich design
 And proud achievements, likest thine,
 Prince of the T.Y.C.

Oh! good blaze face we knew so well,
 No more the clang of the saddling bell
 Shall summon to victory!
 But nursing mothers round thee wait,
 And strangers flock to the harem gate
 Of the Sultan throned in orient state—
 The Prince of the T.Y.C.

WHITE COCKADE.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE SOUTH BERKS.

‘HAVING given you all the information in my power concerning the ‘Old Berkshire, and the Craven,’ said our friend, ‘I now call your ‘attention to the “South Berks,” which, compared with the ‘others, is quite a modern hunt. It originated thus: In the spring ‘of the year 1843, Sir John Cope, in consequence of his increasing ‘age and infirmity, gave notice that he should give up the Berkshire ‘side of his country—that is, all that part of it then lying to the ‘north of the Valley of the Kennet, retaining the remainder, which ‘is now hunted by Mr. Garth.

‘Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts of Sulhampstead, with some twenty ‘couples of hounds given to him by Sir John Cope and by Mr. Frederick Villebois, then Master of the Craven, and with some more ‘purchased from Lord Portman, established a good and clever pack ‘of hounds, and made the South Berks an independent country, he ‘also built kennels and stables at Sulhampstead House. John ‘Dinnicombe, a Devonshire man (who had been brought up under ‘that well-known sportsman Dr. Troyte), a very good man, and ‘Harry Edney, came with the hounds from Dorsetshire, as his first ‘whip, but he did not stay long. Then came Jem Gower from the ‘H.H., who, when Dinnicombe left to go to the V.W.H., took the ‘horn, and after him Will Borer from the Vine, until Mr. Thoyts ‘gave the hounds up. Mr. Thoyts hunted the South Berks country ‘for four seasons, showing good sport and giving great satisfaction, ‘and relinquished it in consequence of the death of his wife, which ‘took place in the autumn of 1846; I believe he still enjoys ‘his hunting as well as ever. A committee then took the manage- ‘ment for three seasons, that first-rate sportsman Mr. George H. ‘Montague of Caversham House being virtually Master. He ‘hunted the hounds himself, a very smart pack, and all ‘ladies. He was very cheery and quick, the hounds would fly to ‘him, and he was ably seconded in the field, at first by Gower and ‘Alfred Hedges, and then by David Edwards, an experienced and ‘good hand with hounds, as I have told you before, who began ‘hunting under Mr. Assheton Smith and old Dick Burton, who, he

' says, was a regular old martinet, and would even make his whips eat their breakfast as they went along if they were one minute late. He, Edwards, went to Lord Henry Bentinck, and succeeded Joe Maiden as huntsman to the Cheshire.

' Mr. Montague hunted the country with great success, he was a keen sportsman, and a first-class rider to hounds. He had a singularly neat, stealing, workmanlike way of getting over a country with ease to his horse, and he had a good ear to know when hounds turned in covert, so that he got well away with them when they broke. In 1850, in consequence of Sir John Cope having retired, Mr. J. J. Wheble of Bulmershe Court came forward to hunt the whole country originally held by Sir John. It was of very great extent; but he continued to hunt it for two seasons, after which the country was again divided, Mr. Wheble keeping that known as the South Berks, and Mr. T. C. Garth taking the Bramshill or Hampshire side. Robert Toccock, who had been for the last nine years first whip to Shirley and had whipped in many years to his father, was at first Mr. Wheble's huntsman, and David Edwards and Thomas Phillips his whips. Harry Toccock, who was also entered at Bramshill, was second horseman, but when the country was divided, in 1852, Robert Toccock went to Mr. Garth. Mr. Wheble built new kennels and stables at Bulmershe sufficient for his establishment. Mr. Montague then joined his pack to them and made them as one pack belonging to Mr. Wheble, that gentleman then undertaking to hunt the whole country formerly hunted by Sir John Cope, barring the Oxfordshire part, which he did with great spirit and success, having capital sport and many first-class runs. Mr. Wheble vanned his hounds long distances.

' In 1855 the management of the South Berks again devolved on a committee, of which Mr. George Montague and Mr. Thoyts took the most active part. An old roadside inn, called "The World's End," was converted into good quarters for the hounds, horses, and servants; they retained George Whitmore, who had formerly been with the New Forest under Mr. Codrington and also with the Cheshire, as huntsman, with Thomas Day, son of old Tom Day, so well known in Leicestershire, who is still living at Quorn, and George Pickard as his assistants. To them succeeded Robert Jennings and Alfred Thatcher, now with the Bedale, and John King, who went to Sir Watkin Wynn's and died there. On Lord Portsmouth giving up the Vine, in 1858, they got a slice of that country.

' Mr. George Montague was very popular. He always had a smile and a good word for everybody. He presided for four seasons and then resigned; and in 1860 the country was taken by Major Fletcher of Saltouns, near Tranent, a nephew of Lord Wemyss, who for five seasons had himself hunted the East Lothians, and who then sold his own pack to Major Welfitt, who had just taken the Rufford. His servants were Nimrod Long, son of old Will of the Badminton, who came to him from the Belvoir, and left to go

‘ as huntsman to Mr. Scratton in Essex, in 1862, and was succeeded
‘ by David Edwards from the Cheshire, to whom Alfred Thatcher
‘ was first whip. Hunting with them at this time were—

‘ Sir Paul Hunter of Mortimer Hill, Mr. Robert Allfrey of Woke-
‘ field Park, Mr. Stone of Streatley House, who was a brother-in-law
‘ of Mr. James Morrell, Master of the Old Berks; Mr. J. Le Blanc,
‘ then of Bradfield, now gone into the Vine country; Mr. Richard
‘ Benyon, M.P. for Berkshire; Mr. R. Porter of White Knights, near
‘ Maiden Erleigh; Mr. George Shackel of Erleigh Court, Mr. A. C.
‘ Cobham of Shinfield, Mr. J. B. Monk of Coley Park, Reading;
‘ Mr. H. J. Simonds of Reading, the secretary, who now lives at
‘ Caversham; and Mr. Henry Hunter of Beech Hill.

‘ In 1862, Mr. Sam Pitman of Manor House, Taunton, became
‘ the Master, and at first hunted the hounds himself, but afterwards
‘ retained John Travis, a stout old man, from the B.V.H., whose
‘ assistants were Alfred Thatcher and Henry Birch, from the
‘ Brocklesby. Mr. Pitman, who was very fond of hunting, also kept
‘ a pack of harriers in Somersetshire, which he hunted on alternate
‘ days with the foxhounds in Berks; so that, as he was travelling
‘ night and day, it was said he never slept anywhere but in a first-
‘ class carriage on the Great Western.

‘ In 1865 Mr. John Hargreaves of Maiden Erleigh became Master,
‘ and at first hunted only bitches, and has lots of Belvoir blood, and
‘ being very fond of hunting has spared no trouble or expense to do
‘ the thing well, mounting his men in first-rate style, on strong,
‘ short-legged horses, many of which come from George Reeves,
‘ and as one who knows him well says, “is a pattern for masters
‘ “ of hounds.” His first huntsman was Thomas Tipton, who had
‘ formerly been with Mr. Villebois in Norfolk; and Alfred Thatcher,
‘ who went to the Brocklesby in 1869, turned them to him, and he
‘ was succeeded by George Orbell, son of old Joe Orbell, who came
‘ from Sir Watkin Wynn. Mr. Hargreaves’s whips have been Alfred
‘ Thatcher, Joe Orbell, Tom Cook, who lived with him when he
‘ kept harriers, and Charles Maiden, now with the Cheshire.
‘ Mr. Hargreaves, however, often took the horn himself, and the
‘ latter part of the time Tipton was there, especially after his last fall,
‘ he confined himself pretty much to the kennel management.
‘ Thomas Tipton has seen a deal of service during his long career,
‘ he was born at Little Hereford in Herefordshire, and commenced
‘ to whip-in when only twelve years old to Mr. Dansey, in 1832, in
‘ South Notts. His father was Mr. Dansey’s groom for eighteen
‘ years; then Mr. Dansey went to the Oakeley, and when he sold his
‘ hounds to Mr. Applethwaite, the Master of the Atherstone,
‘ Tipton succeeded poor Harry King, who was so long with the
‘ Queen’s Hounds; and then he was four seasons with Mr.
‘ Musters. On leaving him he went as first whip to Lord Hawke
‘ under Will Butler for five years. From Badsworth he went
‘ to the Cottesmore with Mr. Henley Greaves for two seasons.
‘ Pettat, the landlord of the little inn at Askern near Doncaster, was

' then Mr. Greaves's stud groom, and on leaving he was succeeded
' by Richard Tipton, now in Australia. From there he went to the
' Tickham, which he hunted for twelve years, the first four under
' Mr. Stephen Lushington, and the other eight under Mr. Rigden.
' Then he went back to his old master, Mr. Greaves, when he had
' the V.W.H., with whom he stayed for two years, with poor
' young Tom Squires as his whip; after that he went to Mr. Henry
' Villebois in Norfolk, and from there to the South Berks, which
' he hunted seven seasons. His total service amounted to forty-one
' years, and during that time he was never out of employ for three
' months, and only once applied for a situation. He is now living
' at a comfortable little house in Reading. At the beginning of
' last season came Richard Roake from the Pytchley, bringing with
' him a handsome tankard containing three hundred sovereigns, as
' a proof of the respect in which he was held by those who knew
' him for many years in that country. Sad to say, however, his
' usual ill-luck at first attended him here, and before the season
' had scarcely commenced he had his leg broken by a kick from
' Mr. Thoyt's horse, while but a short time afterwards Mr. Har-
' greaves also had the misfortune to break his leg; thus Master
' and huntsman were both laid up together. James Wilson, who
' had seen some service, then hunted the hounds until Roake had
' recovered. His first whip is John Kelsall, who came from Mr.
' Musters, and his second is John Louch, a colt who formerly rode
' Mr. Hargreaves's second horse.

' The boundary was now increased by their taking a portion of the
' old Vine country, and they hunt Aldermaston, which is well
' looked after, and Pamber Forest on sufferance. They also draw
' Strathfieldsaye, join the Vine at Wasing and go on to Thatcham.
' They cross the Thames and hunt a part of Oxfordshire once a
' fortnight, going to Nuffield Common, which is well preserved, and
' up to Mr. Blount's at Mapledurham. On the whole it is a rough,
' bad-scenting country, with a lot of wood and nasty rotten sand-
' banks and blind ditches, which want a horse for the country, and
' it has a fair share of open except just round Mortimer and Pinge
' Wood. There is very little grass, perhaps about the same in
' proportion as there is plough in the Pytchley. There are
' hundreds of acres of gorse at Bucklebury Common, which are
' very difficult to draw; on the whole it is a better country than the
' Craven, and not so difficult to get to hounds, but is far shorter of
' foxes. It extends from Goring, Streatley, and Compton, bordering
' on the Ilsley Downs on the north, to the River Loddon, which
' divides it from Mr. Garth's at Strathfieldsaye. It joins the old
' Berks at Unhill, and so marches with Mr. Garth's, Lord Mac-
' clesfield's, the Vine and the Craven. The favourite meets are in
' the part hunted by permission of the Vine; and I may mention
' Beech Hill, Mortimer, which is the best side for sport, is the
' stiffest country, and has most foxes, but is all plough, and Chequers
' Green at Strathfieldsaye, Mr. Hunter's gorse being always a sure

‘ find, and it was never drawn blank but once, when it was said that old Mr. Hunter was bilious for six weeks afterwards; while Twyford Gate, Thatcham Gate, Compton, Yattendon, and Shinfield are also good. Some of their staunchest preservers are Mr. Allfrey of Wokefield Park, Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts of Sulhampstead, the father of the hunt; Mr. J. J. Wheble of Bulmershe, who always has a good litter of foxes, as also Mr. J. Floyd of Frilsham, another good sportsman, but there is a decided lack of the animal on some properties.

‘ Altogether a huntsman has to be very choice over foxes, and must make the most of them, so that they rarely dig, for there are some places where actually, if they run near, they have to stop the hounds on property where the owners go in for a “solemn destruction of pheasants.” Some only allow them to draw after Christmas, when they find an odd straggler; and others, again, will keep an old fox, or pretend to do so, and never breed a litter of cubs. This, decidedly, is not quite as it should be.

‘ Regularly hunting of late years have been Mr. Richard Benyon, M.P., of Englefield House, who has now nearly given up; Sir Charles Russell, Bart., of Swallowfield Park, occasionally; Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts and his son, Major Thoyts; Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C., of Lockinge, who looks well after Fence Wood, a capital covert, where there is always a fox; Mr. Blagrove, M.P., of Calcot Park, to whom the kennels belong; Mr. H. J. Simonds of Caversham, the secretary; Mr. A. C. Cobham of Shinfield, father-in-law of the present Master, and his sons, Mr. Robert and Captain Cobham; Mr. Bovill of Farley Hill, a real good sportsman; Rev. F. Dobson of Mortimer, a capital judge of a horse, and generally has a good stud; Mr. Henry Hunter of Beech Hill, a good preserver; Mr. C. Waters of Reading, who was some years in China, and afterwards hunted from Salisbury with the Tedworth; the Messrs. Thornton of Beaurepaire are both rare sportsmen, they like to have foxes, and they do go right well to hounds; Sir Paul Hunter of Mortimer Hill is a good supporter; Messrs. Kershaw from London, both fond of hunting, keep their horses at Chinnock’s; Dr. Willett of Isleworth, Mr. West of Reading, formerly of Theale; Mr. Easton of White Knights, Captain Lloyd of Silchester, Mr. Caldecott of Caversham, Major G. H. Allfrey, late of the Queen’s Bays, of Wokefield Park, is fond of hunting; Mr. Simonds, who takes the command on the Oxfordshire side when the Master is absent; Mr. Cordery of Farley Hill goes as well as ever he did; and also Mr. Goddard, who lives close by, on a grey. Mrs. Vincent of The Priory, Monk Sherborne, is very fond of hounds, and is stopped by no weather; on her favourite chesnut, Warlike, by Tom Steele, gets over the biggest and most rotten banks and broadest ditches without any apparent effort. There are not large fields, sixty or seventy at the most, but they all ride for sport.’

MR. GARTH'S OR THE OLD BRAMSHILL COUNTRY.

' We must now turn our attention to Mr. Garth's country or the Bramshill, also in a measure, as I told you before, part of the domain, in years long past, of the lords of Berkeley Castle, as they are said to have occasionally hunted over it; but it must have been at a very early date, as we find that in 1790 Mr. Ellis St. John of West Court, Finchampstead, established a pack of foxhounds to hunt this country. It was no doubt conducted in a somewhat primitive style, as many hunts were at that period, and he took Thomas Toccock and Joseph Paice as huntsman and whip.

' They showed great sport, had runs of fabulous length, and, as it was then called, walked their foxes to death. This arrangement lasted till Sir John Cope succeeded to Bramshill in 1816, when Mr. St. John turned over the pack to him with Toccock, their huntsman, and Joe Paice the first whip, and John Major the second; and Sir John, removed then to Bramshill, hunted a very extensive country in Hampshire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire, including that now known as the South Berks. A kennel was built by Colonel Blagrove of Calcot, who was a great supporter of the hunt, at the "World's End" Inn at Tilehurst, near Reading, for the hounds to sleep out at, or stay several days for cub-hunting at Mapledurham, Woodcot, Goring, and the Oxfordshire side of the country; and some few years afterwards Mr. Thomas Stonor of Stonor Park, now Lord Camoys, also a great supporter and friend to the hunt, built some kennels at the Stonor Arms for the hounds to stop at when they went to hunt all the country round Nettlebed, Oakeley, the big beech woods by Brightwell, Watlington, Shirborn, Wormsley, Stokenchurch, and all round by Stonor Park to Henley-on-Thames. This was a very hard country to hunt. The stout foxes took a deal of killing, and made slaving work for horses when hounds ran hard, which they did after Christmas, when the leaves got wet and settled. In the year 1828 Sir John's hounds were at Stonor a whole month for cub-hunting, as they began rather early that year. Mr. Leaver, the landlord, who was a baker, made a batch of biscuits of wheaten flour, on which the hounds with careful feeding did well. Through the influence of Mr. Stonor these large beech woods were well off for litters of cubs; and they had a good month's hunting, putting them into a fresh litter almost every morning, and then they went home to begin in their other countries. After hunting this side of Oxfordshire for some years, he determined to give up the greater part and confine himself to his Hampshire and Berkshire country, which he did up to the end of the season 1842-3, when, as I told you, finding himself getting on in years, and somewhat feeble and afflicted, and not able to ride so far, he wished to keep a pack of hounds to hunt all the country on the other side of the Bath road, so that his own hounds would not have to go over it, but hunt

‘ their country from home without sleeping out ; and as I said before, ‘ Mr. Thoyts, being a good and experienced sportsman, was solicited ‘ to take the mastership, which he did. Then young Robert ‘ Tocock was added to the number of whips, while John Major, ‘ who was a son of old John Major of the H.H., was latterly ‘ stud groom. Robert Tocock after this lived with Mr. John ‘ Musters at Annesley and Colwick for five years as first whip and ‘ kennel huntsman.

‘ On the death of Joe Paice, George Sweetman, a native of ‘ Bramshill, acted as second whip ; and things thus continued till ‘ poor Tocock was laid on the shelf with gout, when George ‘ Gardener, a regular old whipper-in, came from Sir Richard Sutton ‘ and took his place for two seasons ; then Tom Neverd came from ‘ Mr. Mules, who hunted the Essex and Suffolk country ; for a ‘ similar period John Major, who was promoted from the saddle- ‘ room to the saddle ; and Jem Shirley, a capital huntsman, ‘ came in 1833 from Mr. Osbaldeston when he had the Pytchley, ‘ and retained the horn until Sir John resigned in 1850, Robert ‘ Tocock and Thomas Sweetman being his whips. When the hounds ‘ left Bramshill, Shirley retired to Reading, where he took a public- ‘ house and died.

‘ I am indebted to Robert Tocock for giving me an account of ‘ his old master, who says that, previously to Sir John Cope taking ‘ the foxhounds, he kept a small stud of hunters at Melton, ‘ and hunted too in Oxfordshire with his friend Sir Thomas ‘ Mostyn. He also did a little racing, but in a small way. He won ‘ the first Goodwood Cup in 1812 with a mare called Shoestrings, ‘ and had two famous horses called Turtle and Tortoise, by Lord ‘ Egremont’s celebrated horse Gohannah out of Carthage ; they ‘ were both trained by old John Day of Danebury, and Turtle was ‘ a favourite for the Derby in his year, but went amiss at the last ‘ moment. He rode Tortoise for sixteen seasons, until he dropped ‘ down dead under him in Fence Wood. Tocock says that Sir ‘ John much wished to have had him preserved, but he sent him to ‘ a collar-maker, who made a mess of it. He also hunted Turtle ‘ during the early part of his time, and kept him many years until he ‘ was worn out, when he had him shot and buried with his brother. ‘ Turtle’s stock were noted for being good and stout. A great many ‘ horses in the country were got by him, as the farmers in the hunt ‘ had the privilege of sending mares to him gratis. Almost all Sir ‘ John’s horses were by Turtle, out of large Yorkshire and other ‘ hunting mares, and perhaps among the best was a well-bred one ‘ he bought of Mr. Breedon of De la Bere, which was the dam of ‘ Roebuck, Reindeer, and The Doe, almost the last of the Turtles, ‘ which were all good hunters and were kept many years in the ‘ establishment. Another famous horse, named Filbert, bought of ‘ Mr. Charles Hazell, a farmer of Midgham, was also shot and ‘ buried, after many years’ service.

‘ Sir John’s head grooms were first Jesse Creasy, then John Major,

‘ and latterly John Denyer. He was very considerate in taking ‘ boys out of his own parish into his stables and kennels, making ‘ them handy, and then getting places for them, in order to take ‘ others; and he even sent them to school during the summer, ‘ when they were not so much wanted, until the horses were taken ‘ up again: thus Sir John was the means of giving many good servants a start in the world.

‘ Sir John was an indefatigable sportsman, and at one time cared ‘ for no distance, until he got so disabled from one of his knees. He ‘ was lame from having broken his leg in Leicestershire when ‘ larking home, his horse jumping on him; and although from being ‘ short-sighted he was unable to take his own line, yet when he was ‘ a young man, on a favourite horse, no leader that he selected, ‘ however hard he might have been, could shake him off. Besides ‘ being a master of hounds he was also a great encourager of cricket, ‘ and nothing pleased him better than to see a first-rate match ‘ played at his own place, Bramshill; and he would send up to Teddy ‘ Paul and tell him to make a match, as he wanted to see some ‘ cricket. He liked to see his own servants play every evening; ‘ strange to say, although so fond of the game, he was no player ‘ himself.

‘ Bramshill House is a curious and interesting building, and was ‘ once visited by Her Majesty, who wished to view it. Sir John, on ‘ this being intimated to him, said there was the house and she ‘ was welcome to see it, but he knew nothing about receiving ‘ Royalty, and should not be at home. He was a fine specimen of ‘ an old English gentleman, and a good sportsman, though he was ‘ far too much prejudiced in favour of large hounds as well as a large ‘ country, which he could not work enough to make the foxes fly ‘ from the woodlands. He died on the 18th of November 1851, ‘ and when he was buried in Eversley Church one hound followed ‘ the procession: exactly the same thing happened at the funeral of ‘ the late Lord Henry Bentinck at Tathwell—a curious coincidence, ‘ was it not, to occur at the funeral of two such veteran masters? ‘ Perhaps the hardest and best rider with Sir John was Colonel ‘ Blagrove, who actually sacrificed his game to the foxes; for many ‘ years he commanded the Berkshire militia, and died at Calcot ‘ Park in 1867, aged 87. Although a long heavy man, no timber ‘ was too big for him, and he once in his early days set the whole ‘ field by jumping a spiked gate nearly seven feet high, close to ‘ Strathfieldsaye. Other good men were Mr. John Breedon of De ‘ la Bere, Mr. Thomas Howard of Yattendon, Mr. Hawley of West ‘ Green, Mr. E. Golding of Maiden Erleigh, Messrs. Joseph and ‘ William Parfitt, the brewers, of Eversley, and their father. Mr. ‘ Joseph was a very hard man at timber, over which he had some ‘ tremendous falls, but he had some of the best horses in England, ‘ or he never could have done half he did; Messrs. Blackhall and ‘ Henry Simmonds, of the Brewery, Reading, the former of whom, ‘ a most enthusiastic fox-hunter, materially assisted Sir John in the

‘ breeding and management of his pack ; and Mr. Charles Simmonds, the banker, of Newlands, who has two sons still going well ; Mr. R. Pocklington, a Suffolk man, who for several seasons was a guest of Sir John Cope ; Mr. Gerard Blisson Wharton (generally called Jerry Wharton) was Sir John’s most intimate friend, and like him was a first-rate sportsman. It is said that he and Sir John Cope, before he came into the property, once practised as solicitors in the Temple, but Nimrod says, in his “Reminiscences,” that “he used to go well over Oxfordshire in Sir Thomas Mostyn’s days, but for some time past divided his time between Yorkshire and Melton, and that he was a good horseman and a bruiser over a country.” Mr. Wharton was Clerk of the Peace for the County of Durham, and died in Keppel Street, Russell Square, in 1865, at the age of 93 ; Mr. William Makepeace of Bracknell was one of the principal men with Sir John in his day ; Mr. Leveson Gower of Bill Hill, Squire Pigott of Heckfield, a beautiful rider ; Mr. Bazalgette of Mortimer, who kept a good stud of horses ; Mr. Michael Blount of Mapledurham, Mr. Dobson, also of Mortimer, was a regular man, and always well mounted ; Mr. George Montague of Caversham Hill, who always went in front ; Mr. Earle Deane of Waltham St. Laurence, Mr. Henry Van Notten Pole of White Waltham, now in the V.W.H. country. And there were also Mr. T. P. Williams of Temple House, Mr. Padbury, Mr. Joe Larkham, a gentleman farmer of Bucklebury, a very good friend to fox hunting ; Mr. W. Strange of Aldermaston, a miller, was another friend to the sport ; Mr. Field of Mortimer, who used to mount Tocock to go with the Vine when he could get a holiday ; The Rev. L. Halton, the best rider in South Berkshire—a capital sportsman, recently deceased ; Lord Kinnaird, the Master of the Buckhounds in 1840, came out occasionally, as did Lord Wm. Beresford, a hard rider ; Mr. Bishop, a farmer of Sandhurst, was fond of hunting ; Mr. H. M. Bunbury of Marlstone House, Mr. Edwin Smith of Waltham, Mr. James Horwood and his son Richard of Waltham St. Laurence, Mr. F. Pigott of Heckfield, and his brother Charles of Sherfield, Lord Dorchester of Greywell, Sir Edward and Lady Alicia Conroy, who was a beautiful horsewoman and rode well to hounds. A well-known character with Sir John Cope was Tommy Osborn of Uxbridge, commonly called Little Keeley, from his likeness to that popular actor.

‘ In 1850, Mr. Wheble of Bulmershe Court took the country and the hounds from Sir John Cope, and at the same time Mr. George Montague resigning the South Berks, he hunted that also ; so that the original country was once more reunited. Robert Tocock was his huntsman for two years, and David Edwards first whip, Tom Sweetman remaining in attendance on his old master until he died, in 1852. Edwards afterwards became huntsman, and old Joel Dunsmure, a very good and neat horseman, who had seen a deal of service in good countries, turned them to him, and George

Champion, now huntsman to the South Down, who Edwards says was a capital whip, for one season; as, I believe, was also Charles Pike, who, after being with many packs, finished his career as huntsman to the Marquis of Hastings, and died at Quorn soon afterwards. Then, if I mistake not, Will Mawe was with Mr. Wheble for one season. Mr. Wheble married a daughter of the Earl of Howth; and when he took the hounds went to Ballinasloe fair to buy horses for his servants.

Hunting with them were Mr. Hobson, from Wokefield Park, with his son-in-law Mr. Allfrey, who came down from London and hunted occasionally; Mr. Pery Standish of Farley Hill, who is now living at Marwell Hall, in the Hambledon country, and his brother Mr. William Standish, the present Master of the New Forest, both went well, whom Tocock fitted out with some hounds to take out to Pau. Mr. Pery Standish was a great man over timber, and had a great many falls—generally two a day; while his brother, who was a great performer over banks, rarely had one; Captain Manaton Pipon of Shinfield; Mr. A. C. Cobham of Shinfield hunted more with the South Berks; Mr. Dashwood Fowler of Pangbourne, Captain Ramsey, who hunted more in the Old Berkshire Vale; Mr. F. Dobson of Mortimer, who is still going; Mr. Codrington, Mr. Blandy of Reading, one of the chief old sportsmen; Mr. William Cave of Hartley Row, the owner of several good brood mares, who bred Hartley, Wintney, and other useful horses. He is now Mr. Garth's right-hand man, is very cheery in a good run, and goes as hard as ever—which is saying a great deal; and at that period Mr. John Darby, now of Rugby, often showed them the way on his famous little mare Jenny Jones; Mr. Cordery of Farley Hill, a very good sportsman, who hunts every day in the week—a big heavy man, but a “nailer,” and whose son goes even a little too fast sometimes; Mr. Palmer of Sunning, Mr. M. Thoyts, before the country was divided, was one of the principal supporters of the hunt and a great friend of Sir John Cope; Mr. Robert Allfrey of Wokefield Place, two Messrs. Stephens, from Farnham, who also went with the H.H.; Mr. R. J. Webb of Calcot Place, whose farm buildings were a perfect model; Mr. Charles Beauclerk of Winchfield was also a very good cricketer, and used especially to be great at driving a ball; Mr. Austen Leigh, senior, of Hare Hatch, a great friend of Mr. Villebois and Mr. Chute, was a real good old-fashioned sportsman, had four sons all good to hounds, especially Mr. Spencer Leigh.

In the year 1852 Mr. T. Colleton Garth, of whom Sir John Cope had a very high opinion and much wished as his successor when he gave up, now came forward, and became Master of the country south of the Loddon, or what was Mr. St. John's old country, and removed the hounds to Haines Hill, his own residence, where he built an excellent new kennel, and at once set to work to get some hounds, as he had not one to begin with. After a time, in the course of the following summer, and as Mr. Wheble then only

‘ kept a ladies pack, he sold his dog pack to Mr. Garth, which consisted of about thirty couples, which, when added to those already collected, made upwards of seventy couples of hounds. Just at that time Mr. Burrows (afterwards a lay preacher) wanted some hounds to hunt the Cottesmore country. Will Derry (of whom a rare good story is told of his private opinion of his master’s knowledge of hunting) came and bought twenty couples; then he had a strong lot for cub-hunting, which was reduced to forty-six couples for regular hunting. At first the country was very short of foxes and for some years afterwards, but things changed, and in 1865 they seemed better off for foxes than ever, except in some places, which is the case in most hunts.

‘ When Mr. Garth took the hounds he had a nice stud of horses for his own riding, some of which he had ridden for years, and Tocock thinks, for the number, no gentleman rode them better. They all seemed equally clever and good-looking. Among them was a fine-grown brown horse, Merlin, by Steamer, a capital hunter, which Mr. Garth bred and rode many years. He had also a very handsome chesnut horse, Little John, showing much breeding; a roan horse which he bought of Mr. Pigott, and a handsome black mare which he purchased of Mr. Andrew Twitchen, who is an institution in the Vine country. He retained Robert Tocock as huntsman until 1865, when he retired after forty years of hard work in the field, with much wear and tear by falls and rheumatism. He is a dry old fellow, and used to amuse a good many at the hound shows with his funny tales. Then Tom Sweetman, who had turned them to him for thirteen seasons as first whip and several as second, succeeded to the horn. He was a capital rider, as quick as lightning, very clever at getting to hounds, and a better servant or huntsman has never been seen. The poor fellow dropped from his horse at the fixture, when the hounds met at Lord Dorchester’s, at Greywell, and died from apoplexy the same day in Lord Dorchester’s house, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. Charles Brackley, a native of Bicester, and son of Colonel Jodrell’s stud groom, began by riding Ben Goddard’s second horse, then lived four years with Mr. Fredcroft, when he was Master of the H.H., came to Mr. Garth from Mr. Villebois in Norfolk, and after having turned hounds to poor Sweetman, then took the horn, and has shown that the time spent under his predecessor was not lost to him. He is very quiet with his hounds. His whips at present are Thomas Austen, a fine horseman, and Henry Povey, both natives, who have never been elsewhere. In 1871 Mr. Garth was presented with an equestrian portrait of himself and his huntsman, Sweetman, painted by Mr. Stephen Pearce, Mr. Garth being mounted on his famous horse Harlequin. He is a very good sportsman and a very good-tempered one with a wild field, and has hunted the country at his own expense, the field having only to pay the bills for poultry.

‘ The gentlemen regularly hunting with Mr. Garth are, The

' Marquis of Downshire, a good preserver, and his brother, Lord
 ' Arthur Hill, who lives in Sussex, occasionally ; Sir Warwick
 ' Morshead of Forest Lodge, Binfield ; Count de Morella, who was a
 ' great Carlist general, and the Countess, who rides very well, of
 ' Wentworth House, near Staines ; Mr. Peter Finch of Hurst Grove,
 ' Mr. Pigot Carleton, a son-in-law of Lord Dorchester ; Mr. Scott
 ' of Bracknell, who had some good horses, but does not hunt so
 ' much as he did formerly ; Doctor Willett of Isleworth, who keeps
 ' his horses at Wokingham ; Lieut.-Colonel R. L. O. Pearson, for-
 ' merly in the Grenadier Guards, and Aide-de-Camp to Sir George
 ' Brown in the Crimea ; Mr. John St. John of Finchampstead, quite
 ' a sportsman of the old school, who kept a neat pack of harriers ;
 ' Doctor Croft of Bracknell knows the country as well as anybody,
 ' is a good sportsman, and rides well to hounds without interfering
 ' with their work, a style that many have to learn ; Mr. Simonds the
 ' elder, the banker, of Reading and Wokingham, the father of the
 ' hunt, who was Master when Sir John Cope was not out, is a good
 ' preserver, and with him his two sons, both supporters of hunting ;
 ' Mr. Seymour of Park Place, Mr. H. Mickleham of Rosehill used
 ' to be a bruiser, but has now given up ; Mr. Holmes of Wargrove,
 ' Mr. J. Walter, M.P., of Bearwood ; Captain Garrard, Mr. Mow-
 ' bray Morris of Sunningdale, Mr. Weguelin of Billingbear, Captain
 ' Robson of Shottesbrook Park, Sir John Conroy of Arborfield, Mr.
 ' J. J. Wheble of Bulmershe Court, Mr. C. R. Littledale of Hare
 ' Hatch, Captain Byng of Haines Hill, a brother-in-law of Mr. Garth ;
 ' Mr. Martin de W. Corry of Yateley House, Rev. Mr. Turner
 ' of Braywick, who knows how to go, and ought to be better
 ' mounted ; Mr. W. Lansdowne Beale of Manor House, Waltham
 ' St. Laurence, a heavy man, goes wonderfully well ; Mr. William
 ' Charles King of Warfield Hall, Mr. Sidney Hankey of Nine-Mile
 ' Ride, Mr. Joseph Addison of Mapledurwell, has some rare big
 ' coverts and plenty of foxes ; Colonel Peel, The Cottage, East-
 ' hampstead, a son-in-law of Lord Combermere ; Captain O'Brien
 ' of Hartley Witney, Captain Albert Van de Weyer, of the Grenadier
 ' Guards, Mr. Sam Baker of West Court, Finchampstead, hunts
 ' regularly, and had some good horses ; Mr. A. J. Whitter of Bear's
 ' Ash goes well on some little short-legged horses ; Mr. Scott of
 ' Egham is a hard man considering his weight ; Mr. Broome of War-
 ' grave is a regular bruiser ; Mr. J. Pocock of Maidenhead, Mr.
 ' Ben Bovill of Farley Hill, a staunch friend to fox-hunting ; Mr. and
 ' Mrs. S. Grenfell of Taplow both ride hard ; Colonel Hamley,
 ' C.B., of the Staff College ; Mr. George Goddard of Farley Hill,
 ' formerly of Uxbridge, is a very clever man on a horse, and always
 ' has a good one ; Baron Schröder, when not at Bicester ; W.
 ' Taylor, a rare old sportsman, and T. Goring, of Thorpe, both
 ' farmers, are well known ; they were formerly great men with
 ' Prince Albert's harriers ; Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher hunt occasionally,
 ' the lady being a very good performer ; Mr. J. Boyce of Windsor
 ' is a keen sportsman and regular man, and also with the stag ;

‘ Mr. Ames of Remenham Place, who hunts with the South Berks, and has some good weight carriers, especially a fine brown horse called Kildare, which he bought in Ireland; Mr. Parkinson of Egham; Mr. Savory of Potter’s Park goes hard when he does come out; Doctor Willett of Isleworth, who hunts from Wokingham; Mr. Brown, Jun., of Ascot, another son of Æsculapius, rides very neat little thoroughbreds and makes them handy, is a good rider; Mr. Toomer of Reading, has some good-looking nags.’ Many officers come from Aldershot and Windsor. Of those who have made their mark during the last three or four seasons, Captain Follett and Lady Julia Follett, who goes very well; Colonel Blundell of the Grenadier Guards, once the owner and rider of Horniblow in The Grand Military; Captain Wellesley of the Grenadier Guards, a capital rider; and Colonels Rowley and Harford. Frank Goodall, the Queen’s huntsman, sometimes comes out just by way of a change, as also does old Morris Hills, the late first whip, who gets plenty of mounts, and makes good use of them. One of the leading performers last season, and occasionally during the previous one, was Mr. R. Brettell of Chertsey, who, though not a very regular attendant, deserves special mention for his straight going.

‘ The country is by no means celebrated for very hard riders; but I must not overlook the performances of the Messrs. Leigh Bennett of Thorpe, who, although their time with Mr. Garth is limited to five or six weeks during the season, are well known. Mr. Herbert Bennett came out well last season on a young one, and was always close up in front.

‘ The country is well supplied with foxes, Lord Dorchester, Sir Henry Mildmay, Mr. John St. John of West Court, Mr. Walter of Bearwood, Sir Wm. Cope of Bramshill, and the Marquis of Downshire being particularly good friends to the animal, and their coverts proving a sure find as often as they are called upon.

‘ The best meets are the Bull at Swallowfield, Tylney Hall, Dogmersfield House, Clare Park (where there is no game, but plenty of foxes), Itchel House, Bearwood, and Farley Hill.

‘ Mr. Garth’s country is a long narrow one; it is bounded by the River Loddon and by the Thames, going as far as Egham; on the south they come down to Old Basing, Mapledurwell, Dogmersfield, and Clare House, near Farnham, and join the Surrey Union at Frimley, where the South-Western Railway divides them. There is some nice country in the upper part round White Waltham and the parts bordering on Windsor Forest, but the ground is very deep and holding. There are big, scraggy fences, and plenty of them, and it is very difficult to get across. The Bracknell and Twyford country is more practicable, but somewhat pewy, while the Maidenhead part is not good. Much of the country is heath, and, like the New Forest, carries a burning scent. If foxes run straight it is all right, but if they turn on their foil, it is then somewhat difficult to hunt them. In the spring they

' have rare sport over the heath, and it is a good place to see hounds work. But it is proverbially a cold, bad scenting country, requiring steady hounds, and is much intersected by roads, into which a fox can easily drop, and often get away. It is mostly plough and woodland, and they don't often cross two grass fields during the day. The enclosures are small, and the banks high and rotten, so that it is not a nice country to ride over. The best part is round Bracknell, and the stiffest round Billingbear, Bill Hill, and Hawthorn Hill; while as to the part about Bramshill nothing can be much worse, for it consists of large coverts, small fields, tracts of barren heath land, with plenty of bogs and ruts, rotten banks, with big ditches, and is all plough.

' On Mondays there are usually large fields out, when they have the best fun in the afternoon. On Wednesdays they get an accession of South Berks men. On Fridays they go on the Hampshire side, and sleep the night before at Hartford Bridge, at the old posting-house; and on Saturdays they go on the heath, to hunt round Broadmoor and Frimley.

' For Quarters. There are but very few visitors to the country. Those who come mostly train down from London and go back. At Reading there is good accommodation at the Great Western Hotel, kept by Mr. Flanagan; and also at the George, kept by Mr. Ponton; and Mr. Chinnoek will look after your horses.

' At Windsor, if you are short of a nag, old Charley Wise will mount you on a very good one, and his son will show you the way. There is the new Ascot Hotel, kept by Mr. Spooner, greatly frequented by the men who hunt with the stag.

' The Red Lion at Basingstoke might advantageously be improved in some respects; and if there were some really good stables many more would hunt from London, as the service of the trains is very convenient; but in accommodation the commissariat department especially is behind the age. When will hotel-keepers learn that hunting men cannot live on chops and steaks alone, and that a good cook is a good investment?'

ON FEEDING OF HOUNDS.

By M. F. H.

SIR,

Lord Combermere's remarks on feeding of hounds, in a recent number of 'Baily's Magazine,' are certainly entitled to much consideration, and it would be well if Masters of Hounds would give the experiment of allowing them to gnaw bones a fair trial. One alleged difficulty is easily removed by having a separate place to feed them in, where one or two hounds might be admitted at a time. There are in every kennel some slow feeders and bad doers; and it might be well to try bones occasionally as an alternative for hounds

with delicate constitutions, in order to judge whether they would not improve with a change of diet. I am doubtful whether it would be necessary to grind or crush the bones, or whether it would not be sufficient to break them up with a heavy hammer. Moreover, to avoid losing too much of their nutritive quality they should not remain long in the copper.

At all events, though the prejudice of long-prevailing practice may be against it, the experiment is worth trying. In former years hounds frequently hunted after they had attained a greater age than they do at present. There are now very few hunting hounds of seven years old in any kennel. This, undoubtedly, is mainly owing to greatly increased pace; and, in order to kill foxes, you must have plenty of young hounds to run up. But it is worth inquiring whether the uniform style of feeding, and the absence of any other than soft meat, may not have some prejudicial effect on the digestive powers of hounds, and materially affect their stamina, their constitution, and consequent longevity. Hounds trencher-fed eat bones; and the finest young hounds in any entry are those which, while at walk, are well supplied by the farmers with scraps and bones. I am well aware that the bones they get there are not horse bones, and certainly I should not prefer them if I could get others. Bones are a natural, if not an absolutely necessary, part of the food of all dogs, and the want of them may create and propagate many maladies; whether affecting constitutions so as to cause a depraved appetite, or even to predispose to dumb madness is another thing. We not infrequently see young hounds bred with bad teeth and faulty mouths, but I do not remember ever observing the like defect in other dogs, unless it were in foxhound terriers. Hounds are peculiarly liable to liver complaints, and very many hounds that pine and fall away, apparently unaccountably, are suffering from diseased livers. I have known many on whom a *post-mortem* examination has shown this to have been the case; and it seems highly probable that such complaint may have been accelerated and aggravated, if not generated, by the one uniform soft diet, and by the absence of some such alterative as bones.

A hound, under fear of the lash, will catch up and hastily bolt a bone which, if time were allowed him, he would carefully masticate before swallowing. I have had more than one hound which has died from the perforation of the intestines by splinters of bones; but is it not quite possible that the gastric juices, never called into action to assist in the digestion of substances of this sort—the number of foxes they eat is not worth taking into account—may have lost some of their properties and their power, and that the hound may have been killed rather by our artificial, unnatural treatment, than by his own inherent inability to digest food which Nature intended him to use?

Your obedient
M. F. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.

PART II.—OLD HANDS AND YOUNG HANDS.

BY 'OLD CALABAR.'

My incubus, my horror, my Old Man of the Sea, Jack Simpson, was in the Antipodes. I had now no dread of his turning up on all occasions, beating me at steeplechases, putting my nose out of joint, when I did not wish it put out—it is rather a large one, decidedly Roman, and a slight tendency, especially after dinner, to a purple tint—intercepting me in the midst of my innocent flirtations, and 'thrusting 'himself'—like Launce's dog—where he was not wanted. He was gone, and I rejoiced at it.

My course of true love ran pretty smooth after a bit. The aristocratic Master of the Hounds' aristocratic daughter became Mrs. Swellington; but this was not till some three years after Simpson had sailed, and I, by the death of my grandmother, had come into something like three thousand a year. My wife's fortune was a nice one; so, with the two together, we kept a good establishment, and I was able to indulge in my sporting proclivities. I had cut the army, and a red coat—at least one with gold lace—had no longer any charm for me.

In my visits to 'The Corner'—which were pretty frequent—I became acquainted with a very gentlemanly fellow by the name of Knowkoin, a capital judge of a horse, and, by degrees, he inveigled me into buying horses.

'You see,' said he, 'I will purchase for you if you will find the 'money. Of course, you must let me stand in, and give me a fair 'percentage for my trouble.'

This I agreed to; and for some time we made a pretty good thing of it. But, one day, Knowkoin was *non est*, and a letter shortly after informed me he was lodged in the Fleet for rather a large sum. How he managed I never could find out, but he got his release, and took a journey—'*pro tem.*' he said—to Boulogne, where he may still be for aught I know.

I was somewhat at a loss when my friend left—Othello's occupation was gone; still I sauntered down to Tat's as usual. One Monday some particularly nice horses were being sold.

'Do you see that big man in the black frock-coat?' one of my friends asked me.

'Yes. Who is he?'

'That is Burley, one of the best judges of a horse in England; 'no really good one ever escapes him. He bids so quietly, that one 'never knows when he is bidding.'

A happy thought flashed across me. I was wide-awake now—at least I thought so. What need had I of any one to buy for me? I could do the trick myself, and save my percentage. I would buy on

Burley's judgment. But, then, the difficulty was to find out when he was bidding—there was the rub! I placed myself near him, but could discover nothing. Day after day it was the same thing; and I was on the point of giving it up, when, one Thursday, as I was sauntering out of the yard, I was accosted by a seedy-looking individual.

'Captin' Swellington, I b'lieve?' said he, touching his greasy and napless hat.

'Just so, my man. What do you want with me?'

'Well, sir, I wants to tell you something 'tickler. You buys 'osses—leastways, you did buy 'osses; but now Mr. Knowkoin is "over the water to Charlie" it's no go—you can't come it; the 'little game is up a tree!'

'What the devil, fellow, do you mean by this low, vulgar slang?'

'Do you for one instant suppose I would employ you to purchase 'for me?'

'Not likely you would, sir,' said the man, with a grin. 'And it's 'not likely, if you did give me the office, they'd take my bid. But I 'can give you the correct tip, nevertheless.'

'The "correct tip!" What do you mean? I am no betting 'man.'

'I'm aware of that, sir. I know all the gents as bets from half a 'quid up to five thou. No, sir, 'taint that; but I can tell you how 'to buy a 'oss. Look here: you wants to buy on Mr. Burley's 'judgment, but you can't find out how he bids. I've seed you a 'watching of him this last month—and you ain't a bit the wiser; 'but I knows how he bids, and, if I tells you right, you must tip us a 'fiver.'

'You know how Mr. Burley bids? Nonsense, man!'

''Tain't no nonsense at all. If I tells you right, and you finds as 'I am right, will you stand five quids?'

'Well—yes—I think I may promise you that.'

'Then,' said the fellow, 'you get nigh him—next to him if you 'can—and you'll see, when he means business, he'll jist draw in his 'lips like.' [Here he imitated the movement.] 'George has always 'got his hi on 'im. That's the way Burley does the trick. Now, if 'I'm right—as you'll see I am—I collars five quids. Mornin', sir—'mornin'. Watch 'im to-day, and commence on your own 'ook 'Monday.'

I did as recommended. I got close to the great horse-dealer. He did draw in his lips, but this in such a wary, cautious manner, that it was next to an impossibility to detect him. To make certain I was correct, I marked several horses on the catalogue that I thought he had bought, and drove down next day to his place to see if I had spotted him. I made an excuse of wishing to see some weight-carriers; but the dealer was too leary for me. Some of the stables were hermetically sealed. 'Horses going abroad for certain parties—'could not, must not, be seen!' And not one of those I fancied he had purchased were pulled out.

'There's a horse, Mr. Swellington, that will suit you,' he said, as a lengthy, powerful chestnut was led out. 'That's the sort for your money. Is yours a foreign commission, or for yourself? Let him go, lad, five miles an hour, from the end of the bridle. Sound as a roach, sir, in wind and limb. He can jump a house or go through the pantry window, as it suits him. No hounds are too fast or no day is too long for him; he has the courage of a lion with the docility of a lamb, and you may ride him in a thread. Weight did you say, sir? He could carry the National Debt, and not bate a sixpence. But come in, sir, whilst he is being saddled. We will have a bottle of fiz, and talk over his price.'

We had a bottle of fiz, talked over the price, which did not suit, and I left, as wise as I came.

But shortly after I saw a friend of mine riding a horse that I fancied Burley had bought. I knew it would not do to question him too closely, so I carelessly remarked, 'Ah! nice horse, indeed! You bought that from Burley.'

'How the deuce did you know that, Swellington? Why, he begged me to keep it a profound secret!'

'No doubt he did, my dear fellow,' I answered, nodding my head sapiently. 'But I know he sold it to you. No matter how I know it, but I do. Don't say a word to him.'

I had now discovered his method of bidding—it *was* by drawing in his lips. My napless-hatted friend was right; and when we met a day or two after at 'The Corner' I gave him five sovereigns.

I explained to the auctioneer there were several horses I should bid for that day, that he would know my bid by my simply twirling at my moustache in a natural way, that I should do it without looking at him or taking the least notice, and that on no account was he, on knocking down a horse, to mention my name, but to book it in silence.

'Now, Mr. Burley,' I soliloquised, 'I'll give you pepper, and no mistake. I'll see if I cannot have a few of the good horses as well as yourself.'

It so happened that there were many purchasers that day, so I did not invest so heavily as I had intended; but nevertheless I got a few horses, sent them away, and made a good thing of it.

The next week I did the same, much to the disgust of Mr. Burley, who could not buy. His eye wandered restlessly over the motley group, and scanned each countenance intently. To avoid suspicion, I now and then bid out boldly, and bought a horse or two, but by far the greater number were knocked down to my silent bid. Burley looked savagely over the people: he knew his secret was discovered by some one, and that he must adopt some other method. But it was no use; I detected all his little dodges, such as taking his hat off and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, pulling up his shirt-collar, &c. &c.

After some three weeks he got right down savage at being foiled, and for a short time he absented himself from the yard; but one day

he put in an appearance, looking wonderfully spruce. There were a large lot of horses to be sold, and amongst them some ten or twelve the property of a Yorkshire gentleman giving up hunting and going abroad. Many of us were speculating who this Yorkshire gentleman might be, and looking over the horses, which seemed rather a screwy lot—but as hunters do not come up, as a rule, at the end of a season with the freshest of legs, we did not think much of it—when in walked Mr. Burley. As usual, he stood silently behind each horse for a minute, and appeared to scan him narrowly. When the sale of these horses commenced, I took up my place near him. This day he bid in a different manner—it was by twirling at his watch-key.

‘No go, my noble joker!’ I thought. ‘I’m up to your little game. You can’t play ’possum with this old coon. I’m one too many for you.’ In vain did he twirl and twirl away. I was not to be staved off. I bought nine out of the twelve, and congratulated myself at having done rather a good stroke of business. But the next day my head-man told me the whole lot, taken through, were worthless.

‘Hang it, Johnson!’ I remarked, ‘I bought on the judgment of a well-known man.’

‘Well, that may be, sir. You have given over eighty apiece for them, and they are not worth forty. You’ll lose a cool three hundred over these nine ’osses, sir.’

‘Good gracious! you don’t say so, Johnson? What on earth is to be done?’

‘Get out of them, sir, as quick as you can; they’ll eat their heads off in a week.’

The advice was good, but it was not so easy to get rid of them. No one would have them at any price. In my last extremity I went to Burley.

‘Can’t get rid of them ’osses, can’t you, sir? Well, that is hard lines, upon my word—uncommon hard lines. But, when I come to think of it, not such hard lines either. Yes,’ he chuckled, ‘you did buy them dear, and no mistake. And ‘serves you right,’ he continued, altering his tone into a loud and bullying one—‘serves you damned well right. Look here—it’s tit for tat. You’ve spoilt my game for some time past. You’ve been buying on my judgment, you have, and knocked me out of time. Now, every one of those wretched screws you bought the other day were mine. You twigg’d this dodge, you did.’ Here he twirled at his watch-chain. ‘You bid on my bid, and you’ve caught it hot this time, and no mistake. Why, man alive—Mr. Swellington, I mean—I was only bidding for my own ’osses to draw you on, and you outbid me.’ Here he burst into a loud jeering laugh. ‘Well, I don’t think you’ll bid on my judgment again for some time to come. Those ’osses did not cost me more than twenty quids each, and cursed dear they were at the money. I’ll give ye a hundred for the lot. Gentlemen as is gentlemen, and will go a ’ossdealing, must expect to be bit. Will you take a hundred for the lot, sir?’

I said nothing, but stalked indignantly and grandly out of the yard. I lost nearly four hundred over them, which sickened me of horse-dealing for some time; but at last the ruling passion came strong on me again. I had heard of the lots of money that was to be made out of Irish horses, so I determined to go over to the next Ballinasloe horse fair. The heterogeneous mass that I met with! There were natty and wiry-looking huntsmen conversing with knowing-looking dealers; a fat unwieldy Shropshire baronet in earnest confab with a titled horse-dealer; myself with a flash, over-dressed squireen from Galway.

'Sure, now, Captain, look at him again,' pointing to a nice, useful-looking bay with black points; 'he's a hunter, ivery blessed inch of him. May I niver, if he's not the grandest horse to lep I iver see! Bedad he'd take the Shannon in a fly! Ninety guineas too much? It's giving him away I am. Faith, I'd like to know where you'd git another his aqual at the same price! Fower years ould, and divil a blimish in his whole carcase!'

'Arrah, now, don't be tipping yer blarney to the gintleman. 'If it's a hunther he's after buying, this brown horse is the one for him.'

I was deafened, stunned by the row and noise. A crowd at all times is objectionable, but an Irish one particularly so. However, as I had come to buy, I did not so much care. And it ended in my procuring three very nice animals at fair prices. I determined not to lose sight of my purchases; so I invested in a second-hand saddle and bridle, mounted one of the nags, and hired a man to ride and lead the others. The railway to Dublin was not then in existence, so it was a two days' journey for me.

I had not left the fair more than two hours, and was going quietly along, when one of the men I had remarked in the fair passed me, mounted on a most magnificent grey gelding.

'The top of the morning to yez, yer honour. Faix, I see you've bought some cattle down at the fair. May I niver, but they're grand horses intirely. Shure, now, you'd have been giving a hundred ache for 'em, with a sov thrown back as a luck-penny.'

'About that, my friend. You are riding a nice horse there. Is he yours?'

'Is it mine, yez mane? Shure I bred him meself; that is, I've had him since he was a cowl; he is rising five, and the best horse in the bar'ny. I niver yet see his aqual acrost a country.' And, saying this, he sent him at a rattling wall which ran along the roadside, and which he took in brilliant style. 'What do yez think of that lep?' he asked, as he stood on the other side.

'A r!' I exclaimed. 'Is he for sale?'

'Would yez give me a couple of hundred for him?' he asked.

'A couple of hundred, man! Certainly not.'

'Well, would yez make an offer? And I'll see if I can bate a thrifle.'

'A thrifle! You'll have to bate half. I'll give you a hundred for him.'

‘Och, murdher! A hundred! Shure now it’s joking yez are, Captain!’

‘No joke at all. A hundred’s my mark. Not a fraction more.’

‘Shure now it’s too hard yez are on a poor boy! But I want to make up the rint and buy some seed praties, so yez shall have him.’

For a couple of sovereigns extra I bought his saddle and bridle, mounted him, and let my man lead the other. A nicer horse I never rode, and I considered him cheap at the money. I was jogging quietly along, highly satisfied with my purchase, when a tall, flashy-looking man about five-and-thirty cantered up on a noble-looking bay horse, and, touching his hat, said, ‘May I beg to know, sir, how it is you are on my horse?’

‘Your horse!’ I exclaimed. ‘Well, that is rather good, considering I only bought him an hour ago, and paid a hundred sovereigns for him, and have the man’s receipt.’

‘I cannot help that, sir. The horse is mine.’

‘That may or may not be,’ I replied; ‘but I certainly shall not give him up to you or any one else till the law compels me.’

The man was civil. We soon came to an understanding, and agreed to spend the evening together; but first we put the police on the track of the thief.

Wonderful to say, before we had got to our second glass of punch, the gentleman arrived in safe custody of two of the constabulary, with my hundred sovereigns, minus six shillings, on him.

This I thought rather a lucky stroke of business.

Over our third glass the grey gelding became mine again.

‘You’ve got,’ said my new friend, ‘the most magnificent jumper in the United Kingdom.’

I was so pleased with my new friend that I agreed to stay a week with him, and, shipping the nags the next day for England, posted down to Galway to Mr. Mat Cosby’s. He had a snug little cottage with every comfort, and a rare lot of horses, well kept and done.

‘Faith, me dear boy,’ said he, as he came out to the door to welcome me, ‘it’s mighty glad I am to see you! Biddy, ye ould divil, bring some fresh turf, the hot water, and the matarials! It’s cowl’d he is afther his long drive. There, dhraw up to the fire and make yersel comfortable. I wondher where the blazes Kate is!’

‘Kate?’ I asked. ‘I thought you were a single man?’

‘So I am, me dear boy. Shure she’s my sister, and the prettiest girl within thirty Irish miles of us.’

As he spoke she came into the room, an exceedingly fine, handsome woman of some seven-and-twenty years of age.

‘Me dear sister, allow me to prisint me friend Captain Swellaway to you.’

The lady bowed and smiled, as did I; but before I could say a word a wild figure in hunting costume burst into the room.

‘Hell to my sowl!’ he began; but, seeing the lady and a stranger,

looked somewhat confused. 'I beg pardon. Divil a one did I see. 'But, bedad, Mat, there never was such a beautiful thing done 'before!'

'What is it, Miles, me boy?' asked my host. 'But allow me, 'Swellaway, to prisint you to me old friend Miles Bodkin, the 'noisiest ruffian and the hardest rider in the bar'ny.'

Mr. Bodkin was a fine tall fellow, with bushy red whiskers, and even more accent than my host.

'Ah,' said the new-comer, 'jist like yerself, Cosby. But I 'care nought for what ye say of me. Ye'll know him bettther, sir,' addressing me, 'afther a bit. The divil a bit of good in him.'

'Well,' he continued, 'ye niver saw such an illigant bit of jockey-ing before. Ye knew a writ was out against Phil Blake? Well, 'this morning he sent his best horse, Rory of the Hills, to the 'meet, and dhrove Paddy Whack in his cart. He arrived rather late, 'and the field was all there. Down he jumped, and, jist as he 'was going to mount his horse, up comes a bum.'

'Shure I'm mighty sorry intirely to stop yer divarsion, Misther 'Blake,' said the fellow; 'but I've a writ against you—Bob Daw- 'son's, you know. 74 is the figure—all included.'

'Infernally awkward. And jist as I had made up my mind for 'a day's sport,' says Phil. Well, niver mind. I must get some 'things from home.' And he winked his eye to his man, who was close by with the cart, and with one spring he was in it.

The two bums ran to the horse's head, and held him.

'What the divil do ye mane?' says Blake. 'Shure, ain't I going 'to dhrive ye mysel'? You don't suppose I'm going to walk. 'Jump up.' Well, one man did jump up behind, and when the other saw his pal was safe in the cart let go the horse's head, intending to take his place beside his friend. But at that instant Blake just touched Paddy Whack—one of the fastest horses in Ireland—and away they went. But before they had gone a dozen yards the bum behind was knocked off his perch by Blake's man, and off went Phil laughing, saying, 'Don't be afther thrying yer dirty thricks 'on me, ye spalpeens.' 'He will be safe in your counthry, sir,' addressing me, 'by to-morrow. And I hear all his horses and traps 'will follow him. If you should happen to meet him, trate him 'well, for he's a broth of a boy.'

I spent a very jolly week with Cosby, and all went on well till the last evening, when Bodkin dined with us; he looked very black at me, and was hardly civil over our grog. Cosby had occasion to leave the room for a moment to see a tenant. Directly he was gone, Bodkin commenced:

'Faith, I'm sorry for ye, Captain, but me honour demands I must 'have a crack at ye.'

'A crack at me, Mr. Bodkin! What do you mean?'

'I mean I must have ye set up at twelve paces before me to- 'morrow morning. Shure that's plain enough?'

'And to what may I attribute the honour of your wishing to have 'a shot at me, Mr. Bodkin?'

'Faith, do ye think I'm blind, Captain? It's carrying on with Kate Cosby you've been iver since you're here: she's my promised wife.'

'I think, Mr. Bodkin,' said I, considerably relieved, 'you must have made a great mistake. I have only paid her the attention I should have done to any lady; it is impossible I should have been carrying on, because I am a married man.'

'Blazes! ye don't mane so? Give me your hand, me dear boy! But I'm sorry, afther all, I cannot have a shot at you; yet perhaps it is bettther as it is.'

I was rather glad, on the whole, to get home again, and find all my Irish purchases safe and sound. The grey gelding was one of the handsomest horses I ever saw, and generally admired, and I knew how he could jump. I was offered, time after time, three times as much money as I gave for him, but nothing would induce me to part with him.

No, no, I thought; I will astonish the Browns next season; I keep the grey. He summered well, and was the admiration of every one.

Wild Gorse was one of the most noted finds in our country, and there was always a large field; thither one fine morning I drove Mrs. Swellington in my mail phaeton. I had sent on the grey and another horse, for I had determined on giving the field a taste of what I could do. The whole neighbourhood was there; private omnibuses, barouches, landaus, waggonettes, pony chaises, dogcarts, four-in-hands, ladies on their bits of blood; it was the biggest field I had seen for years.

'Ah, Swellington, how are you?' asked Lord Highcast; he was a tremendous aristocratic fellow. 'Mrs. Swellington with you too! I'm so glad to see you, my dear lady. This is something like—a very large field indeed. Only one stranger out; I do not know who he is, but a horrid cad, at any rate. He has been talking to the whips and "'untsman," as he calls him, as if he had known him for years. He is mounted on a wiry, varmint-looking animal. Who he is I cannot imagine.'

Our discourse was interrupted by my receiving a very uncere- monious slap on the shoulder.

'Ow goes it, Swellington?' said a voice.

I turned quickly in my saddle, and saw a stout, vulgar-looking man, with thin gingery whiskers, grinning at me.

A horrid conviction flashed across my mind; but I mustered up sufficient courage to say:

'Upon my word, sir, you have the advantage of me; I really have not the honour of your acquaintance.'

'Well, that is a good 'un, old fellow! Forgotten me, 'av you? Well, I don't know that I 'av put on more beef than you 'av. You can't 'av forgotten your old pal Jack Simpson.'

The murder was out. My incubus—my horror—my Old Man of the Sea turned up again! I was speechless with indignation, for I saw every one was laughing at me.

'Made a fortune, old fellow, in Australia—shoddy and all that sort of thing, you know. I've a clear eight thousand a year. Won't your old sweetheart, Mary, be glad to see you! She's grown a crummy one, I can tell you. You remember kissing her behind the bar-parlour door at the Green Monkey, and old Mother Brown, the landlady, catching you?'

The people all round were convulsed with laughter; but I was brought to my senses by my wife putting on her most majestic manner, and saying, 'Surely, Captain Swellington, this is some mistake. You cannot—ah—ah—know this person? Is he a lunatic escaped?' she added, in a low tone.

'I will speak to you presently, Mr. Simpson,' I replied.

'Well, ta-ta, old fellow. You're well mounted, I see; but I shall cut you down to-day, as I always did. I've been 'unting kangaroos for the last fifteen years. I 'ear you're married; so if we don't meet again to-day, I'll come and take my mutton with you shortly, and you can introduce me to your missus.' So saying he rode off.

To escape the laughter that followed me, I moved away with the hounds, boiling over with indignation. Fancy the wretched vulgar brute addressing me as he did! He was infinitely more coarse and vulgar than when he had left England. Eight thousand a year, too, made by shoddy! Horrible—fearful to think of! I dreaded encountering my wife for the next month at least, and had almost made up my mind to ride home at once, say a telegram had come to me, and that I must be off to Germany, or somewhere, to see a dying friend; but the fox was at this moment viewed away; my grey pricked up his ears and gave an impatient pull; I let him go, and was off in the first flight.

How magnificently he jumped! how easy his gallop! A snaffle-bridled horse too. What comfort! no sawing at his mouth, or having your arms pulled out by the socket. I never was so mounted. There was a burning scent, breast-high, and the hounds positively flew.

But that infernal Simpson was in the front rank, riding as well as ever; but his horse had not the pace of mine, and I gave him the go-by easily.

'There, you snob,' I thought, as I took a double in front of him, 'take the change out of that!' I looked exultingly back, but Jack was falling away hopelessly in the rear; his horse was not breedy enough for this country.

A quarter of an hour is passed, and I am still one of the few close to the hounds; the fox is viewed over a steepish hill, and it is a regular race between five or six of us; but no sooner does my Irish purchase begin to breast the hill than he stops short, and nothing would induce him to move. There he stood, refusing to budge an inch. He would go downhill, or on the flat, but not up. The truth was forced upon me—he was a cur. Jack at this moment came sailing by me.

'Ha, ha, old fellow,' he said; 'I knew you would do it; you've pumped 'im!' In vain I looked for my second horse; and I only

got him in time to be too late: they had just broken up their fox, and there was the hated Simpson looking on!

I could not muster courage to go near, and turned savagely away. I may be wrong, but I fancy I heard his infernal voice shouting after me, 'Beat you again, old boy! and with one horse, 'too, and that not a good 'un!'

I felt inclined to go back and punch his head, and order him never to address me again; but I thought better of it.

It was true: the grey would never face a hill; nor would he stay on the level more than twenty minutes. I tried him time after time, but always with the same result. I could not sell him, for the whole Hunt knew his fault. I had missed my sale of him when I could easily have got three hundred for him. I then thought I would write to Cosby, and get him to take him back or refund part of the purchase-money; and in answer to my letter got the following:

' Wild Hill Cottage, near Ballinasloe,
' Ireland, 19th Dec., 18—.

' DEAR SWELLINGTON,

' Got your letter all safe. I'm deuced sorry to hear about the ' grey horse. I niver told you he was a sticker; only that "he ' "was the best jumper in the United Kingdom," which he is. ' Have your second horse always close at hand, and don't take him ' out in a hilly' country. My sister was married to Bodkin last ' month. Bodkin says the rale reason he called you out was because ' he saw, or fancied he saw, you attempt to kiss her one morning ' behind the breakfast-parlour door.

' Yours ever,
' MAT COSBY.'

I was out hunting when this letter arrived, and, being marked 'Immediate'—why, heaven only knows—Mrs. Swellington opened it.

You may imagine my horror when she gave it to me. I make no further remarks. 'Captain Swellington,' she said, 'then it appears ' to me you are rather fond of kissing behind doors. I believe that ' is what your aristocratic friend said to you the other day when the ' hounds met at Wild Gorse.'

It was some time before I could make her understand I was an unfortunate victim of circumstances.

I have just heard that Simpson has bought a place within five miles of us; if it is true, I shall go mad. More in my next.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

II.—'BLYSTER THE VET.'

AMONGST the many types of English character which are fast disappearing, like the Dodo, the Apteryx, and the stage-coachman, from their place in the catalogue of 'natural curiosities,' must be numbered that once-thriving species 'The Country Vet.'

I do not mean, let it be understood, the present scientific representative of that class, who is a growth of the last twenty years, and, with modifications, may, for all I know, become a permanent species; but I mean the real old country vet—half cow-doctor, half horse-dealer—who had his best day fifty years ago, and is only to be found now in full perfection here and there in some remote, well-sheltered haunt where that ruthless law—‘The survival of the fittest’—finds its exception in ‘favourable external circumstances.’

My own parish has the good fortune to possess a specimen, and a tolerably perfect specimen, of the kind; and though doubtless, as in most natural subjects, he presents variations, due to the effect of locality and local circumstance, he has all the distinctive features which entitle him to be ranked in the same sub-family.

I may mention, by the way, that my own parish is one which, I congratulate myself, is peculiarly adapted for the preservation of many highly interesting types which in other places are in danger of becoming extinct. I and my parishioners, between whom no estrangement has ever occurred, or is ever likely to occur, have for over twenty years harmoniously resisted all the destructive tendencies of these sad times; and we live in the assurance that, whatever Acts of Parliament may sweep over other places, they will never for long succeed in disturbing the ancient peace of K—. As yet we have never failed to take the sting even from the most obnoxious legislation. We elect to all our offices by seniority. The most aged and respectable inhabitants succeed in calm rotation to those offices which, alas! too often seem framed to develop the unwise activity of the energetic and meddlesome. By this means we always secure that the most offensive offices shall be filled by the most peaceful and unobtrusive citizens. Our parish constable is our leading Quaker; our parish overseer was appointed to his office as a token of sympathy for his unfortunate blindness. The guardian of our poor is himself the owner of all our worst-conditioned cottages. The captain of our fire brigade has for over eighty years been loved and respected (though, alas! it is feared, he is permanently paralysed) by all who knew him. Our sanitary inspector is a man of gentle and unobtrusive disposition, whom it is a positive pleasure to show over one’s drains; and hitherto we have succeeded in avoiding all the unhappy offences and heart-burnings which an unwise legislature seeks to throw into the midst of its peaceful villages.

There is a soil, then, that still may warm the roots and cherish the leaves of many a fine old English specimen; and I congratulate myself on the assurance that it does. Mr. Blyster—Doctor Nathaniel Blyster he usually signs himself—has been for over forty years an inhabitant of the place, and is quite one of the most influential men it. It is said that there is no man whose opinion goes farther in any matter connected with racing, politics, or the church at the nightly gatherings in the tap-room of the ‘Magpie and Stump.’ It is obvious, indeed, that he must command great advantages in forming

an opinion on these matters, as he is often called in to attend the caws of the nobility and the clergy.

Dr. Blyster has his establishment in the middle of the high street, half-way between the church and the town pump. You may know it by the large board stretched across the opening down to the yard, on which is written in time-worn letters, 'Nathaniel Blyster, Veterinary Surgeon. Established 1833. Bleeding, blistering, firing, and 'shoeing.' Over the board grins a horse's skull, as a sort of *memento mori*, doubtless, to the unhappy equine patients that pass under. If none of the horses, cows, or dogs of the neighbourhood have required Blyster's services this morning, we shall probably have the good fortune to find the worthy doctor standing, with his hands behind his coat-tails, just under the board which records his profession, accomplishments, and long-established respectability. It is a beautiful picture of modesty under high titles. The greater portion of Dr. Blyster's spare time is spent in this occupation of standing under his triumphal archway, and doing the tutelary spirit over all the passers-by. His face, for the most part, wears the easy expression of a great mind which has unbent itself for the passing moment to smile upon the business of its fellow-men. And yet the spectator will readily acknowledge that nothing seems to escape the glance of that eagle eye. Let a cart go by, or a horse pass down the high street, and in less time than it takes to write it the doctor's judgment has been mentally passed on breed, style, and soundness with a certainty which, in his own opinion, is quite unerring. Many and many an unhappy wight has gone anxious on his way after passing through the inspection; and you may see the country folk looking out of their carts all the way home from market, if the doctor's eye has been seen to fix itself on any of old Dobbin's four legs as they went by. He has a way of pursing up his mouth and bending his eyebrows together, which is the very personification of detective wisdom; and if he shakes his head—oh, lor! There can be no doubt, too, that the reputation of the learned doctor as a 'great medicine man' is much heightened by the impressive dignity of his costume. His hat is very broad-brimmed, and even clerical in its form, and is always in mourning three parts of the way up. Who is the mysterious relative for whom the doctor bears about the perpetual signs of woe has never been ascertained; but it is quite certain that it adds highly to the respectability of his appearance. The yellow silk choker with blue spots is folded and wound round the collarless throat with an art which is unknown to this generation, and is, I fear, rapidly becoming lost to the world. The wide-skirted coat, with brass buttons down the front and at the sleeves, carries a weight with it which may be felt, but not expressed, and conveys a dim idea that the huge pockets may be full of surgical instruments; and the cords and topboots are in themselves, for moral effect, worth half a dozen R.V.C.S. diplomas to the popular mind. It is *de rigueur* with the doctor to be always in tops; indeed, it is quite certain that he has no other nether garments in the world;

and there can be no doubt that the dignity of a pair of top-boots is perhaps unequalled by that of any other article of apparel used by man. It leaves, too, on the reflective mind the impression that the wearer is liable to be summoned at a moment's notice to ride for his life in a matter of life and death. By the way, I have sometimes thought that this is the *rationale* of why young gentlemen at Oxford, Cambridge, and generally the youth of England who affect the horsey, think it necessary to walk about in very tightly-fitting trousers quite unfit for walking, and which might burst if they stooped: viz., because they thereby convey the impression to the outer world that they are liable at any moment to be called upon to ride a fiery quadruped which would be totally unmanageable in the garments of everyday life; and yet I remember some very good riders who have worn loose trousers when on foot.

But this is only the external appearance of the man; and, though the apparel oft bespeaks the man, yet in this case some further key is needed to open to my readers all the veterinary wisdom that lies hidden under the broad-brimmed hat.

There are three things which are to the worthy Doctor articles of faith, and which persecution itself would not wean him from. They are bleeding, blistering, and firing. Nothing makes him more angry than to be told by some young fellow that 'with the advance of veterinary knowledge these things are becoming obsolete.' 'Hobserleet!' replies he, with withering scorn. 'Hobserleet! Ah, and so is the parish stocks and all the other old institooshuns become hobserleet!' And on Thursdays, at the three o'clock hot joint in the Magpie and Stump, there is no theme on which he is more eloquent or on which he commands more admirers among the assembled farmers. 'Don't it stand to common sense,' he exclaims, while the table hang upon his lips and sup their ale in silent admiration—'don't it stand to common sense as these is the fittin' remedies? What I says is, a oss ain't only got two parts belongin' to 'im—his out'ards and his in'ards. Now, if a oss goes wrong in his in'ards, take and bleed 'im, and if bleedin' don't do, take and blister 'im, and if that don't do, then nothin' will. And if a oss is wrong in his out'ards, ten to one it's in his legs—so take and fire him;' and, accompanied by a bang on the table and a look which would have made Solon's fortune, this argument has never yet failed to convince.

Indeed, such is the estimation in which Dr. Blyster stands among the farmers round, that some are known to consult him at times for their own disorders. And upon one occasion old Farmer Grogblossom, better known as 'Old Gouty,' having sought relief in vain from doctors, herbalists, and homœopathists, in the agony of one of his most violent paroxysms, sent off a boy on a horse to fetch Blyster. That worthy, putting a firing-iron into his gig, at once drove off, and having heard Mr. Grogblossom's pathetic account of all that he had suffered from the various sects of 'the profession,' so far worked upon his feelings as to persuade him to let the firing-

iron be applied; and nothing but the patient's persistent refusal to 'have the other leg strapped up,' coupled with the timely arrival of his wife, prevented the completion of a successful operation.

Some years back, during the time of my recovery from a long illness, my place was filled for a winter by a *locum tenens*—a man of admirable energy and invention, who formed a scheme for a series of instructive lectures weekly in our Mechanics' Institute. Wishing to develop local talent wherever it was possible, he persuaded the Doctor, without much difficulty, to deliver a lecture on the 'Structure of the Horse;' and, as the lecturer was quite one of the leaders of learning in the parish, the room was well crowded to hear him. At the appointed time, and after a few preliminary allusions by the parson to the skill of the lecturer, the treat which was about to be afforded us, &c., the veterinary was left in possession of the platform.

Hoisting on to the wall a sort of white canvas screen on which was depicted, as with a tar-brush, a creature which was charitably interpreted as a horse, the learned lecturer delivered the following discourse, pointing, as he spoke, to the various parts enumerated: 'Ladies and gentlemen—This 'ere represents a oss. This is 'is 'ed, them's 'is ears, that's 'is neck, that's 'is barrel, 'ere you 'ave 'is tail, and them's 'is legs. I can't show you no more, 'cos all the 'rest 's inside on 'im;' and, save that he varied the order and inverted the mode of speech, no persuasion could incite him to a further description. At supper that evening in the rectory my friend gently remonstrated with the lecturer on the somewhat elementary nature of his discourse, adding that the audience had been anxious for further instruction; but the Doctor replied with somewhat of contempt: 'Further instruction, indeed! They want to know every-thing. What's the use o' tellin' such as them about a oss's in'ards?' 'They'd like to know as much as me.'

The clergy and he have always been pretty good friends. Indeed, seven years ago, when we were restoring our church, the Doctor was my churchwarden, and much original information on Church matters accrued to me therefrom. He assured me that, from personal observation of marks on the seats and desks, he was convinced that all Sunday-school children were 'confirmed cribbiters;' that the parish clerk was slightly touched in the wind; that the crazy old pulpit then in existence 'wasn't up to fourteen stone.' He further assured me—a piece of advice I have been careful to remember—that in the matter of sermons he had rarely met with them good both for speed and staying. 'Them long-distance sermons is mostly very 'slow.' But the point on which he was strongest—and where our difference of opinion nearly produced an estrangement—was his persistent advocacy of the 'loose-box' system in pews. 'As for 'these 'ere stalls,' he said, contemptuously, 'there ain't no room to 'lie down in 'em.'

But it must be confessed that, in spite of the support of the influential, and the preference for an 'old-established article,'

Dr. Blyster's practice has failed of late years somewhat painfully. The horse's skull grins ghastlier than ever, but fewer than ever of his species pass under it. The topboots every year grow more striking in proportion to their rarity, yet every year is the necessity for them less. There was a time, too, when one horse out of every six that could pass any given spot bore signs of the Doctor's firing-iron or blister-ointment; but now the rust gathers on the instrument between the operations. The fact is, that people are every day getting more and more to fancy that an animal's organisation is so complicated and delicate a matter as to require a skill at least equalling that of the practitioner on the human patient. I cannot pronounce as to the soundness of the view, but I am quite sure that it is most injurious to the success of the worthy Doctor; and the more it prevails, the more do his lancet, firing-iron, and blister-pot fade into disrepute.

These signs of the times are regarded by the poor Doctor with much the same pious horror that a coachman feels in regarding the advance of steam. There is no subject which ever commands more sympathy from the Doctor's pew than when the preacher fires his bolt at 'these days,' or 'the times in which we live.'

And, as vultures gather round a dying camel, so do stories gather round the failing honour of the old vet. There are one or two which he hates with a sincerity that would have satisfied Dr. Johnson. The first is what his persecutors will insist on quoting as 'Blyster's 'most successful case,' and runs as follows:

The Doctor once received a nocturnal summons to attend to a cow who seemed to be dying at a farm some four miles off. It was a bitter night, and tradition has it that the Doctor fortified himself against the insidious dangers of the cold air. However that may be, it is certain that the Doctor arrived at the farm, and requested at once to see the patient. The farmer directed him to the cow-house, telling him the exact number of the stall in which the dying animal would be found, but remaining in the house himself, as his own presence was unnecessary. By-and-by Blyster returned with the stable lantern and gave his account of the case. He had found the cow lying down, evidently suffering from severe inflammation, and in a very dangerous state, he said; but he had bled her and given her a draught, which would save her life, if anything could. And, promising to return next day, he got into his gig and drove back. In the morning the cowkeeper appeared in the parlour to report progress.

'How's the blue cow this morning, John?' said his master, anxiously.

'Eh! she be goin' on first-rate. She've took a turn i' the night.'

'Ah,' said the master, with a sigh of relief.—'Ah, John, that Blyster's a wonderful man—a wonderful man, John.'

'That I be clean sure er be, maister; for ee've doctored t' wrong 'coo, and t' sick one be cured by't.'

And so it proved ; for a change had been made in the position of the cows, unknown to the farmer, and Doctor Blyster's efforts had been expended on a healthy milk-giver, who was now lying weak and faint in her stall from the loss of blood. The Doctor has never heard the last of that, and, though he is generally pretty good at a retort, has never succeeded in framing any further defence than this, when taxed with it :

‘ If it ’ad been some of these here new-fangled young chaps, ‘ they’d very likely have killed ’em both.’

And the other crowning triumph of the Doctor's veterinary career was when, many years back, he was sent for over to H—— to attend Lord G——'s Derby favourite. The horse had been first favourite all the winter, and his lordship, it was said, had not succeeded in backing him at the price which he deemed remunerative. But the public had, and the horse was firm in his position. One day a boy came galloping in to the town from the stables, with a message to Blyster to come over instantly to H——, as his opinion was required instantly with regard to the colt. Such a thing had never happened to Blyster nor any other vet. in the neighbourhood. The gig would hardly hold him as he drove ; and you may be sure he stopped to have a chat with every cart he met, and just mentioned casually that he was on his way to see the Derby colt at H——. In less than no time it was all over the country that —— was amiss, and that old Blyster had been sent for. When the Doctor arrived at the stables, his lordship was there, with a contemptuous smile on his face, to show him into the favourite's stall. There he stood, with a coat blooming with health and an eye as bright as a hawk's. Blyster fumbled with his box of ointment, and looked aghast, first at the horse, then at his owner ; and, feeling that he must say something, asked his lordship whether he would have him fired or blistered. ‘ Neither, thank you, Mr. Blyster ; but if ‘ you would prescribe a draught, I should be obliged.’ Blyster handed out a bottle which he had, happily, put into his pocket to administer to an ailing cow, and handed it to his lordship, who, loading him with thanks, showed him out of the yard—merely turning back for one moment to say to his private trainer aside, ‘ Pitch that bottle down the sink ;’ and then, taking the Doctor into the library, wrote out a cheque for 5/., saying, as he handed it over, ‘ Your visit has been of great service to me, Mr. Blyster.’

And so indeed it was ; for as soon as it got about that the favourite was ailing, and the stable had really been so put to it that they were forced to call in ‘ a fourth-rate country vet.’ (as the sporting papers insultingly described him), the horse went down in the market till 12 to 1 was easily obtainable, and his lordship—who is admitted by all sporting newspapers to be a model of straightforwardness, and a most popular owner of racehorses, was, happily, enabled to fill his pockets at a less extravagant outlay.

But, when the trick came out—after the colt had won—it nearly ruined Blyster. And it has become a regular proverb in the neigh-

bourhood whenever a horse goes down to long odds, 'Blyster's been attending him,' till the poor Doctor is nearly driven mad.

I do not know how long the horse's head will grin over the board, nor how long Dr. Blyster will learn concentrated wisdom beneath it. But I am sure of this—that, if any of my readers wish ever to make acquaintance with a fast vanishing type of English character, they will have to do so soon.

CLERICUS.

'WON BY A FLUKE.'

'Now then, Jack, how much longer are you going to be? Do leave off whistling "La Fille de Madame Angot," and look sharp; I'm nearly famished. The fish is getting cold—kidneys too.' The speaker, or rather shouter, Charlie Wemyss, Captain in Her Majesty's 108th Dragoon Guards, has come to breakfast with his friend and relation, the Hon. Jack Latchford, and, as usual, has found that worthy snug in bed.

'Don't wait for me!' shouts back the honourable, who is dressing very leisurely in the adjoining room, whistling all the while as loud as he can. 'Don't wait for me; I'll be with you in a brace of shakes.'

Charlie groans, and, once more taking up 'Bell's Life,' awaits his lazy relation. That gentleman does not keep him long, for in two minutes he appears upon the scene in a free-and-easy sort of semi-Turkish costume—jacket and trousers composed of all the colours of the rainbow, slippers to match—unstudied as to his neck, and looking altogether thoroughly comfortable. 'How are you, old man?' is his greeting. 'Come on, let's set to, I'm awfully peckish.' Charlie, nothing loth, sits himself down at the well-spread breakfast-table, and the two begin to peg away, in most workmanlike style, at the devilled soles, &c. The 'Honourable Jack' is one of those rosy-looking, healthy men who *always* have an appetite, and *always* look fresh, no matter how many brandies and sodas and cigars they have consumed the night before. Jack at this present moment is very hard up. He has just lost a cracker on the 'Grand National,' and the colt he has backed for the 'Two Thousand' has gone clean to the bad, besides which he is very much in debt; yet, to look at the man, you would think he hadn't a care in the world. Behold him now, what an appetite he has! how steadily he is working away at the kidneys! The second son of Lord Coxcombe, that well-known patron of the turf, devotedly addicted to all field sports—more particularly racing—to say nothing of other little expensive amusements, it is not to be wondered at that he finds it uncommonly difficult to make both ends meet at the end of the year. A glance round his sitting-room would alone give you an insight into his tastes and pursuits. His 'crib,' as he calls it, is situated, by the way, in a quiet little street out of St. James's-street. Divers fishing-rod and gun-cases, piled up in a corner, denote that their owner may

be seen at times scouring the moor or stubble, or walking along the banks of a stream, flogging the water sedulously in search of the lovely speckled trout or silvery salmon; whilst, from divers hunting-whips and a couple of racing-saddles hung against the wall, we may infer that he sports in turn 'the silk and the scarlet.' The drama, too, evidently enjoys a share of his patronage, for on one side of the mantelpiece is a photograph of Mr. Sothern as 'David Garrick,' balanced on the other by a ditto of Mr. Toole in one of his well-known characters. Several portraits of past Derby winners, after 'Harry Hall,' and a series of hunting and steeplechase scenes adorn his walls. His library consists of a few odd volumes of the 'Racing Calendar,' 'Sponge's Sporting Tour,' one or two yellow-backed railway novels, and last month's 'Baily,' the rest of the room being filled up with the usual miscellaneous litter of a bachelor's apartment.

At last breakfast is over, and each, sousing himself into the depths of an armchair, proceeds to smoke—Charlie with a huge cigar, Jack with a meerschaum—'puff!' 'puff!' 'puff!' is the order of the day. Charlie is the first to open his mouth. 'Have you heard anything from head-quarters this morning?' says he. 'I see in the paper the King's gone back in the betting a point or two. They seem to be backing Rasselas, too, like steam, notwithstanding his weight. It's ridiculous. They think because he won the Derby last year he is to win this race with 9 st. 4 lbs. I don't see it; do you?' 'No!' replied Jack, 'Rasselas be blowed; don't believe he'll get a place even. By Jove! how riled my governor will be if our horse don't pull it off. I know he hasn't hedged a farthing of his money yet awhile, and I'm sure I haven't; more have you, have you?'

At this juncture a tap is heard at the door. 'Come in!' shouts Jack, and enter James, his well-drilled body-servant. 'One of Mr. Napper's boys brought this note, sir.' 'All right, James, tell him to wait; I'll let him know if there's an answer directly.' 'Very good, sir,' and exit James, closing the door behind him in a quiet way—peculiarly his own—that would make many a swell cracksman envious of him for life.

Jack tears the letter open in great haste, and proceeds to read. 'Here's a pretty go!' he exclaims. 'What the deuce is to be done?' 'I don't understand it. Here, read it Charlie, and see what you can make of it;' and, so saying, he chucks the note over to him and stamps about the room.

'There's something wrong with King Pippin, I'll bet a 'underd,' remarks James to himself, in the room beneath; turning rather pale at the same time, for he has half a year's wages on him.

Let us peep over Charlie's shoulder as he reads—

'Swettering Lodge, Epsom,
'Tuesday.

'Dear Sir,—I send this by one of my lads, thinking it best not to telegraph. King Pippin, after a gallop this morning, pulled up

'very lame. Several somebodies was about, so you won't be surprised if, in the course of the day, you find he has gone to 100 to 1 for the City and Suburban. Sir, *don't be afraid*. Take all the thousands to ten obtainable, and, if possible, come and see the horse to-morrow, when I will explain matters to you fully.

'I remain, Sir,

'Your obedient Servant,

'JOSEPH NAPPER.

'The Honble. John Latchford.'

'Well, old boy, what do you think of that,' says Jack, as Charlie finishes his perusal. 'I must light another cigar on top of it,' answers his cousin. 'It has quite knocked me out of time. By jingo! how savage your governor will be if there is anything really wrong.' Charlie lights his cigar and takes up the letter once more. There is a dead pause for two or three minutes. All of a sudden Charlie jumps up; 'Look here, Jack, I see through it; I believe Joe knows what he is about better than any man in England. I don't believe there's anything really the matter after all with the King. We'll do as he says, and take all the long odds we can get about him, and to-morrow we'll go down and see him.' 'Agreed!' exclaims Jack, 'I'll write a note at once and say we'll be there.' In five minutes the note is written; James again appears and disappears, and the Honourable Jack retires to his bedroom to don his every-day costume. And now let us leave the pair for the present.

As I have before mentioned, Jack is the second son of Viscount Coxcombe, and is the son, of all others, after his father's own heart. The eldest son, the Hon. Eustace Latchford, is quite a different sort; Exeter Hall, playing the violoncello, and collecting old china being his line of country. His lordship at this present moment is quite as hard up as the Honourable Jack, if not harder. Now just at this time he is the possessor of that good-looking four-year-old, King Pippin, by Richard I. out of Appleblossom. King Pippin, as all the world knows, ran fourth for the Derby last year, backed for a heap of money by his noble owner and his friends. Several young swells had failed to put in an appearance at Tattersall's on settling-day; several gallant young soldiers exchanged into regiments going to India, all owing to his majesty King Pippin. To crown all, when they again backed him for the Leger he fell lame a week before the race, and let the whole party in once more. Since then he had been allowed to be idle. However, he was entered for the City and Suburban, and got in with only 7 st. 4 lbs. to carry. He was once more put into training, and being roughed up one fine morning with one or two others, and clearing the lot of them out very easily, they once more backed him to win a small fortune. Lord Coxcombe has backed him to win him 50,000/. The Honourable Jack is well on also; indeed all the family, from his lordship down to his helpers in the stable, are behind the redoubtable King Pippin. Even

Lady Coxcombe's maid has a fiver on at 30 to 1, and has promised, should the good thing come off, to make John Thomas, her ladyship's tallest and best-looking footman, happy by endowing him with her hand and heart.

Judge, then, how they are all taken aback one morning when they see, in the betting quotations in the 'Standard,' 100 to 1 against King Pippin, offered. The establishment down in Hampshire is turned upside down. My lord is nearly frantic; all his money lost again, and no chance of getting any back. John Thomas, anathematising the Turf and everything connected with it, proceeds to vent his anger on Mary, his sweetheart, who weeps freely when she hears the 'orrid news.' Quilter, the stud groom—master of the horse he calls himself—takes a dog-cart and drives furiously over to Winchester, there to soothe his ruffled feelings in cavendish and brandy and water; and as for poor Mons. Tricochet, the chef, he gives way to tears and absinthe in his private apartment, and that evening sends up the very worst dinner he has ever been known to since he has studied the noble art of gastronomy. It is not to be wondered at that the next morning the Viscount Coxcombe woke up with a tremendous attack of gout.

The Honourable Jack, as has been seen, took matters much more quietly; as Charlie Wemyss advised, he drove his cab calmly down to Tattersall's and took all the thousands to ten he could lay his hands upon; his cousin betaking himself at the same time to another well-known club farther east, and doing the same. Bookmakers began to smell a rat, and before the evening the horse had come back to 33 to 1, taken freely.

Great was the mystery. King Pippin's backers, who numbered legion, couldn't make it out at all. Here at one moment the bookmakers were laying against the horse as if he were dead, the next he came back in the betting with a bound to a quarter of the price. The British public were completely puzzled. The faithful James, who always stood in a trifle with his master in any of his good things, was told to send 20*l.* here and 10*l.* there to all the different advertising firms in Scotland, in his own name, of course, giving them all a turn—little and big—as the Honourable Jack remarked.

James chuckled respectfully to himself (he never indulged in anything so coarse as a laugh) when all the different vouchers from Edinboro' and Glasgow came pouring in, in return for his post-office orders. The next morning, soon after 9 o'clock, saw our two friends bowling along merrily in a fast-going hansom 'en route for the palace of King Pippin,' emitting perfect clouds of cigar smoke as they spun along. After a pleasant three hours' drive on this bright spring morning, the trainer's snug ivy-covered house is reached, and there, waiting for them at the front door, is Joe Napper himself, King Pippin's trainer—Joe looking most uncommonly pleased with himself for some reason or another. He greets the two gentlemen with much cordiality as they alight from their hansom. Good-looking Mrs. Joe runs out too, to say 'how d'ye do.' The

Honourable Jack is evidently a favourite with that lady, and great is the chaff between them. They go into the house, and after a brandy and soda all round, the two adjourn to the stables. 'Let's go straight to the King, Joe,' says Jack, 'we'll see the rubbish afterwards.' His majesty's box is soon reached, and Joe, taking a key from his pocket, unlocks the door and ushers the party in. King Pippin is a bright bay, with black points and a white star on his forehead—one of the long, low sort, looking all over like staying; indeed, as Joe Napper himself expresses it, 'Lor bless yer, he can stay as long as a lady in a bonnet shop.' Altogether he is a real good-looking one, a little big perhaps, but then he is not yet thoroughly wound up.

'The rogue's only had a walk this morning, have you old chap?' says Joe, patting the King on his quarter, which the horse resents by playfully turning round and pretending to bite him. Jack and his cousin are silent; the boy is there, and they well know Joe won't let out stable secrets until they are alone in the house. Their visit to King Pippin being over, they next make an inspection of several other nags, the property of Lord Coxcombe, together with three or four others the property of someone else, and wind up with some promising looking yearlings; that over, they adjourn to the house, where a sumptuous lunch is in waiting for them, presided over by comely Mrs. Joe. Full justice having been done to it, Joe gives his 'Missis,' as he calls her, a wink; and Mrs. Joe, who is a rare hand at taking a hint, takes her departure. Cigars are produced, and then the trainer proceeds to tell his tale to his anxious listeners.

It appeared that the King was having his usual long gallop the first thing the previous morning, when, on pulling up, it was discovered that he had twisted one of his plates, and walked a little lame in consequence. Joe, who was on his hack looking on, and who, as usual, was wide awake, proceeded to make a great fuss about the horse, walking him very slowly home, and stopping every now and then as if the King had broken down badly, as he well knew several touts would be safe to be looking on, and in less than an hour it would be equally certain to be wired all over the place that King Pippin had broken down.

'He aint been out at all to-day,' says Joe, rubbing his hands; 'but he will to-morrow, and if he don't do such a gallop as will bring him to 4 to 1 before the day's out, and frighten 'em all out of their lives, why I'll eat him, that's all. Why, the horse is as sound as a bell. What a getting out there will be, to be sure, ha! ha! ha!' Joe hugs himself at the very idea. 'There's just a fortnight to wind him up in, and, bar accident, he'll be as ripe as a peach on the day.'

'Well done, Joe,' say we. Fresh cigars are lit, and another short visit paid to King Pippin, and then the hansom is ordered round; and bidding adieu to Joe and his wife, off Jack and Charlie go again to town, highly delighted with King Pippin, Joe, themselves, and the world in general. Jack's letter that evening to his noble 'parient' speaks volumes:

'Noodles,
'Wednesday.

'My dear Father,—Just come back from Joe's. King Pippin's as well as ever he was in his life; to-morrow will be going again like great guns; the City and Sub. is a gift for him if he keeps well. Sorry to hear about the gout. Hope this will send it away. Love to my mother.

'Your affectionate Son,
JOHN LATCHFORD.'

The great day at last arrives, and never was the Epsom Spring Meeting ushered in under better auspices. The morning broke light and clear, and there was every prospect of an enjoyable outing for the sporting Londoners.

King Pippin has been doing first-rate work the past fortnight, and is as fit as hands can make him. Lord Coxcombe and his friends fear nothing. As Joe Napper predicted, the getting out of those who laid heavily against him on the strength of his supposed break-down was a caution. They were glad to back him at any price; consequently, only 2 to 1 is offered on the field, and King Pippin is a hot first favourite. Rasselas with all his weight is next, at 4 to 1.

Several minor races are run before the big event, and as the time draws nigh, and the King makes his appearance in the paddock, led by Joe himself, there is a perfect rush to look at him. He certainly looks fit to run for his life; and well may Lord Coxcombe be proud of him, as he and his son Jack superintend his toilet. Johnnie Prosper—'the Pocket Hercules,' as he is called—stands by, ready to ride him, and has been put on 500*l.* to nothing if he wins; and, to all appearance, he is pretty pleased with his mount. Doffing his tiny greatcoat, he appears in a bran new mauve jacket and white cap. A hoist from Joe, and he is in the saddle in a second. My lord and party then leave the paddock, and make the best of their way to their private box in the Stand, which they reach just as the horses emerge on to the course, led by Rasselas, with that celebrated horseman Tom Walloper in the saddle. Twenty-five of them walk past in Indian file, then, turning round, they take their canter. King Pippin looks and goes so well that at last 7 to 4 is the best offer on the field. Now they reach the post. Glasses are out in every direction.

'They are off!' 'Hats off!' 'No, they're not; false start;' and again the hubbub of many tongues goes on. 'Hats off!' again. 'No! another false start.' 'It's that brute Malplaquet won't join his horses, and is kicking like fun.' All in line once more. 'Now they're off, for a pony!' cries Jack. Right this time. Clang goes that dreadful bell. There is a dead silence until they are seen streaming round Tattenham Corner. Mauve jacket is seen in the

van. 'Lord Coxcombe wins, for a *thoosand*!' bellows a great north-country bookmaker at the top of his stentorian voice.

On they come; whips and spurs hard at work. His lordship drops his glasses and bites his lip. Jack is wild with excitement. 'Rasselas is in front!—Rasselas wins!' 'No, he don't!' Something in black and orange shoots out; it's North Star, a rank outsider. King Pippin's jockey makes a terrific effort. No go. North Star wins cleverly by half a length. There is no doubt about it. A tremendous cheer from the ring announces the defeat of the favourite. Jack turns visibly pale—his lordship green. Another moment, and up go the numbers, 22—7—1—North Star first, King Pippin second, and Rasselas third. Lord Coxcombe, thoroughly disgusted with the whole business, throws himself back in his chair; Jack grinds his teeth, and feels strongly inclined to hit somebody. But, stay, there is surely some commotion in the ring below! Charlie looks out over the box. 'By heavens!' he exclaims, 'I believe there is an objection. Come on, Jack.' And, without more ado, he runs downstairs as hard as he can split, followed by Jack and his lordship. As they reach the weighing-room it is clear something out of the common is going on. They rush in. Sure enough, Joe Napper has objected to the winner on the ground that the jockey who rode him had carried 4 lbs. overweight, and had not declared it before the race. It is to go before the stewards directly. 'Well done, Joe!' say we. Half an hour afterwards those gentlemen meet, and, as a matter of course, disqualify North Star, and declare King Pippin winner of the City and Suburban. Lord Coxcombe, Jack, Charlie Wemyss, and their friends have won a heap of money. Joe Napper, too, has won more than he ever won before in his life. Depend upon it, Mrs. Joe will have something very handsome to remember this auspicious day by.

That King Pippin may win many more races for his noble owner is our cordial wish. But if he *does* win a big race again, as the Honourable Jack remarked, with a grin, let us hope it will not be by a *fluke*.

DUCK DECOYING IN FRANCE.

THREE years ago, being on a shooting visit to France, for the first time in my life, I became practically acquainted with duck decoying. I had read a good deal about it; but somehow or other I could not, for the life of me, imagine how such barefaced devices as those that are employed in the decoying of ducks could possibly answer with such wary birds.

I must here premise that, in France, the art of decoying is not carried on as we understand it in England; viz., the French do not entice the birds into a receptacle inclosed and prepared for their visit, where they are all taken alive; all the ducks decoyed in France

are shot on the spot, the moment they alight on the water ; therefore, the only difficulty to be overcome is that of bringing the ducks within range of the guns.

Now I had heard a great deal about the fun to be had at such sport, and, being at the time located at Abbeville, near the world-celebrated marshes of the river Somme, I determined upon accompanying some professional duck decoyer, (or *huttier*, as they are called there) on one of his night expeditions.

This was very soon arranged. A friend of mine, at whose house I was then residing, sent for one of the best marsh-men, and stated to him my wishes ; hinting at the same time that, should the *huttier* succeed in showing me sport, my gratitude should take the form of a few silver pieces placed in the man's hands in the morning.

'I am quite willing to take the gentleman with me,' said the man, 'but I am afraid my hut will appear to him far from comfortable.'

'How is that ?' I asked.

'Why, you see, sir, mine is the farthest hut in the marshes ; there is not hardly any dry ground there, so that it would be very expensive for me to build a comfortable place. At the same time, I get more ducks there than any other fellow in the department of Somme, so that I should not like to change for a drier spot.'

'Well,' I said, 'look here, it is yet early in the day ; I will go with you, now, and see your hut ; I shall then be able to judge whether I can go with you to-night or not.'

'Very good, sir.'

I put on my marsh boots, and off we started. First of all, we had to cross the river in a rotten old punt, already half-full of water, but which, notwithstanding, my guide assured me was a most trustworthy and *water-tight* (?) conveyance. I looked dubious about it, but said nothing. The man did not use oars or sculls, he simply pushed the punt along with a long pole ; and across the reeds and rushes we went, the water rippling quietly against the square *nose* of our tub. Through innumerable diminutive islands of reeds and rushes went the boat.

'How, in the name of goodness,' I asked the man, 'how ever can you find your way, at night, through all these ? It is a wonder you don't get lost.'

'I do, sometimes,' he replied, drily.

'Hum ! do you, though ? Well, I hope you won't to-night, that is all.'

'Oh ! no fear of that ; we will have moonlight very early this evening : but when it is very dark, as you surmised, it is not always easy to find one's way about here, specially when it rains hard, or when there is a snow-storm of any consequence. I got lost once last winter, and the punt stuck fast, so that I had to wait till daylight to extricate myself. I was nearly frozen to death. Had it not been that my dog was with me, I don't think I could have passed such a terrible night. When I found that I could not move the punt, I rolled myself lump-like in a corner, got my call-

'ducks on my lap and the dog on my feet, and, between us all, we managed to keep warm and pull through.'

Meanwhile, we had got far away in the marshes; and, at last, pointing out to me some mound of earth that looked uncommonly like a dunghill,

'There is my hut, sir,' said the man.

I can't say that the thing looked very inviting. However, we landed, and I went to inspect the affair more closely. It was built in a most primitive and cheap style. About a dozen willow branches, sharpened at both ends, had been stuck into the soft ground, making thus a sort of tunnel six feet long, four feet high, and about four feet wide. One end of the tunnel was, of course, closed; the other end, facing a pool of water, was left open for the shooters to get in and fire; and the top and bottom end had been first covered with straw, and afterwards some mud had been stuck over the straw, so as to make the concern wind-proof and water-tight. Inside, a thick bed of straw was ready spread for the shooters; but, nevertheless, it did not look enticing.

However, a sportsman, proverbially, will put up with a great deal when he hopes to meet with game; so I agreed to come, and it was arranged that before night-fall we would take our stand.

Having thus decided the question, we came back to the town, and I got ready. At about four o'clock P.M. old Pierre, the *huttier*, came round and we started. He had his call-ducks, three in number, two ducks and a drake, in a basket; a double gun (formerly a flint apparatus, but now transformed to percussion) was slung on his back, and at his heels walked demurely a curly, brown and white poodle dog, with a most thoughtful countenance.

'We will have sport to-night, sir, I will take my oath,' said Pierre. 'I heard flocks after flocks whistling over in the clouds, and some fellows, who have just come home from the marshes, have told me that they have seen lots of birds settling on the river.'

Talking thus, we arrived at the river-side. It was bitterly cold, and I said as much to my companion.

'So much the better,' said he; 'it will tame the birds.'

We got on board our punt, and shoved off.

'You see, sir,' said the *huttier*, 'all the ponds in the marshes will get frozen, if they are not so already; so that the birds won't be able to feed anywhere but where water will be seen. Now, I shall break the ice in front of our hut with this pole, and the ducks will come to us fine, you will see.'

He said this with such glee that I caught his enthusiasm readily enough.

We landed safely, and we carried to the hut the rugs, drinkables, and eatables I had provided; then Pierre, with the punt's pole, broke the thin crust of ice that had already covered the pond, and placed his ducks in position, each being fastened by the leg, with a string a yard or so in length, to a stone, at a distance of about six or seven yards from the hut. As for the drake, he merely fastened a long

string to his leg, and allowed him to go where he liked, keeping, however, one end of the string in the hut, close at hand. And now, everything being thus settled, we made ourselves as comfortable as we could.

We soon heard flocks whistling overhead, and several shots from other huts were fired at intervals.

Night came on apace, and the moon shone occasionally, but not much, there being a moderate breeze and a somewhat cloudy sky.

Pierre and I were side-by-side, stretched at full length, watching our call-birds.

These seemed to know perfectly well what they were about.

'I have had them four seasons now,' whispered Pierre in my ear; 'there are no better call-ducks in the Empire. All the other *huttiers* are mad about them,' he added, with emphasis; 'but I would not part with them, not for anything. I have peppered them, accidentally, several times, but they knew I had not done it on purpose.' 'Indeed?'

'Yes; *they knew*. Animals are not so stupid as we give them credit for. Now, this drake of mine got a shot in the eye once, and *he only called out the louder for it!*'

'So I should imagine,' I said.

'Yes,' seriously retorted worthy Pierre, 'he never, in his life, *called* better than he did *that night*. It was a regular blessing.'

'Dear me!'

'And now, sir, he does not mind the gun a bit. *He only ducks his head* when he sees the flash of a shot.'

'Ah! he *ducks* his head, does he? So I should think. *I would duck ditto*, under such circumstances.'

'Well, that shows that he has memory; does it not? But hush! There are *canards!* Watch my *calls*.'

We could hear a flock whirling in the clouds right above us, and our decoys, as if aware of what they were to do, began to flap their wings, and to call out to the strangers:

'QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!' broke forth from them in an *éclatant son de voix*.

'*Quack! Quack!*' faintly from above.

'QUACK! QUACK!' furiously from our drake, who imagined that his unfaithful wives were having a flirtation with the newcomers, and that they would, eventually, give him the slip.

There he was, the poor old fellow, swimming, with all his might, towards the two light-principled females; but the string which was fastened to his leg prevented him from quite joining them; and this caused him to renew his cries and his exertions with increased fury and indignation.

The two ducks, aware of his jealousy, and of the approach of the wild birds, continued, repeatedly, as if in defiance of their lawful lord and master, to call out softly, to plume themselves, and to duck under water, and make themselves altogether as pretty and interesting as circumstances would admit.

I had got quite absorbed by this, to me, very interesting little comedy, when a nudge from my companion brought me back to business.

He picked up his gun, so did I; and we cocked both barrels in silence.

Suddenly, the quacking increased; drew nearer; then stopped: a rush of wings, a whistling, a flapping on the water, and, behold! about fifteen birds had settled before us, at about twenty yards from the muzzles of our guns.

Bang!—bang! Bang!—bang!

Our four barrels knocked over seven birds. The rest rose with a whirr and innumerable quackings, and flew away.

I was going to shout something or other, in my exultation, when my arm was seized eagerly by my companion:

‘Listen!’ said he, peremptorily.

And there he was, his head bent towards the direction that the escaped birds had taken. The dog, also, who had jumped out, instead of rushing to the pond to collar the killed and wounded, was there, *tout yeux, tout oreilles*, sagaciously listening, too, and ready for a start.

On the mud, *Thud! . . . Thud!*

‘Away, good dog!’ said Pierre.

And the dog flew in the direction of the sound.

‘What is it?’ I asked.

‘Two more birds that we had wounded, and who have just fallen,’ said Pierre.

‘And that’s why the dog was listening so intently?’ I exclaimed.

‘Exactly.’

‘By Jove! but that is a clever dog!’

‘So he is. But, you see, I’ve killed him such a lot of birds, that he ought to know, by this time, all about his business; and so he does.’ Whilst saying this Pierre had got out to load. ‘That is the inconvenience of having muzzle-loaders for such work,’ he said. ‘You are obliged to come out, after every shot; and, when it snows or rains, it is not a pleasant job, after all; whilst you, with your breech-loader, without moving from the hut, you can fire away, and load, in a twinkling.’

‘Then why don’t you buy a breech-loader?’

‘Because all the other *huttiars* would call me an *aristocrate*; and I don’t want any of their chaff. But, all the same, these breech-loading guns are precious handy.’

Meanwhile the poodle dog, wringing wet, brought a duck, and started after the other. Pierre, with his pole, brought ashore those birds that had remained under our shots; and by the time that the dog came back, we were snug again, once more. The poodle shook the water off his coat, came to his place in the hut, and there rolled himself in a lump in his corner, as if nothing had happened, and without being told.

‘He had to go a long way after these birds,’ whispered his master; ‘and very likely he had to swim for them in the bargain.’

‘And does he always bring back the birds, thus?’

‘Not always. Sometimes the birds fall quite dead; and, unless the dog was close enough to see them fall, it is but a chance if he succeeds in finding them; for, you see, the birds may fall in some water, and the scent is lost, then, very soon. But a wounded bird is *always to be found*, for two reasons; the first of which is, that so long as life remains in him, the scent will be good; and then, after the first shock, the wounded bird moves, and is soon heard, or seen, by the dog. Nevertheless, it requires a very good animal for that sort of work.’

‘So I perceive. I suppose a dog that is not thoroughly broken will occasionally mistake the decoys for wild ducks?’

‘Yes, this happens sometimes, but only with young ones; for they usually get such a licking that they don’t repeat the performance, even under strong temptation.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Why, for instance, my drake and my dog hate one another, for some inscrutable motive; so much so that, whenever in the performance of his duty as a retriever the dog has to pass close by the drake, the latter invariably flies at him; and, as invariably, the dog snarls at the drake; but to those harmless demonstrations is their evident dislike limited. Well, then, suppose I had a new dog with me, the chances would be a hundred to one that, no sooner would the bird rush at the dog, than the latter would turn round upon him and twist his neck; and that would never do.’

‘Have all the *hutti*ers dogs like yours?’

‘Most of them have. But, unless a dog is well trained, he is a great nuisance. Now, my brother has got one that does his business well enough; but when he comes back into the hut he *will* fondle his master, and, in so doing, of course he wets him through.’

Perhaps my worthy companion would have said more on the subject, but at that moment the *canards d’appel*, who had been enthusiastically calling, were suddenly responded to, and we kept still.

Half a minute later a switch of three birds made their appearance, and I knocked them over *with one barrel!*

Now, mind, reader, I do not call this *sportsmanlike*. I confess that it sounds more like butchery than sport. I agree with you that if we had flushed the birds first, and then shot them, it would have been a far more clever performance; but *that* could not be done. Before we could have got out of our hut, the birds would have flown hundreds of yards away; so we had to kill them as best we could. Therefore, I distinctly state that this is no more *sport* than many other expedients and devices employed in shooting; but, at any rate, it is great fun; and, *as the birds cannot be reached in any other way*, I think, if anything, that it may be considered as an excusable expedient. This digressive explanation being over, I now proceed with my narrative.

We shot about a dozen more ducks and teals. Towards morning the moon disappeared, and a heavy fall of snow came down.

'We will have no more birds now,' said my companion; 'so we may as well go home. What is the time?'

We got out, and he struck a light for me to look at my watch. It was two o'clock. I need not say that, after having been for nine hours packed up in a place six feet in length by four in breadth, we felt slightly cramped. At any rate, I did; and I stretched myself with a certain amount of pleasure. We had killed, altogether, twenty-four or twenty-five heads of game. We carried them to the punt, got all our traps, guns, and ammunition on board, pulled the decoys ashore, liberated them from their strings and stones, replaced them in their baskets, and we were ready to shove off, when the weather cleared up again; and there we stood, debating whether we should 'call' again, or not.

We decided in the affirmative, and were setting again our ducks, when heavy clouds came once more over us, and we gave up the job as a bad one. This time we made a decided start. The ice was, fortunately, but thin, so that we managed pretty well to shove the punt along; and we landed near the town, without mishap or accident, barring our sticking on the shoals several times. At four o'clock, I was in bed, delighted with my night's sport. Subsequently, I had a more substantial hut, built on the *emplacement* of Pierre's old one; and many a time since have we enjoyed ourselves, of a night, in it, at duck decoying. Occasionally, we used to repair to this hut in day-time; and sometimes I had great fun with all sorts of marsh birds. Curlews, plovers, peewits, moorhens, etc., etc., occasionally came there, and got shot. I need hardly say that, the colder the weather, the greater the number of birds that came within range.

Bird-calls I found there eminently useful, *particularly when between the lips of a practised fowler*. Old Pierre was an adept in the art, and could bring any bird within range. His imitations were perfectly inimitable; he deceived the birds, as he used to say, *à ravir*. Now, this is a talent which is not granted to every would-be caller. As far as I am concerned, I never could persuade a bird to come close to me. Quite the reverse. No sooner did I blow than off they went, to my great disgust and concentrated anger. But this man had a knack of inducing them to draw near. He made his calls himself; and a more successful caller I never saw. However, considering that, for something like thirty consecutive years he had prosecuted this *calling* (excuse the pun), perhaps, after all, his success was not to be wondered at. At any rate, there were the facts. Now, as far as duck-decoying is concerned, Pierre was considered as *the* best man among the fowlers of the place; and, if what I have been relating about his style of managing this sport may induce some of our marsh shooters to try the experiment of a hut and call-ducks, I have not the slightest doubt, but that they will be amply repaid for their trouble; in which case I, certainly, shall claim from them a heartfelt vote of thanks for **SNAPSHOT**.

SPORT AT LISBON.

THERE are many worse places for winter shooting than Lisbon, and very few nicer places to be stationed at ; for, in addition to a magnificent climate, its society is good, and amusements unceasing ; and it is deservedly a favourite sojourning place with naval men, particularly with those fond of woodcock, snipe, and wild-duck shooting.

It is now some years ago that a party of us left Lisbon one morning in December, bound for Cintra, for the twofold purpose of seeing that 'glorious Eden,' as Lord Byron so aptly calls it, and of killing a few couple of the cock which are so abundant in the groves and covers by which it is surrounded ; and, taking the north-west road, we soon reached the pretty little village of Bemfica, which is remarkable for the multitude of windmills in and about it. Leaving this, we passed the royal palaces of Queburg and Ramalhão, and, reaching the little village of San Pedro, shortly after obtained our first view of Cintra, with its crags towering up above the thick foliage, the cork convent, and the two large conical kitchen chimneys of the royal palace, which form so curious a feature of the view, and at which hundreds of travellers have let fly a shaft of satire.

The first view of Cintra is wild and rugged, consisting principally of a succession of rocky peaks, rising to an immense elevation, in naked barrenness. When, however, it is fairly reached, there are other features added to the scene which quite change its character. Below these rocks, which seem to have been formed by some convulsion of Nature, is a mountain height, covered with all kinds and degrees of verdure, sloping down into a valley of the sweetest luxuriance. It stands on the edge of a gigantic serra, varying from 1800 to 3000 feet in height, nestled, as it were, in the bosom of the hill, amidst groves of pine, cork, orange, and lemon trees, with a profusion of lovely flowers and evergreens, and contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial—palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices ; convents and stupendous heights, and distant views of the sea and the River Tagus.

Reaching the town, we took up our quarters at the hotel of Mrs. Lawrence, a well-known and most obliging old English woman ; and, having tubbed and breakfasted, we then devoted the remainder of the day in visiting the palace and the celebrated Pena Convent. Touching the former, there is a little anecdote, which perhaps might be new to the majority of my readers, so I will narrate it.

When King Joao I. resided in it, he was one day discovered by his queen, our Phillippa of Lancaster, in the act of bestowing some very questionable marks of attention upon one of her maids of honour. Her Majesty, being naturally indignant, opened a heavy fire upon the unlucky damsel, and upbraided her in no measured terms ; while the king apologetically murmured, 'Por bem' (which is a Portuguese equivalent for 'No harm done'), on the principle, doubtless, of *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ! Gabbling tongues having given publicity to

this unpleasant affair, the king ordered the apartment to be painted all over with magpies, each bird holding in its beak a scroll with 'Por bern' painted on it. This he did as a quiet mode of reprimanding the jabbering courtiers, and, by hurting their *amour-propre* by slyly representing them under the form of the chattering magpie, he had his revenge, and, no doubt, caused them to be more circumspect in future. From this circumstance the saloon has acquired the name of the 'Sala das Pegas,' or Magpies' Saloon.

I will not attempt to give any description of the rest of the palace or of the Pena Convent, beyond the fact that on the flat roof of the latter there is sufficient space to review an army of ten thousand men!

Before leaving Lisbon we had obtained permission to shoot over the estate of the Duke de Briganza, which is situated between S. Pedro and Ramalhão, and a couple of young Portuguese friends had appointed to meet us at his *quinta*, or country mansion, at noon of the day following that on which we left Lisbon. This arrangement gave us time to have a morning in the royal preserves beneath Cintra.

Accordingly, next morning, after an early breakfast, accompanied by a dozen beaters provided us by the 'almo charife,' or resident superintendent of the palace, we commenced beating the side of a hill covered with clusters of evergreen bushes and small groves of orange and lemon, diversified with patches of plain thickly covered with heath, affording splendid cover both for cock and partridge, with any number of hares and rabbits, and an occasional pheasant, which latter we were requested not to shoot.

The cock were not so plentiful as I had been led to expect; but we could not complain, as our bag, after shooting from seven till half-past ten, consisted of fifteen cock, eleven brace of partridge, four hares, and six couple of rabbits, to four guns. Of ground game we might have doubled the quantity; but we wanted to save our powder and shot for the Duke's coverts.

On our arrival at the Duke's quinta we found our young friends from Lisbon waiting for us. They were good specimens of what in Portugal are called 'genottos,' *i.e.* swells of the first water, and their 'get up' was something alarming; but they were capital fellows and keen sportsmen.

We first did a little in the way of luncheon, and then began our afternoon's sport by beating a small plain thickly studded with clumps of trees and aromatic bushes, out of which we got a few cock and a hare or two. But the game was evidently scarce on the plain; so we moved on to some pine plantations, in which we had an hour's fair fun with the pheasants, which we found just in sufficient numbers to make our sport pleasant, without entailing the slaughter of a battue. Hares and rabbits were abundant enough for us to have filled a cart, had we been so disposed, but we did not care to have the trouble of carrying them.

Our friends had been requested by the Duke not to kill too many 'long tails;' so we next beat some grass lands and sugar-cane patches for partridges, of which one covey only was found, out of which we

got five birds, and lost one runner, and one that towered and fell at so great a distance that it was never found.

I have often puzzled myself to account for this towering of birds. Some people tell you it is when they are struck on the spine, and that the bird always falls dead; but that that is not invariably the rule, I know from the fact that a friend of mine shot at a snipe last winter; the bird, evidently hard hit, mounted straight up to an immense height, and then fell, but upon his attempting to pick it up, rose again, and, much to his astonishment and chagrin, flew off as if untouched, leaving my friend too much surprised to pull at it again. My own theory is, that this tendency to rise when wounded arises as much from bewilderment as anything; for I remember that, when a boy, I used to trap rooks by putting little funnels of paper, smeared inside with bird-lime, in the holes where seed had been newly dibbled in. The birds, seeing the seed, would pop their beaks in, and thus fix the conical cap tightly on their heads. Thus bonneted, they became puzzled and frightened, and would fly upwards in small circles, continuing to rise until their strength was exhausted, when they would drop with fatal velocity, and become the prey of the stable-boy and myself. Anyhow, let the reason be what it may, I believe, in pheasant-shooting particularly, more birds are lost by this propensity for towering than in any other way.

We continued shooting until close upon sunset, and then returned to the quinta for dinner; and on overhauling our bag for the afternoon, found it to consist of nine cock, ten brace of pheasants, five partridges, four hares, and a few rabbits. As the ground we had been over was supposed to be strictly preserved, I felt a wee bit disappointed with the amount of sport; but our friends explained to us that, from the fact of the Duke being a non-resident, an immense quantity of his game was trapped by poachers and sent to the Lisbon market.

After dinner our friends showed us a bull destined to figure on the next Sunday in the 'Circo des Touros,' and, sending for half-a-dozen men from the village, amused us with the following feat.

The bull was driven into a small paddock, and one of our friends, having divested himself of his coat, took a red scarf, and, walking up to the animal, began to irritate him by waving it before his eyes. At first he seemed surprised and frightened, but at length got angry, and, lowering his head, charged straight at his tormentor, who, stepping adroitly aside, saluted him with a kick on his 'stern frame' as he passed.

Again and again the bull charged, and as frequently his active tormentor baulked him, until the brute, seemed to be worked up to a degree of frenzy little short of madness; and so rapid became his charges, that I really began to feel uneasy for our friend's safety, when, suddenly throwing the scarf over the animal's head, he seized him by the horns, and allowed himself to be taken off the ground and thrown about! The men then ran in, and, seizing the bull on all sides, fairly turned him over, and, getting him down, allowed our friend to relax his hold; and then, all letting go at a signal, a general

stampede out of the paddock followed, in which I don't think I was last. The rage of the animal on regaining his feet was intense, and it would have required a heavy bribe to have induced me to walk across a twenty-acre field with him in it.

This, we were told, is a favourite Portuguese amusement. I need hardly say it is a most exciting one.

We took our departure soon after, and, reaching Lisbon 'without further adventure,' took a boat at 'Packet Stairs,' and were soon on board our floating home.

F. W. B.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Dissipations.

WHEN December conducts itself decently what a jolly month it is! It may be dark, but it is not necessarily drear; the days are short, but what there is of them is delightful. In the country the going is superb, the scent generally good, covert-shooting a real pleasure, and the honest anglers on the Thames, the Ouse, and the Avon have real good times. We glide into Christmas imperceptibly, with wraps and overcoats unthought of; and Londoners are surprised to find the fat cattle at the Agricultural Hall, and neither mud nor rain the attendants on the show. How lively, too, is Town at this season of the year, when the real Town birds have returned to their nests, and

'Household fires gleam warm and bright;'

when morning-rooms are synonymous with comfort, and theatres are suggestive of warmth; when the cordiality of Paddy Green's greeting is only surpassed by the glow of his Wallsend, and the round table by the fire has always its circle of more or less distinguished knights; when the pre-prandial rubber at the Baccarat or the Caviare is more keenly relished than ever, and Sunday dinners in the parishes of St. James and St. George are voted much more pleasant affairs than their summer dittoes at Richmond or Greenwich. In fact, to the man who neither cares nor can afford to hunt, who is rather shy about a breachloader, and whose circle of country houses is limited, depend on it, Town in December, and indeed in the winter generally, is simply delightful. But as man is a humbug, and is always coveting what he cannot have, nor could enjoy if he possessed, he will never confess the fact; and so our Noodles and Doodles are heard lamenting to one another the sad fate that prevents them enjoying that splendid run with the Middlesex Blazers, or the wonderful sport that their friend Boodle has had in Sir Kensington Gore's coverts, when the only run they enjoy is their afternoon constitutional—the only covert they delight in is the Burlington.

But as we are believers in a winter in London, let us, before plunging into our sporting budget, enumerate some of its attractions. We doubt much if we can call the Cattle Show one; but yet to how many, gentle and simple, is it an excuse, at all events, for a week or fortnight in which there are other things to be admired and handled besides fat oxen. At Islington, too, there are pleasures in addition to those of the Agricultural Hall, and burlesque or opera bouffe (the two things are pretty much the same) claims the attention of the agricultural mind. The provincials were delighted with 'Madame Angot's 'Daughter,' and their hearts torn asunder between Clairette and Mdle. Lange, though we think the last act settled the point in the former's favour. That

dress—those stockings! Agriculturists are but mortal, and succumb to mortal weaknesses, and a passion for striped hose is, we have remarked, epidemic. Miss Dolaro has assuredly much to answer for. Miss Julia Mathews also, in the gorgeous toilette of the favourite, what sparks did she not produce from the inflammable tinder of those breeders of Herefords, Devons, and Short-horns? And then, too, a theatre where refreshment was combined with amusement, and buffets obtruded themselves on your attention whichever way you turned; while a suggestive postscript to the bill mentioned supper-rooms with French and English *cuisine*—here was bliss indeed. For, if there is one thing more than another for which our Cattle Show visitors are remarkable, it is their powers of condensation. They can do so much always—so many things at the same time. They can enjoy Shakespeare and the musical glasses in connection with sandwiches, and they take stout with their burlesque. They enjoy Mr. Buckstone with bitter beer, and their relish of Richelieu's curse is much improved by surreptitious refreshment of some kind or another. At the Philharmonic every taste is gratified, and if there happens to be among the bucolics some of a sporting turn, there is the happiness of pointing out to their friends the spirited proprietor in his private box, perhaps receiving, at the same time, a nod of recognition from him, which sends them up some degrees in the social scale as they recount legends of far-off fields, and tell how they were lost or won. Our country visitors are also much addicted to Madame Tussaud's, which they regard as a gallery of art; are very fond of conjurers and magicians; but beyond and above all are staunch to the Alhambra, where they look upon as a veritable Happy Land, and regard Miss Amy Sheridan and Miss Kate Santley as the leading ornaments of the metropolitan stage.

And leaving our country cousins and their devices, what else is there to make a London December cheerful? We might put in a word here for the shops brilliant with light, and which to our thinking look more gorgeous and better 'dressed' in the winter than the summer—but we will stick to the theatres. Those who wanted to enjoy a rich treat in the way of a very difficult character is worked out, would go to sit through the five acts of 'The Wandering Heir' for the purpose of seeing Mrs. John Wood's delineation of the heroine. In the hands of any but a true artist the part might have been a repulsive one, for the author has made Philippa Chester a rather strange young woman, who forms a pure masculine love of adventure, runs away to sea, is sold as a slave, and works on the same plantation with James Annealey, 'The Wandering Heir' of the story. The dawn and growth of love in Philippa's breast while in the disguise of a man; the passion which shows itself in small acts and speeches; the mixture of freedom and modesty, is well done by Mr. Reade, and receives the most delicate treatment at Mrs. Wood's hands. It is the third act that is the idyll of the drama; the fourth is amusing in some of its incidents; the fifth, a mistake. It is astonishing how fond playwrights are of an Assize Court scene with an impossible Judge, and a Bar and Jury that provoke nothing but ridicule. Mr. Reade fails to interest his audience after the drop descends in the third act; and it is a pity that he could not have condensed his drama and lopped off the other two. He has overlaid his story, though following history it is true; but we feel we only care for the imaginary Philippa, and should not much mind if the (historical) Wandering Heir was hung. For another class of drama let us turn our ever ready steps to the Royal Court, where there is a charming little piece of French extraction—'Alone'—devoid of incident, and simple in its plot and construction, but with such exponents as Miss Litton, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Clifford Cooper, acted to perfection. Miss Litton as a young and pretty widow, *piquante* in manner, with a strong dash of the coquette in her com-

position, delivers the saucy speeches, and gives her lover, the young Doctor, her sharp retorts with wonderful archness and humour. Does it too as a lady—without fastness, though it must be owned that the authors have made her speech, now and then, bordering on the rude, as are her lover's replies. But that is modern comedy conversation as understood of the people in these days, and our actors and actresses have but to be exponents of it. Mr. Bruce is evidently a rising man. He carries with him recommendations in his appearance and manner, which are both good, and he was very happy in the rôle, a thoroughly French one, of the medical man, a sort of *deus ex machina*, who is more or less everybody's confidant, and put things right in the end, and yet can flirt and make love in the intervals of good advice and moral reflections. Mr. George Rignold's acting of a misanthropic old Colonel, the lone hero of the play, with a very irascible temper, was clever, but we think Miss Litton and Mr. Edgar Bruce took the honours. What a wild absurdity too, 'The Wedding March,' brimming over with fun of an extravagant character, but still fun, and thoroughly well interpreted. The fair lessee has only to look charming, for she does not utter a dozen lines, as a rustic bride in rather short skirts, but her by-play is excellent, and the way her head drops on to the shoulder of an ever ready cousin, who is evidently anxious to supplant the bridegroom, whenever there is a chance, is inimitable. The scene where the wedding party mistake a mansion in Piccadilly for St. James's Hall, and proceed to eat up a luncheon under the impression that it is the wedding-breakfast is irresistibly funny; but indeed the whole thing is, as some critic said, 'the maddest and merriest piece of buffoonery' we have seen for a long time. By the way, we miss Miss Kate Bishop's name in the bill of the play—a favourite one, and connected too with many Court successes. We could have better spared some others of the company.

Then the Gaiety has always something fresh and novel, and after a course of Miss Soldene and that dear delightful Miss Sinclair in 'Madame Angot's Daughter' (by the way, the latter was too nice and ladylike for Clairette), cleared the stage for stock comedies, interpreted by such stars as Charles Mathews, Phelps, Herman Vezin, Lionel Brough, and Toole—a galaxy indeed. And yet one felt that the manager's enterprise and the artist's genius was somehow frittered away and wasted on these productions of a by-gone age. There might have been Dr. Cantwells and Job Thornburys once upon a time, and Hon. Tom Shuffletons exist, perhaps, under modified circumstances in the present day, but they fail to interest us. 'The Hypocrite,' notwithstanding the finished acting of Mr. Phelps and the fun of Mr. Toole, went but heavily; and Miss Farren, though she had caught some of the hoydenish side of Charlotte's character, missed all its refinement and good feeling. One cannot play burlesque and broad farce for ever without their having their revenge. There has been a notable example of that in the past month at another theatre near the Strand. By the way, we must congratulate Miss Fowler on the decided mark she has made in 'The School for Intrigue.' 'There is a tide in the affairs of'—women, and Miss Fowler has perhaps taken it at the flood. And other things there were and are to see of which we cannot find space to tell about now. We might well go to 'School' and profit thereby, and though there are many 'Roads to Ruin' in our modern Babylon, yet some are less objectionable than others. To be 'Married' is surely to find oneself in 'The Realms of Joy,' but we hear—though this is strictly between ourselves—that a 'Sleeping Draught' must be taken before one can stand 'Griselda.'

But we have been forgetting a December institution all this time, which must be mentioned—the Cattle Show. And here, certainly, Town did not

behave well to our visitors, biped or quadruped, and the good conduct we have been ascribing to December was entirely changed. The miseries of the Cattle Show week were felt keenly by man and beast, and, inured as Londoners are to fog, they were severely tried during that period. But what were our sufferings compared to the poor beasts? The sight of the interior of the Agricultural Hall on the Wednesday was a painful one. The fog had set in on the morning of the previous day, by evening the atmosphere of the Hall had become vitiated to a degree, and on the following morning absolutely fatal to some of the animals there exhibited. Many had been removed, some had died, some had mercifully been slaughtered, while the sufferings of a majority of the others were most painful to witness. The prize beast—the winner of the cup—was lying on his side, apparently breathing away his life in agony; a sheep—either dead or dying, we could not make out which—was carried out; and the heavy laboured breathing of many others all told a sad tale. Now, who was responsible for this state of things? The previous day had given ample warning to the managers of the show of what would happen if the fog continued, and they had taken no heed or care for the poor animals committed to their charge. The Smithfield Club are blameless, we believe, for they hand over the show to the Agricultural Hall Company, and are therefore powerless to act. The Hall ought to have been closed early on Tuesday evening, and then by a thorough ventilation, the turning off of the gas (which could not diffuse itself in the fog), the removal of the worst cases, &c., much suffering might have been spared and many a noble beast been alive now. We are unwilling to believe that pecuniary considerations influenced the directors and their secretary in keeping open the show on Tuesday evening, or not finally closing it on the Wednesday, when several animals were found to be either dead or dying; but there was gross neglect somewhere, and Mr. Colam and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who are very fond of coming to the front—not always in the most judicious manner—had here, we should have thought, good ground for interference. No doubt it would have been a heavy loss to the Hall Company if the show had been closed, and perhaps they hoped for the best, and that the fog would clear. But if they had made some sacrifice on Tuesday afternoon, by closing the Hall until the following morning, the consequences that made the show a failure—for failure it was—might not have happened. The management of the Agricultural Hall is not everything that could be desired at other times besides the Cattle Show; and though we do not mean to say that it could have guarded against the fog, it might, we believe, have prevented the fatal effects the fog brought with it in its train.

The Kingsbury meeting, one of the pleasantest of the metropolitan circle, has once more had to contend with that powerful agency that even clerks of courses are obliged to submit to, and to this cause must we attribute the limited attendance on the opening day.

In the metropolis, with the thermometer below freezing point and a thick fog rendering the streets so dark that we had to dress and make a by no means early breakfast by gaslight, it seemed perfectly absurd to talk of racing, and from the way our Jehu looked at us when told to drive to Kingsbury, he evidently considered us better suited for Colney Hatch. As we neared the Welsh Harp matters began to look more cheerful, and on reaching the scene of action we were agreeably surprised to find the sun shining brightly and the course—which is an excellent one, being all sound turf with natural fences—in perfect order. We did not, by the way, observe that these formidable obstacles had been cut down, as some wag or feather-bed sportsman had mildly suggested in an anonymous letter to the entrepreneur whose arrangements, as usual, were all that could be desired.

The Arlington coach had, moreover, arrived, freighted with sportsman good and true, who dispensed creature comforts throughout the afternoon in their usual liberal manner, so that with seven events brought to issue, and fair animals competing, we had not much cause to regret our journey down. We commenced well by supporting Pharaide, who appeared on paper real good business and won in the commonest of canters, whilst our old friend Eurotas in the Hurdle race which followed gave us another taste of his quality, as, although conceding lumps of weight to Clarence, Leonore, &c., he fairly galloped them down by his superior style of jumping, and we doubt if he is not almost at the top of the tree; his pilot appeared more at home on him at Kingsbury than round the Bromley turns, where Mr. Crawshaw fairly rode him out of the race. The last-named gentleman's mount, Milanaise was made favourite for the match, but had no chance with Royalist, who fairly pulled Captain Smith out of the saddle and gave us an inkling of victories yet to come.

Nobleman, reported to be tons better than Altesse, was deemed good enough to plunge on for the Hurdle race, for which eleven steeds were announced as starters; but he did not shine to advantage, and another of his old Malton friends, the once high-priced General, came to the rescue, although Marc Antoine, who lost some ground at the turn, gave him considerable trouble. The Judge summed up satisfactorily to his friends in the Kingsbury Cup, for which Sunny was supported to win a good stake; he, however, fell when leading, and, as misfortunes often go hand in hand, his jockey was objected to by Mr. Bambridge for having attempted to knock him over, which certainly seems a most curious method of trying to win a race, and requires a deal of corroboration to appear credible, although from the subsequent ruling of the stewards we must conclude there was more in it than met the eye. Cider Cup, ridden by her owner, secured the final event of the day—a Hunter's Steeplechase—Mr. Herbert receiving a perfect ovation on returning to weigh in.

All ideas of resuming sport on the following day were quickly dispelled, those who had started on racing intent returned like frozen-out gardeners; and the frost continuing with unabated severity, the sports were postponed till the following Tuesday and Wednesday, when they were brought to a successful issue, the weather, especially on the second day, being all that could be desired. Sunny won the first race in a canter, but owing to his jockey drawing it fine, it appeared as if the second might have caught him, although at the last hurdle it looked any odds on the winner. The stewards present being dissatisfied with Gregory's performance, held a drumhead court-martial and suspended him till the next meeting of the National Hunt Committee; and although we do not expect his sentence will be very severe, the moral effect on aspiring hunters cannot fail to be salutary, especially to that section who, although not qualified members of the National Hunt, are supposed 'never' to have ridden for filthy lucre, and are aptly spoken of as neither fish, fowl, nor gude salt herring.

The General was once more decorated for gallant conduct in the Hyde Handicap, whilst Copernicus in Mr. Crawshaw's hands for the Hurdle Plate, and Leonore for the Hunter's Flat Race, proved the real good things they looked on paper.

On Wednesday we commenced with a Hurdle race, wherein Mr. Crawshaw thoroughly electrified the spectators by his determined riding of Arlesienne, who fairly wore down Altesse, on whom it appeared any odds at the last jump; and he was equally successful on Fury later in the day. The principal steeplechase brought out only five runners, of whom the Judge and Jealousy were all the rage, but Captain Smith on Royalist kept carefully out of Mr. Bambridge's way by taking the lead and carrying on the running at

such a pace that he fairly galloped his opponents to death. The winner's victory over ground that may be almost considered sacred to the Masons was very popular, and from the way in which the horse flew his fences it is very evident he had been taught as only those who had educated horses like Lottery, British Yeomen, and other giants of that generation could teach, and it is quite on the cards he may turn out one of that sort.

We had an opportunity the other day of looking over the ground at Aylesbury on which the Grand National Hunt will next year hold their meeting, and were much pleased with it. It is barely half a mile from Aylesbury steeple, all grass except one field, the fences hedge and ditch, the latter on taking off side—a good fair hunting country, such as the Vale of Aylesbury is famed for. There is a brook about fifteen feet from taking off to landing, and the only objection that we could take to it was that it was rather too close to fences on either side of it. The country will require doing no doubt; but, as Oxford undergraduates have taken their pastime thereon for the last few years, the G.N.H. will not crane at it we feel sure. Mr. Marcus Verrall, who is the C.C., has stated a novelty in the shape of the Master of Hounds Steeplechase, so called because each M.F.H. throughout the kingdom is invited to select the two best genuine hunters in his hunt belonging to members who constantly hunt with the pack, to be ridden by the owners or their sons. This ought to be a good race—almost too good, perhaps, if every Master responds to Mr. Verrall's invitation. But we think there is no danger of that, the only fear being that they will not take the trouble. There is already a capital nomination for the G.N.H. Steeplechase, and the list of local stewards embraces every one of note in the county. The situation is central and reached by two lines of railway, and altogether the meeting promises to be a great success.

Turf statistics at this dull season, when billiard handicaps are supposed to be the food of a certain class of racing men, offer a little agreeable diversion. The first glance at the list of the winning owners on the flat tells us that as men may come so men do go, and 'the popular colours' of three or four years since have now changed their hue and fashion. Where is the cherry jacket, and where the blue and black belt which were wont to be borne in the van over many hard-fought fields? Where, too, is that chocolate jacket and yellow sleeves that was once the strong arm of Woodyeats, and how comes it that the rose colour is only carried by platers? But there is the tricolour as last year, heading the list with a sum total of close upon 26,000*l.*; and it is good to see three such good sportsmen as M. Lefevre, Mr. Merry, M.P., and Mr. Savile with the largest amounts in Old Burlington Street ledgers credited to their names. Last year Mr. Savile ran second; this year he is third, so he cannot complain, M. Lefevre, we feel, with his gigantic stud and princely liberality, ought to be at the top of the tree, and his success no one grudges. He seems working out to a satisfactory conclusion the problem whether racing can be made to pay without having recourse to betting. We are glad to see that Mr. Merry, too, who has had so many slips betwixt the cup and the lip, fairly clutches it this time. Baron Rothschild does not come to the front this time; the son and daughters of Zephyr, Mentmore Lass, and May Bloom, cannot go on for ever, and the blue jacket must wait for next year, when we hope and trust, from what we hear, that their owner will be present to witness the success of Marsworth at Epsom.

And there is the useful little analysis by 'Judex' to study and see if we cannot improve *our* statistics in the coming season. Written with judgment and modesty, the author gives us his opinions on the probable results of the great three-year-old races of next year, at the same time confessing what indeed is patent to all—that never were they so shrouded in doubt, and never

has his task appeared so difficult. His arguments and conclusions are worth perusing.

The thanks of the public, at all events the London public, are due to the Society of Arts for making an effort to improve the street cab now in ordinary use, for we verily believe in the whole of Christendom there is not such a sorry set-out of 'shandrydans' as are to be found plying for hire in the streets of London at the present moment. Not long since a prize of one hundred guineas was offered by the Society of Arts for the most improved cab that could be turned out, and amongst a large array sent in for competition, the verdict was unanimously given in favour of a 'hansom' forwarded from Wolverhampton. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having personally inspected the prize vehicle, was so much impressed with its merits, that he at once became the purchaser, and it has already, we believe, been called into requisition for the use of H.R.H., and will, doubtless, become a favourite mode of conveyance for excursions in town, when a carriage of this description will be less likely to attract curiosity than one of those attached to the court. Having seen the 'hansom' in question, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most perfect thing of its kind yet introduced, and we see no reason to doubt that if these conveyances are brought into notice, they will, in a very short time, drive off the road the miserable makeshifts we are now obliged to submit to.

This time twelvemonth we had to record the death of Tedder, the well-known Brighton coachman, and now we have to notice that of one of his masters, Mr. Chandos Pole. Latterly a great sufferer from dropsy, he had not been able to appear in the saddle or on the box; but there were few more brilliant performers in either line than 'the old squire.' Though always a heavy man, he was a perfect marvel crossing a strong country, and, with nerves of iron, he never knew what fear was. As a coachman he was quite unrivalled, and served a long apprenticeship in former days on the Falmouth and Exeter mail. We remember once conversing with Cracknell (him of 'Tantivy' fame) on the squire's merits as a coachman, and his saying, after summing up his many qualifications, 'But there, it ain't fair to call him an amateur; he's one of us, and knows all about it.' An Eton and Oxford man, he was a scholar, a fine musician (he dearly loved to get down to Windsor and play the organ in St. George's Chapel), an accomplished gentleman. Above all, he was the truest of friends, the most genial of companions, and many and deep are the regrets at the untimely departure of one so much loved and esteemed. His eldest son in the Guards is the worthy son of a worthy father. One anecdote of Mr. Pole we must relate. Though good-natured to a degree, he would not submit to impertinence, as the following will show. He was one day out hunting with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, near Radburn, and was thus addressed by an ill-bred, impertinent fellow, who came out hunting occasionally, and thought his doing so, was a licence to take liberties: 'I say, Chandos, have you finished your flask?'—'No, sir,' replied Mr. Pole; 'it is quite at your service.' The gent, thinking it was some fine old brown sherry, took a great gulp, then made a horrible grimace, and said, 'Good heavens! Mr. Pole, what is it? I am poisoned.'—'Oh!' he replied very quietly, 'that is my "gout physic"; you know you asked me if I had finished my flask, and I told you the truth; and now, sir, let me recommend you to 'get back home as quickly as you can.'

Two well-known characters have lately disappeared from the streets of London, from Tattersall's, and the Parks. Mr. Bartley, the bootmaker of Oxford Street—'in the first flight over any country'—is one, and Mr. Haynes, once a livery stable-keeper in Riding House Lane, is the other. The former used to say that he was known, and we may add trusted—for his boots

were undeniable—by ninety-eight out of every hundred hunting men in the kingdom. He was a perfect little wonder in his day—a great ally of the late Lord Lonsdale, when the latter hunted part of the old Berkeley country; and perhaps the present generation will shake their heads incredulously when they hear that he twice rode in the Derby—Pegasus for D'Orsay Clark, and The Nob for Harvey Combe. He had a fund of anecdote, and was blessed with a good memory; and no one ever entered his shop or ordered a pair of 'the first flight' without a long chat on the noble science with the little bootmaker. Mr. Haynes, who in his younger days was well known in Essex—where he had the reputation of being the only man who could tackle Mr. Conyers—was much respected in his profession, had, like his horses, 'perfect manners,' and was an exceedingly well-bred, gentlemanly old fellow. His tall, spare figure, swallow-tailed blue coat, brass buttons, and buff waistcoat will be missed next season in his accustomed haunts, of which Tattersall's and the Row were his favourites. The last time we saw him was at the last Middle Park Sale.

Sport, checked only by the brief frost in the early part of the month, has been good everywhere. In Leicestershire, the Belvoir had a capital day's sport on the 2nd, when they met at Sir Thomas Whichcote's, a first-rate sportsman, who is always found with the hounds, no matter how fast they run or how strong the country. On the following day there was a very large field at Croxton Park, but no sport. Scent was bad, and so were the foxes, who ran more like rabbits than what they were, and Gillard could not find a straight-going one; such a different state of things from that on the Lincolnshire side of the country. On the 6th they were rewarded by a splendid run from Stoke Park Wood, finding their fox in a turnip field close by, and taking a line for Exton Park, where a rabbit hole just saved his life. The country rides to perfection, and the fences are clear of the leaf.

From Gloucestershire a correspondent, from whom we hope to hear frequently, informs us that on November 22nd Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds had about the best run they have had for eight years. They found in a withy bed near Long Pool, and ran through Fishing House withy bed, and for half a mile, with their heads pointing for Berkeley; turned short to the right, and from this point ran straight as an arrow across the stiffest grass vale in the world to Thornbury Park. Here the huntsman wisely allowed them to hunt the line through the covert, for fear of changing foxes, although there was a halloo a-head. Out they came, and ran on at a good hunting pace, but nothing like the pace they had gone before; past Cowhill Wood and Littleton, to Aust Cliff, where he went to ground. Time, 1 hour and 35 minutes. The first 41 minutes, up to Thornbury Park, was as fast as horses could go. Across this most dangerous marsh nine men managed to live with hounds, viz.: Major Chapman, who had the best of it; Mr. Todd, Mr. H. J. Clifford, Mr. H. Baker, Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. A. Grace, Mr. E. Burges and Mr. Broad, and Will Backhouse the huntsman. It was a subject of regret to all that the popular master was away from home, and thus lost such a fine run over his favourite country. Thirteen years ago a fox took something the same line from the Fishing House; Lord Fitzhardinge saw that run and no mistake, on old Citizen, and managed to shake off all the field except old Harry Ayris and another, while the hounds flew over the marsh. His lordship works like a servant all day, and when mounted on Wiry Sal, a chesnut from Captain Baring's, or Blue Peter, from Mr. R. Chapman's, is quite as hard to beat as he was in the old days of Charcoal and Orthodox. Dr. E. M. Grace, while going well in the first flight, was with difficulty sent to the rear to bring to one of the victims of the marsh, and thus lost the run. The blessing of hunting with the Berkeley

are the small fields. No one hunts without they are fond of it, the boggy rides and deep 'reens' being quite contrary to the orders of those who go up for appearances or for appetite. Three or four 'thrusters' come by the morning train from Cheltenham, and we notice they always bring a change of clothes with them.

The Cambridgeshire, the dry weather considered, have been doing well. On the 8th they had a good thing of an hour from Gaines Hall, running into Perry Wood and over the vale to Capper Wood, just skirting it, and then over a nice piece of country towards Ellington Gorse, which the fox was too blown to enter, and the hounds ran into him about four fields short of it. Distance, seven miles as the crow flies. On the 9th they found an old dog fox at Eversden Wood, belonging to Lord Hardwicke, and they raced him to death in thirty minutes, fifteen of them in the open. The hounds, up to this last date, had been out 40 times, and killed 24½ brace.

The Vale of White Horse are described to us as having had some rattling sport, the best ever known in that country; hounds running every day. On the 2nd they met at Water Moor House, and had a capital day, running a brace to ground and killing another brace. There was a large field out, and they found the last fox at Ashton Keynes, and ran a nice ring round Cerney and Cerney Wick, back to Ashton, where they killed. On the 3rd they were at Hay Lane Wharf, and found in a small covert on Mr. Bulter's farm, and raced the fox to ground in the Duke's country, hounds going a tremendous pace—five miles in eighteen minutes—and they were full a mile a-head before any horseman. This is something wonderful. On the 5th they met at East Court House, where there was a large field, including many of the Duke of Beaufort's men, Colonel Miles, Captain Bingham Estcourt, Mr. Chaplin, &c. They found close to the house, and ran over the wide dykes round Hankerton, to ground, with a kill. They then picked up another fox at Flistrage, and had a capital run over a fine country, by Minety, through Stone Hill Wood, at which point the field were all over the shop. They then ran along the valley through Andover's Gorse to the corner of Charlton Park, where they changed foxes and ran the fresh one by Crudwell, on to Lasborough, where he went to ground on Mr. Pacey's farm. At 3.15 they found another fox in Oakley Wood, and ran round Kemble Pool to Oakley, and back to Kemble, and then on to Somersford, where the hounds were whipped off at 5 o'clock: a good day's work. The next day they were at Kempesford, where they had capital sport, running a brace to ground dead beat; so this brief record will show that Sir William Throckmorton cannot complain.

A Hampshire correspondent informs us that the 5th of December with the Hursley was a day of great slaughter and little sport. They began with a bag-man, at least a trapped fox turned down, which ran from the fir plantation on the right of the Stockbridge road, between the Rack and Manger and Dumper's Oak, to Crawley plantations, where he was killed. No. 2 went away well from Dumper, but after ringing about Crawley Warren, was surrounded and killed therein; and No. 3 ran to and fro from Monglees to North Park, and was killed in covert. On the 8th 'The Little Dears' met at Newton Stacey Down, had two little ringing runs, and killed each time, and then a clipper from near Newton Stacey Down farm into Dumper, where they lost. On the 9th there were six degrees of frost; but the Vine came to Freefolk Wood, where a fox was soon found. There was plenty of scent in covert; but on the large fields and plough there seemed to be but little, so they lost him. The riding was bad in places, plough very hard, and corners both hard and slippery. These hounds look remarkably well we hear, and Stracey the huntsman is in great force. He keeps the field in order irrespective of persons.

Mr. Deacon with the H.H. has been having very good sport this month. He had two very good runs from Upton Gray on the 6th of December. They found in Sturte, had a very quick and fast run through Herriard Park to Weston Common, and lost. Found again in Pudding, went at a great pace, and killed in 30 minutes. On December the 9th they met at Ropley Cottage. A hard frost in the morning: they did not throw off till late. Some of the old hands did not turn up at all at the meet, and there were several falls in consequence of the state of the ground. They found in Old Down, ran to Gullet, and then very fast to near Wield, and killed. Found again in Sutton Wood, ran to ground, bolted him, and ran him to Sutton Wood through Old Park, and lost near Brookwood. Thursday, the 18th, was the best day. Found in a dell near Ham Wood, went very fast over Herriard Common, Mat's Copse to Lasham Wood to Nancole, leaving Bradley on the left, and ran to ground near Herriard Grange—a first-rate 55 minutes. They may have as good a run, but no better this season.

The Hambledon, under the able management of Mr. Long, have been showing some very good sport this season, and they have been very successful in killing, having brought twenty brace to hand. Wednesday, December the 3rd, they met at Fair Oak Park, found in Park Hills, went away directly to Barn's Copse, then away by Fisher's Pond to Swift's Farm, where he was headed; a long check in consequence occurred. Touched upon him again, through Horshams and Coney Park to Slatford's, where he was so far ahead they were obliged to give him up. They found again in Grassteds, went away directly, skirting Stephens Castle Down, over Waltham Hangers, Gully Down, and Bishops Down Farm, through the end of Frimp; then, leaving May Hill on the right, skirted Midlington Plantation, and leaving all the Hill Place coverts on the right, to Deepes, then into Lions Copse, Holywell House, and killed. A capital 1 hour and 5 minutes; and, with the exception of going through the end of Frimp, never touched a covert till Deepes.

We are glad to hear that the South Berks have been doing well and had a capital week's sport at the beginning of the month, till the frost checked them a little, to Roake's sorrow. Other news from that country is not so good though. They lose many a good fox there through the trapping. By the way, we see that in the Pytchley country a man, named Wiggins, of Barby, actually fired at a fox running before the hounds last month! What became of the fellow, we wonder? We have seen that done out with the Campagna hounds at Rome, but then foxes there are as thick as leaves, and the poor ignorant Campagna herdsman knew no better, and thought he was only helping the hounds. But that a Northamptonshire man should do such a thing is a marvel. As a huntsman remarked to us, on hearing of this incident, 'it was a pity the gentleman's gun did not go off at the other end'—a remark with which we feel inclined to agree.

Lord Guilford, as has been already announced, gives up the East Kent on account of fox-poisoning, and we hear of Palmers in other hunts, too. Shooting, trapping, and strychnine!—three not very pleasant Christmas thoughts for foxhunters, are they? But let us hope the evil will not spread. Lord Radnor informs us of a circumstance well worth recording, namely, that on the 19th ult. he found a vixen fox with five cubs about seven days old, mother and family apparently all doing well.

We are always thankful for news from 'the sweet shire of Devon,' and any account of the doings of Mr Trelawny and his hounds are prized parcels in the 'Van.' On the 22nd of November they were at Slade Hall, and found their first fox in Storridge Wood, and ran up wind (a stiff nor'-wester, with a bright sun) to Heddon, where they lost him. The second was halloo'd at

Beechwood, and, after a circuit round the plantations there, he broke and ran to the gorse brakes, where there was a slight check, and then out upon Heddon (the wind still something like a gale), streaming over the moor to Cholwick Town Waste, through Rook Wood, where the field began to be very select—not, perhaps, more than half a dozen. The stout fox did not dwell a moment, but breasted the hill nearly to Pen Beacon, where he turned, going down wind to High House. Strange to say, he left Pyles on his left, and was pulled down in the open, under the wall between Pyles and Sharpitor Rock: time 55 minutes. A real good run indeed. 'There have been quicker things of 15, 20, and 30 minutes,' said one who was present, 'but I doubt their having had a more substantial, hard, satisfactory run for four or five seasons.' Of the big field assembled at Slade there were about a dozen or fourteen at the death, including Boxall, Mr. John Bulteel, the Squire's second huntsman Tom, &c. On the 11th of December these hounds had another grand day's sport, the meet being at Plym Bridge, a woodland fixture, which the frost at first promised to spoil. But they soon found a stout one in Fernhill Wood, who led them under Crownhill Down, and, turning to the left for Lee Wood, made straight for Slough Moor, running its whole length, and then going for Pen Beacon. The pace was good, here and there were some men going very well indeed; the fox now pointing for High House, then to Dendell's, as if he meant to reach Watercombe Earths, but he was run into at Harrathorne Plantations. Another 55 minutes. These moor foxes are stout indeed.

We must not omit to record that on Friday, the 13th, a valuable testimonial of plate was presented to the popular 'Jack' Sutton, of Elton Hall, for his active preservation of foxes, generally, and his very great care of Elton Whin in particular; a neutral draw and a sure find. Subscriptions were liberally given by the members both of the Hurworth and Durham County Hunts. The testimonial was presented to him at a dinner at Stockton, when about fifty gentlemen were present. This gift is the more worthy of public notice as Mr. Sutton is not now a hunting man; he goes in for the gun, yet he does all he can to preserve foxes for his friends. But there is not a particle of humbug about jolly Jack Sutton.

From Ireland we hear that they are having capital sport in the county of Meath, and M'Bride has accounted for a great many foxes. This pack has suffered from the distemper very badly. There is a popular notion that hounds will not be affected by that dreadful malady after the first time; but this M'Bride is quite prepared to contradict, as a couple of the very worst cases he had during the summer are bad with it at the present time.

The Fife hounds keep 'bumbling' on, find plenty of foxes, catch some, and run others to ground—have a good run sometimes, and good fair sport generally, but have done nothing worthy of special record.

A man living near a fashionable spa (we will call it Laverock Wells) has been in the habit of attending all the meets on a bicycle, doing Macadam well, and seeing, so he declared, a good deal of the sport in company with his brother Macadamizers. This season it occurred to him, that if he could stick on a bicycle he might on a quadruped, as he said it was all a question of balance. We are happy to say he has invested in a chesnut pony, comes out regularly, and 'leaps' beautiful. Any one requiring a second-hand bicycle can apply, &c., &c.

The following comes from the Principality, no matter the locality. A subscriber to the — hounds was exceedingly fond of hearing his own voice, and being remonstrated with by the Master, said in a tone of disgust which we cannot describe, 'What, sir, subscribe 25/ a-year to these hounds, and not be allowed to give my halloo?'

A hard old gentleman, well known for his bold style of crossing a stiff country, was out with the Pytchley hounds, and was just on the point of riding his horse at a big place, when a friend hallooed to him and said, 'Go a little lower down, Mr. B.; you will find a better place.' 'But I don't want a better place. I am riding a horse on trial to-day, and want to see if he can jump,' was the ready reply.

This same plucky old gentleman always stays out as long as there is anything to be seen; and one night, some time after the sun had gone down, he was asked by a stranger which was the way to Rugby, and where they then were, when he answered, 'I am sure I cannot tell you, sir; all I know is that I am somewhere in the middle of England, and on grass.'

'Sporting parsons are not backward in the art of repartee,'—'Van' for December. The scene is a covert-side—shall we say in Suffolk? Men recognising the old favourite 'gees,' and criticizing new purchases, &c. 'Another new one, I see!' quoth the teller of this true story, addressing a certain clergyman, who has a well-earned reputation for coaxing any living quadruped across his cramped country, though he generally shows a rare stamp of horse, and few better than this year's mounts. 'Another new one, I see; what do you call him?' 'Centurion's Servant,' affably replied his reverence. 'Ah, it's a hundred years old, I suppose,' broke in rather brusquely the crabber-general of the hunt. 'No, sir,' said 'the bishop,' adjusting his eye-glass and quietly trotting up to a fence the other had been previously craning at; 'No, sir; but because I say unto him, Go! and he goeth.' *Exeunt omnes*—the C.G. to nearest gate, as usual.

One evening during the late Croydon Meeting two sporting gentlemen, the one hailing from Liverpool and the other a Londoner, were engaged at cards, when a dispute arose. Words ran high, quite after the manner and tone of Dr. Kenealy, and an appeal to arms was offered. The modest sum of £350 a-side was deposited in the hands of a gentleman from Nottingham to abide the event. Street cabs were at once procured to convey the belligerents and their friends to the trying place. At dawn of day the tournament commenced. Between 30 and 40 gallant rounds were fought, with alternate success; but it was a guinea to a gooseberry upon Liverpool when the unwelcome cry of 'Police' was raised. Away skedaddled the stakeholder and the referee from the terrors of the law. Wagers are not laid to be lost, if possible. The principals returned to town, like the boy who got into the peach house, having both had a bellyful before breakfast; and so ended the Battle of Croydon.

And as we lay down our pen the old things are passing away with the old year and 'behold all things are becoming new.' By the time these pages meet our readers' eyes, Christmas festivities will have ceased—we shall have eaten and drunken, and our guests will have departed. The old year was not a particularly well-behaved party, but still we are sorry to lose him.

'We did so laugh and cry with you,
We're half inclined to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.'

But on second thoughts we won't. We will rather gird up our loins for the battle of life with the new one, and think of the many great and wondrous things which, D.V., we mean to do in 1874. May all 'Baily' men and women be successful fellow-labourers with us. May their loves be prosperous and their creditors kind, their stables and coverts well stocked, their purses and their cellars well filled. All these temporal blessings do we wish them, and ask in turn their favour and applause as 'the Van' journeys onwards in the months that are to come. *Valete et plaudite.*

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER.

STATESMEN, prelates, warriors, the Somersets have played no unimportant part in English history, and given many hostages to fortune in the different callings of life.

Courtiers in the chamber, soldiers in the field,

they have been found wherever attachment to the throne had to be exhibited, or hard blows to be exchanged. From 'time-honoured Lancaster' to that cadet of the house who during the Sikh war the late Lord Hardinge, in one of his despatches, spoke of as having fallen 'fighting with the hereditary courage of his race,' the name of Somerset has been a synonym for those virtues of loyalty and bravery which we English people esteem so highly. And there is yet another quality—we must not in these somewhat utilitarian days term it a virtue—that has made the name in this country known and liked far and wide. It is borne by men who have been sportsmen from generation to generation.

Henry Adelbert Wellington Fitzroy, Marquess of Worcester, and son of the present Duke of Beaufort, was born in 1847, and after the usual Eton course was gazetted to the Blues in 1865. To say that he took to hunting from the days when he first crossed a pony is to say that he is his father's son. Mayflower, a little chesnut that has passed through the family as instructor general, giving each member in turn a dirty jacket by a rapid wheel if hounds or greyhounds turned short, was his first mount; and under Tom Clark, who hunted the Duke's hounds six days a week for ten years, and never during that period missed a day from cold or illness of any kind, he learnt a great deal. In the latter days of Clark's reign Lord Worcester, who soon began to be known as a hard rider, had two very good horses, Methuselah and Stonemason, on either of which he was very difficult to beat; and so fond was he of the hounds as well as the sport, that there was but little surprise expressed when on Clark's retirement he took the horn. This was in 1868, and to say that

he has carried it ever since to the entire satisfaction of both field and farmers is to say comparatively little. His heart and soul are in the business of hunting; for that he comes out, and gossiping and coffee-housing finds no favour in his eyes. He is splendidly mounted, a thing not easy to 'do, for 'he makes his horses subservient to his hounds; but as he generally has three of the former out, of course he can take liberties that a one-horse man cannot attempt. Lord Worcester is very good over the wall country, and has one or two nags this season equally good with himself at that particular obstacle. His favourite hunter Beckford, a flea-bitten grey, that he rode in the famous great wood run of February 22nd, 1871, is not so fond of walls, but is great at banks and brooks, and so is generally reserved for the upper country.

' Whilst Worcester on Beckford (that flea-bitten grey)
Will sure be remembered for many a day,
At water so bold, in fencing so cunning,
Our flea-bitten hero oft made the running;
But mishaps sometimes happen e'en to a crack,
And Beckford be seen in a ditch on his back.'

A FRAGMENT.

Which 'mishap' did occur at Swallett's Gate on the 5th of January this year, but happily the old horse was pulled out none the worse. It may be added that Beckford was originally sent to Mr. Digby, of Sherborne Castle, and returned by him to Mr. Rice, who, however, found a home for him at Badminton, where he has turned out a great success. The Duke has 77 couple of hounds, divided into three packs—dogs, bitches, and mixed. They never advertise more than five days a week, but there is very often a bye-day. They have had a wonderfully good season so far, having killed up to the beginning of January 130 foxes, and run 23 to ground. Among their best runs was one from Wick Rocks to ground at Sodbury, and another earlier in the season from Great Wood. On the 5th of last month, too, from the same covert the hounds ran up to Lydiard Plains and back again, fairly distancing the whole field, and finishing nearly two miles ahead of the leading horsemen.

On the box Lord Worcester is very good. His management of the whip (that difficulty to coachmen professional and amateur) is first class, an inheritance from father and grandfather. The *ne plus ultra* of whip-handling is developed by the present Duke of Beaufort in the almost solitary instance of being able to hit under the bars a near leader on the off side, and not interfere with the wheelers' noses or ears. His son is a member of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, and the drag of the Blues driven by him is conspicuous at Magazine meets in the season.

Lord Worcester is an enthusiastic and hard-working member of the Polo Club, and both at Lillie Bridge and elsewhere his arm has helped to bring victory in many a hard-fought field. His height, six feet four, would seem to be against him in this game, but it is not so, and his management of his pony in 'a bully' is a treat to see.

When playing at Windsor last year, in the early days of the game, he received a severe blow in the face; but though the injury would have caused some men to retire, he went on playing to the end.

Exceedingly popular in the hunting field, in his regiment, and in general society, the Marquess of Worcester has elected to play the rôle of the English country gentleman, dwelling among his own people, hunting his father's hounds, and in that occupation doing what his hands find to do with all his might. It is not given to every young man to be a huntsman at one-and-twenty, and that, too, over such a country, and with such a pack as the Duke of Beaufort's. We must conclude that Lord Worcester is to the manner born.

CROSS-COUNTRY AND COURSING REFORM.

FEBRUARY is the month sacred to coursing and cross-country gatherings; therefore, while both sports are in full swing, we can find no better opportunity for saying what we hope may be a word in season anent certain questions much discussed of late in coursing and steeplechasing circles. The attractions of the flagged course have increased rapidly of late years; and while the older and more historic gatherings still hold their own, there has sprung up a host of mushroom meetings to suit the tastes of those affecting sport in the suburbs of London, and admirably adapted as arenas for the performance of the minor luminaries of the world of jumpers. So much has the character of sport deteriorated, that, if the present stage of decadence can be pushed any further, the costermonger's donkey must inevitably succeed those dilapidated heroes of the 'stones,' whose pedigrees cannot be traced beyond the last 'standing for hackney carriages' to which they were attached, and who may probably be found useful in carrying their owners and trainers to and from the scene of action, or from one place of business to another, when the choice pastures of Streatham offer counter-attractions to the Olympian Games at Hendon. We profoundly rejoice that the National Hunt Committee has at last awakened to a sense of its importance, and that the fungus growths which threatened to impede, if not to smother, the growth of the noble tree of sport, are threatened with well-merited extirpation. The assembly, for whose interference we have waited so long and so despairingly, has at length arisen, and taken bold action upon some of the most glaring abuses which held their heads on high so defiantly. They have begun well, but do not let them suppose that by their well-meant course of action the stream is yet clear which pollution has poisoned, weeds choked up, and of which neglect has caused the channel to be well-nigh obliterated. There is much yet remaining to be done, and the reforming section must not sit down idly after one hour's work in a field whose growth of weeds demands a year of extermination.

The 'gentleman-rider' class is very different to what it was twenty years ago, when steeplechasing (more especially in its present phase of suburban activity) was less in vogue, and the experiences of amateurs were confined to such meetings as Croxton, Bibury, &c., varied by an occasional mount against the professional element in the higher-class contests of the year. There were half a dozen or so of well-known faces, whose owners could hold their own fairly enough with the regular jockeys; while cross-country encounters had charms for most, where weights were more accommodating, and hunting practice had enabled gentlemen riders to compete on more equal terms with jockeys. With the institution of small meetings to fill up the interval between November and March, when flat racing was interdicted, there soon arose a host of competitors for distinction in the pigskin, more especially when Clerks of Courses found it worth their while to provide extra attractions in the shape of races limited to amateurs. It was hard to say, perhaps, where the 'gentleman' ended and the professional began; but then in all other sports it was found to be the same, and we venture to think there will always exist those occupiers of debatable ground, holding an anomalous position, until some occasion arises compelling them to join one class or the other. Over this brood of aspirants to the fame of an Ede or a Thomas, the Grand National Hunt Committee deemed itself as holding sufficient control, provided it issued its diploma of approval on the submission of names to its consideration, and thus the motley crowd classified as gentlemen riders came to look upon the tenure of their qualification as one conferred for life, and not during good conduct and honourable bearing. The Committee of course had the power of expelling from its association any individual detected *flagrante delicto* in any of the malpractices inevitably associated with the sport; but such control soon lapsed well nigh into abeyance when conviction was discovered to be difficult even in seemingly flagrant cases, and when a drum-head court martial, which we cannot but regard as a most salutary institution, was rendered well-nigh impossible, owing to a circumstance we shall again have occasion to allude to—the frequent absence of stewards who had lent their names as a guarantee for the proper conduct of the meetings where such malpractices occurred. In all cases of roping and pulling, or unfair riding, there is nothing like immediate action and summary administration of justice, for time so wonderfully changes the previous convictions of witnesses, and so tends to pervert the facts of the case, that after-inquiry, in nine cases out of ten, becomes a mere farce.

At any rate, it had become painfully evident that Captain Armstrong was recruiting a large body of followers, whose ill-dissembled schemes were fast bringing the names of 'gentlemen' and 'sport' into disrepute, and there was nothing for it but to make the election of amateurs to hold good for one year only, every one being compelled to take out an annual licence, as in any other trade or profession. We cannot doubt the beneficial effects of such measures,

more especially on that class, previously on the increase, who assumed the title of gentlemen riders, in order to work out more successfully the 'little games' which might be more narrowly watched in case they were carried on by the professional class. So the scandal came to be perpetrated that brothers, previously partners and holding the same social position, were found resolved into different grades, being thus qualified to ring the various changes with impunity, and in their two-fold capacities of amateur and professional, owner and trainer, jockey and master—by the very confusion of persons securely to plot and counter-plot to their heart's content.

If steeplechasing continues increasing in popularity as heretofore, the presence of strong power in high hands will be as necessary as the now existing rule of the Hunt Committee, and a greater amount of vigilance will have to be exercised in proportion as the facilities for doing an occasional 'drag' are admittedly greater than on the flat. A late celebrated steeplechase rider and trainer was so often rallied upon the legendary exploit of his having waited behind a haystack in some steeplechase, and joined in with his companions in the second round, thus winning easily, that he was wont to garnish the tale and relate it as of his own experience. This is, of course, a ludicrous exaggeration, but in the lower province of steeplechasing, practices derogatory to the honour of sport are by no means uncommon; else why is it that at the more important meetings objections are less frequently raised, and the 'win, tie, or 'wrangle' system is not found to answer? By all means let high-class steeplechasing be popularised, and enough minor contests instituted to satisfy the 'small deer,' on whose behalf the demand for the necessity of suburban gatherings has been so often made. No one has raised a voice so consistently against these noxious gatherings as ourselves; for, while we neither impugn the enterprise or good intentions of their promoters and managers, nor deny the necessity for some places sacred to the smaller fry to have their fling, yet we cannot for the life of us see what interest it can be to their *entrepreneurs*, except, of course, in a pecuniary point of view, to collect all the ragamuffins of the metropolis at their saturnalia. The majority of those who pay the 'domestic shilling' (or avoid its production by forcibly entering the inclosures) know no more of racing than so many Quakers, and only attend for objects of plunder and rapine. A very slight analysis of the crowds that pour into some devoted suburb at race times will convince all but obsequious apologists and interested panegyrists that the sooner such nuisances are abolished the better.

One more grumble, and we turn to other topics. The cry has been frequently raised of late, 'Where are the police?' With almost equal justice it may be asked, 'Where are the stewards?' when a case arises requiring their decision at the meetings they profess to patronise. Stewardship, as some one has said of property, has its duties as well as its privileges, and those undertaking the office should learn that, however pleasant it may be 'to see one's

'name in print,' in the middle of a list of stewards ranging from Lord Toothpick down to Mr. Slice, the local magnate and cheesemonger, such good fellowship involves not only attendance at the scene of action, but some sort of qualifying knowledge to enable them to give a sensible decision upon the various points which may arise during the meeting. There will be found to occur plenty of practice for the enthusiast at such meetings as the Hammersmith Grand National or the Bethnal Green East End Hunt Meeting, where objections are as plentiful as stewards are scarce, and where the active services of the Blue Brigade are in constant requisition. To hear patiently and to decide impartially a dispute between two jockeys, backed up on either side by a sturdy butcher or *ci-devant* pugilist, will be found to require more than ordinary nerve, and to present an excellent system of qualification for mining or trade arbitration. It is not everybody who is cut out for a steward on the Home Circuit, and if more of them could be found capable of enunciating a few home truths in public relative to suspicious riding, it would be all the better for the prestige of the sport. Such gatherings, however, like the poor who attend them, we suppose we shall have 'always with us,' the tendency of those in authority (?) being to endeavour to put an extinguisher on betting by cutting off a few twigs of the so-called Upas tree, instead of going straight to its roots to effect a speedy annihilation.

As in steeplechasing so in coursing, have abuses crept in, until the formation of a Grand National Coursing Committee has been rendered well nigh as necessary as its sister controller of cross-country sports. In both cases the abuses have arisen from a too eager desire on behalf of caterers for public amusement to bring strictly rural sports to the doors of dwellers in towns; or, as some 'penny dreadful' more aptly expressed it, 'to inculcate a taste for 'sport among suburban populations.' But, although we are ready to admit the feasibility, and perhaps the not remote probability, of steeplechases being held in such spaces as the Agricultural Hall, or Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, we confess that it had never entered into our hearts to conceive the possibility of enticing the great unwashed by such exhibitions as the 'trapped hare coursing' meetings, which have lately evoked so much correspondence in the sporting press. Our wonder, however, at the share of success they seem to have achieved among certain classes is changed into absolute astonishment at persons of any name and reputation being found to advocate the continuance of such sheer and unsportsmanlike butchery. Coursing rabbits in the 'grounds' of some low public may be very pretty amusement for costermongers and East-enders, but it does not find a place in the catalogue of British sports and pastimes; and reports of such very insignificant gatherings are usually relegated to those columns of sporting journals devoted to the consideration of skittles, knurr and spell, and the glories of the rat-pit. Trapped hare coursing is as much a prostitution of the sport it attempts to imitate as poisoning a river is of legitimate angling,

and the dogs it brings together are of the same grade as the horses contending at many of the Little Pedlingtons of the Turf—cast-offs and pariahs of the better class, which has long since refused to admit them among its members. And even if such animals as Muriel and Master M'Grath were to contend, that fact would not tend in the slightest degree to raise the character of such meetings, or to do away with the reproach of cruelty under which they justly labour.

It may be retorted that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals failed in their attempt to establish a case against the promoters of the West Drayton Meeting, but that miscarriage of justice has not altered public opinion on the unsportsmanlike character of the proceedings; and we trust that Mr. Bake will find plenty of backers in his laudable attempt to debar from the legitimate coursing meetings of the kingdom all 'sportsmen' (?) convicted of having taken a part in such an 'abomination' as worrying hares, and as 'derogatory' to its promoters as to its supporters. But when we find instructors of the public in the sporting press giving approval to the practice, and deeming it worthy of a report in their columns; and when we hear of no support forthcoming for those who have had the courage to denounce it, we cannot but lament the general apathy prevailing in high places with regard to one of our most important national pastimes. Let the coursers of England, who number among them many names of dignity and honour, be up and doing, and put a speedy stop to this insulting mockery of the sport whose welfare they control. A trapped hare is in itself a miserable object enough, unnerved and paralysed by fear; but to turn the unfortunate animal out on strange ground with a shouting mob at its back, and without a chance of escape, is almost as cruel a proceeding as our ancestors' game of cock-throwing at Whitsuntide, or the more modern practice of drawing badgers. The trapped hare coursing in an inclosure has been indignantly denied; but inasmuch as this manly sport had its origin, we are told, in the classic purloins of Hammersmith, it is difficult to conceive how it could have been carried on there in any locality likely to give the wretched creature the slightest chance of getting away. The requirements of the entertainment also entail the production of a certain number of hares; and where are these to be obtained, excepting through the co-operation of poachers, who make inroads upon the preserves near the scene of action, and produce an animal useless for a long trial by reason of its habits, food, and breeding—for fat covert hares are not the sort of game required to test the abilities of even a moderate brace of dogs.

The argument, that because the authorities have seen fit to prohibit coursing at Hampton Court, therefore it behoves persons calling themselves sportsmen to get up so-called coursing meetings at Hammersmith or West Drayton, seems to us a singularly fallacious one. As well might it be urged, in the event of the abolition of the Derby, that scenes in a circus attempting to represent that

classical contest were bound to be established, probably to the annoyance of an entire neighbourhood, and certainly in no degree connected with the sport they professed to imitate. We hear, too, a good deal of the amusement of the people, and of the hardships involved in denying them the enjoyment of a pastime which the rich can indulge in *ad libitum*. But the populace is, unfortunately, not entirely the best judge of what is good for them, and would, no doubt, welcome back the saturnalia of Bartlemy Fair, or the orgies of Greenwich—indulgences which all parties have long since agreed to condemn as public nuisances; and abolished mainly on account of their attracting all the rowdyism and scum of society in the great metropolis. But new opportunities of collecting the masses have arisen in the many flourishing gate-money meetings at 'the ' doors ' of the people,' and enterprising lessees have earned the character of 'popularising sport;' an euphemism, we presume, for collecting all thieves and vagabonds within reach of the course to an entertainment partaking of the nature of a fair, with performances worthier of the roundabout rather than 'the high-sounding titles conferred upon them. Coursing seems at present in danger of the same process of levelling down, and we presume that the next demand of the East-ender will be for a meeting in Hyde Park, and a Government subsidy to improve the stakes. If Mr. T. Hughes, instead of wasting the country's time by an attempt to eradicate betting, would strike at the root of the evil, and bring in a bill to abolish all race meetings and hare-worries within a radius of ten miles round London, he would not only be conferring a benefit on society, but make some progress towards obtaining his original object, not by vexatiously rendering bets illegal, but by judiciously removing opportunities of gambling.

AMPHION.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

HAMPSHIRE.—THE H. H.

'As Hampshire marches with most of those Berkshire Hunts we 'have lately discussed,' said our friend, 'we will now take that 'county next, though as Nimrod, who is still considered as the 'greatest authority, said, "I never hunt in Hampshire if I can help ' "it," and called it "the slowest of all slow countries." In a fox- 'hunting sense I am inclined to agree with him, though it is true 'that there are several other countries not much faster, which 'perhaps Nimrod never visited. It is nearly all plough, except 'where there are downs; there are lots of horrible sharp flints, and 'it is very far from a good scenting country, while it abounds in 'woods big enough to break a huntsman's heart. As a harrier or 'stag-hunting country it cannot easily be surpassed; but, with regard 'to fox-hunting, it is, to anybody accustomed to other countries, a

‘decided disappointment. Travelling through it by the London and South-Western Railway—let me say from Basingstoke to Winchester—we pass a large tract of fine open light plough country, and mentally think what a nice thing a good straight gallop must be over it. But this is a line a fox does not often run, as they seldom cross the railway, but keep dragging on from one big wood to another, when, if there is not scent enough to drive him, he frequently hangs in one half the day; so that the sportsman who has been in the habit of seeing hounds before him in the open, finds, on going into Hampshire, that he more frequently has to depend on his ears than his eyes to find out their whereabouts. Indeed it is so woody, that an officer in the Rifle Brigade, quartered at Winchester some ten or twelve years ago, said that Hampshire was divided into three districts—namely, Crab Wood, Ampfield Wood, and Mitcheldever, which, he said, took up the whole country. But the greater part of it is a first-rate old gentleman’s country; and a noble Lord, once the hardest of his day in an ultra quick thing with the Quorn, for whom hounds never could go too fast, who now resides on the borders of the Vine and Tedworth countries, it is said, thanks his luck that there is not a really big ditch within ten miles of his house. Still there are parts of the country which require a good deal of getting over—such as the Durley, part of the Hambledon, and the Hartley country, with the H. H., both of which are fine sporting bits, consisting of grass fields and big banks, and every sort of fence.

‘In love of the chase, however, Hampshire men are not surpassed by those whose lot has been cast in more favoured lands; and the county has no less than six packs of foxhounds within its boundaries, not to mention the Tedworth and Mr. Garth’s, both of which draw some] portions of it, though I must say that Lord Radnor’s go perhaps more in Wilts than Hants. It is a sad pity for them, that men who spend so much money annually in support of hunting have not a better country. The immense size and frequency of the woods prevent a really good run; and many parts of the country being a foot deep in flints, it is anything but good going when hounds do run over it. As a rule, the fences are low wattles, with no ditch, made merely to stop sheep; and with numerous gaps which are rarely mended, and, as there are no brooks, hounds are nearly always over-ridden. It is, as I said, anything but a good scenting country, and the foxes, being strong woodland ones, require a deal of killing. In fact, to be brief, I am compelled to say that the H. H. country, which, as being the oldest, we will take first, labours under every species of disadvantage. The best part of it is round Hartley and the Vale from Alton Town End by Chawton and Farringdon to Selborne, for there is a fair lot of grass which carries a scent, and the fences are big enough to keep the field back. This really is a fine sporting bit of country, but, strange to say, it is only hunted towards the end of the season. One of the finest runs I ever saw was in Lord Gifford’s time—from

' Selborne Common to Farnham Holt, when all came down and few got to the end. There is also a nice bit of country round Medstead Green, which would be really very good if there were only more of it, and fewer large woods so near.

' In spite of its disadvantages there were few jollier countries formerly than Hampshire, and to be a member of the H. H. Club was esteemed a privilege, and the admission thereto was as difficult as that of the R. Y. S. now. Then there were Hunt balls and monthly Hunt dinners always held at the full moon, when there was a real true hospitality in the country, each member vying with his neighbour who could be the jolliest. But *tempora mutantur*; there are no more hunt balls or dinners. An occasional hunt breakfast, which is a poor substitute, and a great interruption to fox-hunting, is the modern custom.

' For some time about 1780 the upper part of the Hampshire country was hunted by Lord Stawell, who lived at Melandres, near Farnham, after the custom of the period, as boundaries then not being defined, the hounds having more than one kennel, and going wherever they heard of a fox. Will Harrison was his huntsman, and Richmond and George Sharp his whips; and also by Mr. Evelyn, who hunted round Harmsworth. But towards the middle of the century the H. H. country, now celebrated in hunting history, was formed, and the first Master was Mr. Thomas Ridge, who lived at Kilmiston. From 1749 up to 1795 he hunted all the country between Farnham and Romsey. Joe Hall was his huntsman, and Phil Gosling his whip. These were the jolly old days, when hunt dinners were held monthly at Winchester, Alresford, and Popham Lane, and

' "Free from care, from pain, and sorrow,
Haste to Thorney Down to-morrow,"

' was the regular hunt song, and a great deal of rare old port wine was consumed. Mr. Ridge resigned in 1795, and Mr. Wm. Powlett Powlett for a short time reigned in his stead.

' The old H. H. Club was then broken up, but immediately re-formed, and the hounds were kept at Bishop's Sutton, and hunted by a young man named Green. The uniform was a blue coat, with a white waistcoat and yellow buttons, with the Prince of Wales's crest engraved on them; but this costume did not last long, for in 1799 it was agreed that they should wear scarlet in the field. The original members of this club were Mr. Powlett Powlett, who was a member of the old Kilmiston Hunt in 1782, lived at Little Somborne; Sir Henry Tichborne of Tichborne House; Mr. George W. Ricketts of Twyford; Mr. John Shakespeare of Twyford; Mr. Charles Græme, then of New House, Ropley; Mr. Charles Taylor of Rotherfield Park; Lord John Russell of Stratton Park; Mr. Francis Love Beckford of Basing Park; Mr. H. Lane, East End House, Alresford; Mr. Richard Meyler, who was M.P. for Winchester, kept harriers at Crawley House, and got his horses into condition in Hants, and

‘ then took them to Melton, and lived at the Club at the time that it was frequented by Brummell, Lord Alvanley, and Mr. H. C. Compton of the New Forest; Mr. R. Bingham Newland of Rotherfield; Mr. John Smythe of Cheriton; Mr. James Holder of Ashe Park; Mr. J. C. Middleton of Chawton Park; Mr. Charles Mill of Mottisfont; Mr. Baine of Lainston House; Mr. Calmady of Woodcote House; Mr. J. Trueman Villebois, afterwards Master; The Hon. George Pitt, who was afterwards Lord Rivers; Sir Henry St. John Mildmay; Mr. Francis North, afterwards Lord Guilford; Captain, afterwards General, Sir Henry Cumming, who distinguished himself in the expedition to the Helder in 1799; Mr. Thomas Kingscote of Hinton House, who married a sister of the first Sir Henry Peyton; Lord Gage of Westbury; Mr. Abel Rous Dotten of Bugle Hall, Southampton.

‘ In 1802 Mr. Powlett Powlett resigned, and the H. H. was taken in hand by a committee, consisting of Admiral Calmady, of Woodcote; Mr. Kingscote, of Hinton; and Mr. John Trueman Villebois, who was the chief manager, but this régime only existed for three years; from 1805 Mr. J. T. Villebois became sole master. Then began the golden era of the H. H. These were indeed the palmy days, for men who hunted at this time went out for the sake of hunting, and a field of twenty-five was about the average number of regular men. If ever there was anybody thoroughly calculated to be a Master of Hounds it was Mr. Villebois; kind and courteous to everybody, he was not only respected, but beloved by all who knew him. Possessed of an ample fortune, he was enabled to spare no expense, and until 1837, when he died, he kept the hounds in a style which has never since been equalled. After hunting was over, with his friends John Warde and Sam Nicoll he used to visit different kennels and inspect other countries. When showed by their masters any big fences, and asked what he thought of them, and how he would get over such a place, he invariably answered, “ Ah, you should see some of my Hampshire wattles in the month of March.” When Mr. Villebois was going to covert or riding about in the summer, he used to call at the farm houses and look at the poultry and admire them, but generally added that he could improve on them, if they would accept a game cock which he would send them. Of this the recipient was very proud, and it had the effect of stopping much unpleasantness on the loss of poultry. His first huntsman was John Major, whose father lived with Mr. Chafyn at Cranbourne Chase, who, like too many of his brethren, was too fond of drink, but when sober he was a good huntsman. After him came Will Biggs, who had been first whip, who had to give up his place on account of what he called “ spavins in his stomach.” In 1815 came Richard Foster, from Lord Foley, in Worcestershire, and I question if Hampshire ever saw a better huntsman than he was in his best day. Taking him all in all he was one of the best woodland huntsmen that ever lived.

‘ He knew every hound by his note, and would challenge him by name when he spoke on finding. And having been blooded by him in 1837 may be some slight excuse for my veneration. Lord Kintore, who was a great authority on hunting matters, wrote to John Dale, when quite a lad, telling him to take Foster as his example, and said, “ There is more in Foster’s eye and little finger than all the other Hampshire huntsmen put together,” adding, “ but Foster served a good apprenticeship.” He was cheerier than any man I have ever seen in covert, the nearest to him being John Dale, now with Lord Radnor, who profited by the advice of Lord Kintore in taking Foster as his model ; and next to him Will Summers. His dog language was original and magnificent, very different from the bald, unintelligible stuff we often hear now. To hear Foster cheer his hounds when there was a drag was exciting in the extreme, and his view halloo set every vein quivering, and made men and horses beside themselves. Strange it is that this dog language has almost died out ; perhaps the present generation does not care about it, and ignores it as it does hounds and a true love of hunting. Foster was also wonderful through live stuff, and he really made Hampshire foxes as a body run in a very different way to what they have since his time. He was well assisted by John Jennings, who married his daughter, and then went to Mr. Harvey Combe, but afterwards hunted the Surrey Union, when Mr. Hankey was Master, and by Sawyer, another famous specimen of an old-fashioned hunt servant, who came from Mr. John Delme. His view halloo, like Foster’s, was electrifying, and equalled by nothing I have ever heard since. Sawyer is still alive. Foster and Sawyer worked together until 1837, and during Mr. Villebois’ Masterships the following members of the H. H. were constant attendants :—Mr. Fletcher, of Upton House, a member of the Old Benson Driving Club. Lord Clanricarde, who lived at Warnford. Mr. Christopher Cooke, of East End House, Alresford. Mr. Henry Drummond, of the Grange. Mr. Greenwood, of Brookwood. Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, of Dogmersfield Park. Mr. Richard Norris, of Basing Park. Mr. George Lowther, of Ovington. Mr. David Murray, of Ropley Cottage, commonly called Dandy Murray, from his neat appearance, who rode one of the neatest grey horses ever seen. Colonel Onslow, of Upton House. Mr. Charles Græme, of Kilmiston, a fine old sportsman, was for many years the father of the Hampshire Hunt. And Sir Henry Warde, also of Kilmiston, brother of the celebrated John Warde, always went well.

‘ At a later period, in 1825, when the country was visited by Nimrod, and noted by him as taking part in the Pantry run, were— Lord Rodney, who rode the neatest of little horses. Captain Price, also well known in Oxfordshire, had a famous horse called Ragamuffin. Mr. Charles Beaufoy, a charming companion, who ultimately settled and died at Blois. The renowned Jack Willan, of coaching fame, lived at Preston Candover, hunted with the

H. H. He was a heavy weight, but rode first-rate horses. He had one, a rat-tailed bay, which was perfection, and he refused 300*l.* for him, a tremendous price in those days. He was the son of Colonel Willan, who lived at Candover. When at Cambridge he used to buy horses of Billy Bean, and at first he wanted cheap ones, against which Bean dissuaded him, and he then bought a better sort, and frequently sold them for large prices. Perhaps the best he ever had was one called Pedlar, with no hair on his tail. Willan was a great fancier of bull dogs; for one, Lily, he could have obtained as much money as for a horse, and Lady Castlereagh offered him fifty guineas for one of the pups only to lie on the rug. Jack Willan was a capital trencherman; and on one occasion, when a match was made between Mr. Coote and Captain Polhill to ride a pony from Cambridge to the Blue Boar in Holborn, Willan was umpire. On their way back they all stopped at Wade's Mill, and ordered some dinner, but except Willan all the party were knocked up, and, as he said, only he and the pony could eat out of the lot. In 1835 he drove "The Age" between London and Brighton, until Sir Vincent Cotton bought it of him. He afterwards drove "The Magnet" on the same road—frequently up and down in one day, 104 miles! Mr. Thompson, of Bishop's Sutton, used to go in the spring of the year to what was called in those days the grass countries. The Messrs. Knight, of Chawton, who went well to hounds. Mr. Edward Knight was ever the first and foremost, always with the hounds; he never rode over a fence unnecessarily, and never turned from one when it was, whatever it might be. He was the eldest son of Mr. Knight, of Godmersham Park, in Kent, whose original name was Austen, but who took the name of Knight in 1794. His family kept staghounds in Hants for many years. The two Colonels, George and William, Greenwood, of Brookwood, the former in the Second Life Guards, the latter in the Grenadiers, as fine riders as England could produce, and perhaps few riding masters have turned out so many lady pupils as Col. George. I have seen him when taking a deep drop under a low bough of a tree throw himself back so that his shoulders touched his horse's croup. He is the author of "Hints on Horsemanship," a book everybody who wishes to have good hands should get at once. Billy Bean, who knew him well when he was in the Life Guards, said he was one of the best in England in his day, and that no man could equal him in riding a difficult horse. Mr. Bethel Codrington, commonly called Long Tom, had a horse which was a noted puller, and so fractious that nobody could ride him; Colonel George undertook the task. The horse gave him a fearful fall, but he was undaunted, and finally conquered the brute. Mr. James Winter Scott, of Rotherfield Park, was fond of the sport, and went well when hounds ran. Mr. Mears, of Ropley Lodge, who turned out as neat as was possible. Mr. Robert Hey-

sham, from Hinton House, and Mr. William Heysham, who, although a welter weight, was as a young man always in front, Mr. Frederick Heysham, who had some experience when at Oxford with Sir Thomas Mostyn, and, as I have told you, had hunted in other countries. Mr. George Butler, then of Bramdean, who had five years on the grass at Melton, always going there just after Christmas. Mr. Charles Beaufoy, of Upton Grey. Mr. Charles Willaume, of Candover. I have been told that Sir Edward Doughty was once staying with him, soon after his return from the West Indies, when the hounds were to meet at Chilton Old House, and he gave strict orders to his black servant, Bogle (whose name is now so well known, as a supporter of the Claimant), not to leave the house. This of course made him the more anxious to go and see what was to be seen, so he slipped out at the back, and got on to Chilton Down, and hid himself in the middle of a patch of gorse, thipking to see all, and be himself unseen. It was a nice warm good scenting spring morning, and as soon as the hounds threw off they got on old Bogle's line, and, after feathering a bit, away they went at score, and running from scent to view, would have gobbled him up if they had not been headed. Hon. William Gage, of Westbury, beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Christopher Cooke, of East End House, Alresford. Mr. Jarratt, of Morelands, near Farnham, generally turned up, although he had long distances to go to covert. At this time there were two noted characters living at Alresford who must not be overlooked. The first was Mr. Wilkinson (commonly called Old Wilkie), a regular attendant of the H. H. Nimrod truly said, "he had a smile for everybody, and was very civil and obliging." He could give such a view halloo as is not heard nowadays, but he was a little too fond of going to points to view a fox away. The other old sportsman was Mr. Smithers, a representative of a class of old English yeomen that has, alas! almost died out. I can fancy I see him now at the "meet," and Mr. Knight or Major Barrett riding up to him—"Good morning, Smithers; nice hunting morning this; there must be a scent, hounds will run to-day." The old gentleman lays his head on his shoulder, looks upward, and anon comes "I don't know—don't think so. Hounds roll on the grass too much. Wind nearly west. Should say there'd be no scent to-day." On the other hand, say to him, "Here's a nasty blustery morning—no chance of sport to-day;" the reply would be something in this fashion: "I've seen hounds run hard on such a day as this. 'Twas just such weather when we had the run from Beauworth of an hour and a half, with scarcely a check. There's a spice of east in the wind, and I fancy we shall get some sport." Smithers once had a fall; he was slightly stunned, and the wind knocked out of him. He was picked up immediately and placed on a friendly knee, his kerchief loosened and his nose turned to the wind, and while gasping for

‘breath, like a fish out of water, “Smithers, I’m afraid you’re hurt,” was repeated many times ere a bulletin was issued from headquarters. Then came, “No, sir; don’t think I am.” Inquiries still rapidly made without any reply, Major Barrett became alarmed, and, putting his mouth close to the veteran’s ear, said, in his most sympathetic tone, “Smithers, my *dear* fellow, I’m afraid this fall “*has done you some harm.*” A long-drawn breath somewhat restored to him consciousness and utterance, and out came “No, sir—don’t think it has, sir;” supplemented in a few seconds by “It han’t done *me* a d——d sight o’ good neither.” His Ribston pippin face, and mahogany tops, and cropped-eared dun horse, on which he used to go up to gates and take them standing, will never be forgotten by those who had seen them. Hunting with him was not so much a pastime, but a species of serious business; he entered into it heart and soul, and it was a sad thing that one so ardently fond of hunting could not have seen the Pytchley hounds find a fox at Waterloo Gorse and stream away over the grass. Yet he was thoroughly contented to sit at the four cross rides in Cheriton Wood and cry “Tally ho over!” and firmly thought and believed that there never was such a Master in the world as Mr. Villebois, and that no country was equal to or showed better sport than the H. H. Mr. North, the rector of Old Alresford, afterwards Earl of Guilford, was then fond of jumping over gates, especially upon a thin-tailed horse, called Pavilion, he bought of Mr. Robert Heysham, and frequently with him his two curates, Mr. Biddulph, brother of the late Sir Theophilus Biddulph, of Birdingbury, in Warwickshire, and Mr. Johnson, who was afterwards known as the perpetual curate of Hinton. There was no keener sportsman, or one better known in the sporting world, than Tommy Scotland of Bishop’s Sutton; he would ride any distance to meet hounds, and when not out with the foxhounds, he hunted his own harriers, and was very fond of turning a deer out before them. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew; up to the last year of his life—and he lived to be nearly ninety—he would ride a four-year-old for choice. When past eighty he walked to Hendon races from Harley Street, was knocked down and run over by a drunken party and nearly killed, but his wonderful constitution pulled him through. He was a great smoker, and no matter what delicacies might have been on the table, he always made his dinner from one dish. His chief beverage was sugar-and-water. Mr. W. T. Græme, of Alresford, and afterwards of Highfield Lodge, Winchester, hunted regularly, and, like his father, was for many years father of the hunt, and a great well-wisher to all sorts of sport. Mr. T. M. Wayne, of South Warnborough, a good fox preserver, and good specimen of a country gentleman, was a regular attendant. Mr. George C. Oliver, of Bramdean, one of the most hospitable men that ever lived, who went well on Logie, a famous bay horse. Major Barrett, of Cheriton, brother-in-law to the Squire, as Mr.

' Villebois was always called, who if hounds were long finding used
' to keep the field alive with his stories. Mr. Robert Tichborne,
' of Bishop's Sutton, on Cock Robin, a pet hunter, which the
' Claimant said that he recollected being driven in harness. But
' there was no greater character than Mr. Stephen Terry, of
' Dummer; he was a thorough specimen of the old-fashioned
' English fox-hunter. His portrait is admirably portrayed in Mr.
' Aubertin's picture of the H. H. He calls up recollections of Sir
' Thomas Miller, of Froyle, always in a hurry, and being short-
' sighted, frequently going in just the opposite direction to the
' hounds. He and his man Warren will not soon be forgotten by
' those who had seen them driving about in the old yellow gig. The
' three Messrs. Taylors, from Hockley, hunted regularly and went
' well. Then there was old Colonel Frederick, of Holybourne, who
' had a wonderful grey pony, on which he saw no end of hunting.
' Colonel Coles, of Woodcote, who galloped through the deep
' ground with a loose rein, and was perpetually coming to grief, and
' never knew where he was even when in sight of his own house.
' The Rev. Henry Hubbard, of Cheriton, hunted as often as he
' could, and was very fond of shooting also.

' The yeomen of Hampshire have always been noted for their love
' of sport, and a finer specimen of the real old-fashioned English
' farmer was never seen than Richard Baily, of King's Worthy,
' who always had a good sort of horse under him, but did not go
' very hard. An old grey mare carried him for years. On off
' days he hunted a pack of harriers, and in his latter years took
' to coursing, and was a great amateur gardener. His man Henry,
' who acted as huntsman, groom, valet, and butler, was quite an
' original, and came to him from the New Forest when quite a boy,
' where of course his poaching instincts had been fully developed.
' Soon after he came Mr. Baily sent him to see if a hen partridge,
' that had been cut out in grass mowing, had forsaken her nest.
' Henry returned triumphant, with a broad grin on his face, and,
' pulling the dead bird out of his pocket, exclaimed, "No, no, she
' "harnt forsook, and I made sure of her with a hedge stake."
' The old gentleman's rage was something fearful to behold,
' and he gave the boy such a licking, that he was steady from
' wing for ever afterwards, and lived with him until his death.
' Another of the same school was his relation, Mr. Thomas Nevill,
' of Chilland, who hunted regularly up to the last year of his life,
' and thoroughly understood it. He was good, but not a bruising
' rider, and generally had clever cattle under him. A crop-eared
' chestnut mare he rode for a long time, and he saw the end of some
' first-rate runs on her.

' Mr. William Colyer, of Chilland, was a good horseman, fond of
' horses and riding; but, although he would ride any distance to
' meet hounds, and hunted most days in the week, never really
' cared for hunting, and infinitely preferred stag to fox. He was a
' hard man when he was in the humour to go, and once set the whole

field, on a horse he called Tom, over some deer-rails in Hursley Park. Some days he would not go a yard; and, if he once lost a start, he trotted about behind all day. He thought nothing of riding from his own house to Goodwood, a distance of thirty miles, every day and back again during the race-week, and when he was long past sixty went to hunt with Baron Rothschild in the Vale of Aylesbury. Formerly he was well mounted, generally going to Elmore, and he sold a chestnut horse to Lord George Bentinck for two hundred, a long price in those days; but latterly he bought screws, and was contented with no legs if they had a pedigree. He could ride anything breathing in a plain snaffle, and said he should want another pair of hands if he rode with double reins. He was by no means a bad painter, and excelled in painting foxes' heads and dead game. He almost rivalled the Rev. Lorraine Smith in his quantity of clothes, and, when he died, had as many saddles and bridles, which had never been used, as would have stocked a moderate-sized shop. Mr. Colyer's brother used to horse "The Times," a fast coach which ran through Alton to London, and some good hunters were often found before the bars, and then sold. Never a better than a well-known little chestnut stallion, which once belonged to Prince Esterhazy, sold at Tattersall's for 15*l.* for rearing, afterwards bought by the Hon. Arthur Arundell of Mr. Colyer, after an extraordinary run with the Surrey Union, and turned out one of the most perfect of snaffle-bridle hunters, and was sold by him to Captain Gardner, who used to train with Death at Ascot.

George Smith, of Bighton, father of George Smith the cricketer, who lived on Titchborne Down, was a good sportsman and good old fellow as ever lived. Michael Rivers, of Bishop's Sutton, called the Marquis, who had a word for everybody who passed his house, was an all-round sportsman, and noted for his breed of game fowls. Jacob Fitt, of Cheriton, was particularly neat in his turn out, and rode well. He had a partiality for jumping gates, and I once saw him take Avington Park palings. He had a celebrated bay mare called Cowslip, which he sold to Davis, the Queen's huntsman, and the latter was so pleased with her that he sent Mr. Fitt a portrait of her, painted by his brother. Mr. Edward Baily, of Martyr Worthy, was fond of hunting, and was particularly lucky in buying horses at Tattersall's, and was never on a bad-looking one. Harvey Vidler, of Bighton, who was latterly very deaf, was a regular man. Turvill, of Hartley, also a fine old-fashioned sort of farmer. Bridger, of Oakhanger, who only died this year, was another capital specimen of an English yeoman. Barnard, of Bramdean, who hunted regularly, and thoroughly loved the sport.

Mr. Villebois killed on an average forty brace a year, and generally a May fox. He had a kennel at Hursley, and hunted that which is now called the Hursley country. Mr. Villebois died at Harmsworth, in April, 1837, having maintained the hounds entirely at his own expense since 1805. He was very kind to all his servants, leaving annuities to all of them, and he was generally exceedingly

charitable and kind to the poor. He was succeeded by his brother-in-law, Major Barrett of Cheriton, one of the neatest men ever seen. Foster continued as his huntsman for one season only, and was, after having hunted the pack for twenty-four seasons, succeeded by Jack Shirley, who, after leaving the H.H., went to the Duke of Cleveland, and was murdered by poachers at Raby Castle, while assisting the gamekeepers to watch the preserves. While he was huntsman they had a great run with a mangy fox; the fixture was at Stoke Down, and some one saw the fox lying asleep in an open dell, about half a mile away, as he came to the meet. The hounds were immediately taken there, but so sound was the fox's nap that he did not move until whipped up by Mr. Nevill's groom, so that he started in view, and took them, without a check, about twelve miles to Chilton Wood, where they killed, and, strange to say, found he was eaten up with the mange.

In 1842 Major Barrett was succeeded by Mr. Augustus Onslow, the eldest son of Colonel Onslow of Old Alresford, who had not very long left Oxford. He was a most gentlemanly man, and very active in his endeavours to show sport. During the first season Shirley hunted the hounds; but, on his leaving, he was succeeded by Will Cox, who came from General Wyndham, and he was assisted by his brother George, now in Ayrshire with Lord Eglintoun. Hunting at this time were Colonel Arthur Onslow, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, a brother of the Master, who went well; Mr. Francis Marx, then of Shalden, who for some years was Secretary, was not to be denied, and could not be beaten. He especially delighted in a puller. Mr. Sam Nicholson of Waverley also went well, as did the two Captains Pipon of Alresford; and amongst the regulars were Mr. Fred Thresher of Bentley, a very neat man; Mr. Le Marchant Thomas of Upton Gray; Mr. Oliver C. Codrington of Kilmiston was fond of hunting, but could not ride, and had the courage to confess it. Also his dinner companion, Parson Johnson of Hinton, when he could get a mount. Mr. Jervoise Ellis, afterwards Jervoise, of Herriard Park, a great fox preserver; Mr. Charles Deane of Winchester was a regular attendant; Mr. Charles Bowyer of Farleigh Park, formerly in the Six Clerks' Office, who died not long ago, aged eighty, hunted occasionally; Mr. John Dunn of Alresford, who rode a good, neat thoroughbred bay mare, was a great man for a spurt; Mr. Frederick Yates of Bishop's Sutton, father of Mr. Arthur Yates, had a very neat pack of harriers, which he hunted himself; and Mrs. Yates hunted a great deal and rode well on a roan mare. Mr. Barton Wallop went very straight—once too much so, as he jumped into a chalkpit in the Hursley country; the Rev. Peter Aubertin, who had made his mark at Oxford, and was not only a capital man on a horse, but good at everything he did. His picture of the H. H. Hunt will immortalize him. But there was no greater character or better sportsman in the country than Henry Cook, a small farmer at

West Tisted, commonly called "Sportsman." He did not hunt for fashion sake, or put on breeches and boots or a smart flower in his buttonhole; but he turned out regularly every Tuesday, on a rough, unclipped half-bred nag, in his round frock and long leather gaiters, in order that his wife might not know that he was gone out hunting. Such was his costume at the meet. When hounds were thrown into covert, in he went with them and crammed away through the live stuff in an extraordinary manner. While the rest of the field were coffee-housing, Cook was as busy as any hound, and when a fox did break he was out with the hounds; then, if there was a good scent, tucking his round frock firmly round his waist, and *into* his breeches, if he could not get over he would get through most obstacles, and was always up at the kill, and ready to go off for another find. Verily he hunted for the real love of the sport. I once saw a lad on a thoroughbred grey jump clean over him as he was cutting the ropes with which a gate was bound up near Bramdean, much to his astonishment, and apparently that of his thick chestnut also. A contrast to Cook was his neighbour, Dick Lasham, a farmer of "The Woodlands," Westmeon; he was a capital rider, but for him costume had its attractions, and he was got up in one of the smartest of green coats, and always well mounted; but poor Dick went too fast, and was obliged to sell his farm.

In 1845 Mr. Augustus Onslow resigned the management, and was succeeded by Captain Martin Haworth, who had hunted the country round Chudleigh. He brought his own hounds—a fine handsome lot, and with them came Tom Clark, who had whipped in to Captain Martin Haworth in Devonshire, and now continued in the same office. Clark had seen some service before he came into Hampshire, and a good deal afterwards with the Craven, Old Berkshire, and the Badminton. He was a good rider and huntsman, knew well how to breed hounds, and was first rate as regards condition in his best day; but unfortunately he never laid up for a rainy day, which often arrives, and left his family in great distress; and a public subscription being solicited in the "Field" and other sporting papers, in behalf of his widow and children, was the real origin of that excellent institution, the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, which has already done a great deal of good, and proved itself to be deserving of the support of all gentlemen who hunt. Captain Haworth, who lived at Ropley, was a good man over a country, hunted his hounds himself, and did all he could to show sport. He was exceedingly courteous and affable, and a favourite with all who knew him. Unfortunately, in 1847, owing to the very high price of all provisions, caused by the well-known Irish famine, Captain Haworth was compelled to resign the Mastership. He was succeeded by Lord Gifford, of whom I have told you before when we discussed the V. W. H. He was a most indefatigable sportsman, but thoroughly out of his element in Hampshire. His bold thrusting style of riding could not endure the confinement

‘ of the big woods, and he must often have wished himself back in
‘ his old Bradon country. He once crossed the Itchen Stoke mea-
‘ dows from Avington Park, swam the Itchen, and charged a tre-
‘ mendous place up into the road, with a very wide water carrier, a
‘ high bank, and some timber on the top, and got safely over on a
‘ little chestnut horse called the Louse. To this day people go to
‘ see the place, and can scarcely believe that a horse ever crossed it,
‘ but I saw him do it, and need not say that no one followed him.
‘ He was also great on his grey horse, Sam, by Jack Tar, a won-
‘ derful fencer, and very good. Lord Gifford was assisted by Long
‘ Charley Cross and Richard Hall, both of whom were frightened to
‘ death of him (the latter he one day dismounted, and made walk
‘ home, a tremendous distance); and afterwards by Jack Grant,
‘ who had lived with him before, and little Dan Berkshire, now
‘ huntsman of the South Wold. Dan is a native of Laverstock;
‘ his father was Mr. Portal’s huntsman when he kept harriers.
‘ It is a curious coincidence that this district has produced two
‘ huntsmen who have made their mark in the hunting world,
‘ namely, John Dale and George Castleman. His Lordship’s
‘ language was as vigorous as the rest of his demeanour, and
‘ one day, after having badgered about Rotherfield with a bad short-
‘ running fox, which was headed by a very pompous old gentleman
‘ on a grey horse, who subscribed to the hounds and hunted medi-
‘ cinally, he addressed him in very laconic terms, which will not be
‘ easily forgotten by those who heard them.

‘ Lord Gifford was often accompanied by his brother, the Hon.
‘ Edward Scott Gifford, and his brother-in-law, the present Lord
‘ Fitzhardinge, and he used to say he did not wish two better men
‘ to turn hounds to him; and he was assisted in the field by Mr.
‘ Frederick Baily, of Candover, ever on the look-out for a fox, and
‘ who must have passed a great part of his life in galloping about
‘ Mitcheldever Wood and Thorney Down. He used to go well on
‘ a chestnut horse called Sancho.

‘ Lord Gifford gave up in 1850, and returned to his former old
‘ Herefordshire country; and the management of the hounds was
‘ then undertaken by Mr. Edward Knight, of Chawton House, who
‘ was the chief; Mr. James Scott, of Rotherfield Park; and Mr.
‘ Ellis Jervoise, of Herriard. The first thing they did was to buy
‘ Mr. John Napper’s hounds, which had hunted the Findon country,
‘ and retain their huntsman, William Summers, who was very good
‘ both in the field and the kennel. He was always anxious to show
‘ sport, and his voice in covert was a perfect treat. Summers’
‘ assistants were Long Charley Cross and Bob Childs, who after-
‘ wards hunted the East Sussex. Cross went out to Turkey during
‘ the Crimean war, to hunt a pack of hounds for General Shirley,
‘ who forgot to pay him. Cross got back to England, brought an
‘ action, and got his money. Not long ago he was a dog dealer and
‘ dog doctor in a small street out of Oxford Street. Afterwards
‘ came Jack Hickman, who began under Harry Ayris, and on

‘ leaving the H. H. went to the Oakley and Mr. Tailby. He was
‘ a light weight, a fine bold horseman, and is now hunting Mr.
‘ Angerstein’s staghounds in Norfolk.

‘ In 1852 Mr. Robert Pearse, of South Warnborough, who had
‘ not long left Cambridge, became the Master. He had previously
‘ hunted a pack of harriers, and rode well to hounds. His hunts-
‘ man was Charles Roberts, who came from Lord Southampton, and
‘ on leaving went to Mr. John Phillips, in Oxfordshire. He was
‘ assisted by Hickman and Dan Berkshire. Mr. Pearse died in May,
‘ 1866, after a very long and painful illness. His brother William,
‘ who was a universal favourite, also died in the very prime of life;
‘ he was a very fine horseman, and had he lived fully intended to
‘ hunt on grass for the rest of his life. Others going at this time
‘ were Lieut.-Col. Nicoll, who had just retired from the army; a
‘ most enthusiastic sportsman, who has latterly presided over the
‘ Hursley Hunt. Mr. Joseph James, of Hollybourne, an old-fashioned
‘ sportsman, of whom it was said that he was more in the saddle
‘ than in his bed. Mr. Arthur Yates now commenced hunting on
‘ a wonderful hog-maned pony. And amongst the farmers were John
‘ and George Young, of Ropley, the latter a capital jockey in farmers’
‘ races, who won the Hampshire Cup two years in succession on
‘ Mr. T. Parker’s Harmsworth. Mr. T. Taylor, of Kilmiston, a
‘ hard, determined man. John Godwin, of Tichborne, a welter
‘ weight and capital sportsman, quite one of the old school, had a
‘ capital black horse, and looked well after the cubs in Fully, and
‘ had a just and determined dislike of a noted trapper who lived near
‘ Gander Down.

‘ In 1853 Mr. Robert Pearse resigned, and Mr. Edward Knight,
‘ of Chawton House, again became Master. His huntsman was Joe
‘ Orbell, one of the best that ever came into the country. Mr.
‘ Knight, however, only held the management for one season, and
‘ was succeeded in 1856 by Mr. Edward Tredcroft, whose first
‘ huntsman was George Kennett, who began under Lord Gifford,
‘ and is the present huntsman of Mr. Villebois in Norfolk; his
‘ assistants were William Fisher, who afterwards hunted the hounds,
‘ and John Bailey, son of old Will Bailey, of the Anchor, Ropley.
‘ Bailey now hunts the Cambridgeshire. After George Kennett
‘ came Henry Nason, and then old Will Stansby, from the Duke of
‘ Beaufort. Mr. Tredcroft spared no expense and mounted his men
‘ well, while a finer stud of weight-carrying hunters than his own
‘ has seldom been seen in Hants. Perhaps he had none better than
‘ the dark chestnut, Freemason, when in the humour, but he was
‘ cursed with a most vile temper; and Greyling, who, unless I am
‘ mistaken, once ran third in the Liverpool, was another clipper,
‘ though he scarcely looked up to Mr. Tredcroft’s weight. Sir
‘ Charles Miller was a great man during Mr. Tredcroft’s reign, and
‘ the Earl of Uxbridge and his brothers hunted occasionally in
‘ Hants during this time. Mr. Tredcroft was very popular with the

‘ farmers, and nothing pleased him more than a morning’s rat-hunting with some of them during a frost.

‘ In 1862 Mr. Tredcroft resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. Henry Deacon, who had hunted both harriers and foxhounds in Devon. In his first season Fisher hunted the hounds, and in the second Charles Pike, who had formerly lived in the county with Captain Haworth, and had hunted in several other counties in the meanwhile. He did not distinguish himself as a huntsman in the field, and when here had apparently lost his nerve; but, strange to say, on leaving he somehow recovered it, for when afterwards with the Quorn, I saw him go in a very fast run from Thorpe Trussells right in front over the particularly strong country between that covert and Great Dalby, also in another sharp run from Barkby Holt. But perhaps he then went with artificial courage. Mr. Deacon afterwards hunted his hounds himself.

‘ As a Master Mr. Deacon is very popular, and his quiet way of hunting hounds, and leaving them to do their own work, is eminently calculated for the big woods and cold scenting lands of Hampshire, so that no one has ever shown better sport in the country than he has done. Moreover, by constantly going to Lord Portsmouth’s blood, he has materially improved the pack since his accession to office. He is a capital general, has a happy knack of pleasing every one, especially the farmers, and is the cheeriest hand ever seen at the covert side when things go a little wrong.

‘ Hunting with Mr. Deacon during his Mastership have been— Mr. J. W. Scott, of Rotherfield Park, who always rode very well; Mr. F. Marx, of Arlebury, a bold rider; Lord Henry Paget, from the Grange, before he took the South Staffordshire; Hon. Arthur Arundell, from Brown Candover, who had the same weakness for stallions he had years back in the Tedworth country, and afterwards. Mr. Purefoy Fitzgerald, from Preston Candover; and Captain Caldwell, who has hunted in first-class countries before he came into Hants. Mr. E. Shelley, of Avington Park, a good preserver of foxes, and very fond of hunting; Mr. Arthur Yates, of Bishop’s Sutton, who from the pony before-mentioned got on to the well-known little thoroughbred Playman, by Flatcatcher out of Ellen, whom he hunted as a two-year-old, and ran in the Liverpool. Since that time he has made Bristles, who jumped a big place in the water meadows near Bishop’s Sutton as a two-year-old, Balham, Merrimac, Yorkshire Grey, Harvester, and a lot of good horses. His brother, Trevor Yates, owner of Lawrence, on whom he has occasionally caught the judge’s eye, once, on his famous old horse Romulus, leaped the railway gates near Romsey, after a very long run with Mr. T. Nevill’s staghounds. Mr. Algernon Lempriere, of Pelham, who rides well; Mr. Jarrett, of Winchester, whose son kept the South Wilts for a time; Mr. Fred. Heysham, from Winchester; Mr. Sam Taylor, on Tuesdays; Mr. Charles Deane, of Win-

chester, and his son Mr. Arthur Deane ; Colonel Dowker, of Winchester, a capital sportsman, who not only knows every hound in the country, and all about his ancestors, but once positively astonished old Will Danby in his recollections of the York and Ainsty ; Mr. Walter Long of Preshaw, the Master of the Hambleton. Also many officers on a Tuesday from Winchester, and on Saturday from Aldershot ; Major Williams, of Worthy Park, who always has a good sort of horse ; Mr. Acheson Grey, from Bishopstoke, is a constant attendant ; and Captain Eccles, who ought to ride in a better country. Captain Forrest, from Winchester, who was formerly in the 11th, under Lord Cardigan, and his brother, General Forrest, recently returned from India ; the late Colonel William Greenwood, than whom no better rider ever went in Hants, especially on his famous horse Prism, and his son, who is fond of hunting ; Captain Hasler, of Corhampton ; Sir George Pechell, of Alton, is a constant attendant, and goes long distances on a very curious saddle ; Colonel Bower, the commander of the celebrated Light Horse Troop ; Mr. Hamborough, of Crawley, hunts regularly. For ladies who hunt and ride, they can boast of Miss Edith Coker, the youngest unmarried daughter of Mrs. Deacon, who rides capitally, as all her sisters have done before her ; the Misses Greenwood, from Brookwood ; Mrs. Hasler and Mrs. Bower, who come over from the Hambleton ; Miss Blackmore, from Alresford ; Miss Jarrett, from Winchester, who is very quick at getting to hounds, and turning with them ; Miss Bowker, from Winchester, who a few years ago had a wonderful old chestnut horse ; Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, than whom nobody is fonder of hounds, or knows better what they are doing ; Mrs. Wynne, of Warnford ; Mrs. Caldwell, from Candover ; Mrs. Booth, of Kilmiston, who had a fearful fall two years ago over some rails at Bramdean, which did not, however, stop her riding.

‘ No county abounds in better friends to hunting than Hampshire as far as the body of farmers are concerned, and we may name amongst them—Mr. Booth, of Kilmiston, who succeeded Mr. John Little, both Lincolnshire men, and capital sportsmen ; William Lipscombe, of Sevington, who generally has a useful short-legged nag, and has a knack of selling which is totally lost in such a country as Hants ; Tom Corderoy, of Wield, who for years would jump gates all day long on a black mare by Sir Hercules, which was given him because she was no use, but carried him wonderfully ; Harry Wolfe, of Mitcheldever Station, who occasionally has a turn with Lord Portsmouth, in Devonshire ; Fred Pratt, who owns land both in this hunt and the Hambleton, a good sportsman, and comes out whenever he can, and was entered to the sport by Mr. William Gage, of Westbury ; John Earwaker, of Peek, who at one time rode a very useful chestnut stallion, but has now moved into the Vine Hunt ; Fred Bailly, of Candover, Mr. Deacon’s aide-de-camp, before mentioned, and several sons, whom he has brought up in the way they should go as regards sport ;

‘ Harry Fitt, of Cheriton, who would lark over any big timber on his whitefaced roarer, especially after some West Tisted “beer ;” Mr. Stratton, of Chilcombe, a very good man, who generally has something pretty handy for the Hampshire and Hambledon cups ; Mr. Judd, of Bishop’s Sutton, another racing man, who may often be seen at Tattersall’s, with the view of picking up a dark one with which to astonish the natives ; Tom Hulbert, of Old Alresford, who can go pretty well ; Arnold, of Bramdean Common, who had a wonderful cob that could jump anything ; Frank Ross, of Alresford, who rides in gig lamps, and jumps in faith, for he cannot see what he is about ; Robert and Richard Hetherington, of Ropley, both quiet men and good sportsmen, who look after Old Down ; Jem Stubbs, of West Tisted, a staunch friend, though he does not hunt himself. A most hospitable man, at whose house you can always get a glass of real old-fashioned home-brewed. Nor must I forget that good sportsman Mr. Salway, of Matterley. William Pain, of Woodmancote, a very jolly fellow, fond of a welter race, but who has given up the saddle from illness ; John Payne, of Topham, always turned out very neatly ; Edmund Robertson, of Newdown, a real good fellow and welter weight, always well mounted, who we fancy is not so constant as he was ; Mr. Benjamin Nevill, of Chilland, who has of late years nearly given up hunting, and his brother, Mr. T. Nevill, who pretty much confines himself to his staghounds.

‘ With regard to quarters, The Swan at Alresford used to be good, and Mr. Tredcroft lived there and had his horses there while Master. It is so long, however, since I have been there, that I can say nothing for it now. It is pretty central for the Tuesdays and Thursdays’ meets.

‘ The Red Lion at Basingstoke is middling—nothing to boast of either as regards accommodation for man or beast ; a few men stayed there last season, and more would do so, no doubt, if the stabling and accommodation were better.

‘ Madgewick’s, at Alton, ought to be good, as he is an old coachman and old sportsman, but personally we can say nothing of it.

‘ Winchester is wide for the Hampshire, except on Tuesdays, but central for other packs. Of hotels there, The George and The Royal are perhaps the best, but at both the stabling is very indifferent. There are livery stables kept by Mr. John Tubb and Mr. Hopkins, both of whom try to please their customers.

‘ If there was a good inn at Ropley, with healthy stables, people might reasonably stop there for a night or two, as it is in a very central position, and has now the advantage of direct railway communication with London.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.



PART I.—THE BREAKFAST.

FOUR friends, all scarlet-coated,
Eager all to join the pack,
At the breakfast board were seated,
Jem and Jerry, Ned and Jack.

Giant Jem, a ponderous horseman,
With a bull-like head and throttle,
O'er each boot a calf expanding,
Like a cork in soda bottle,

Still to add Jem never scrupled,
When the beef was on his plate,
To the four stone he quadrupled,
Many a pound of extra weight.

Jerry, bent on competition,
Spread his napkin underneath,
But the tongue's untiring motion
Check'd the action of his teeth.

He told them what he had done
On his chestnut and his grey,
And when that tale was ended,
What he meant to do to-day.

Ned was booted to perfection,
Better rider there was none,
But jealousy, when mounted,
Was the spur that prick'd him on.

To him the run was wormwood,
No enjoyment in the burst,
Unless he led the gallop,
And was foremost of the first.

Jack, who never said, like Horner,
'How good a boy am I,'
Sat listening at the corner
Of the table meek and shy;

No word he spoke, till question'd
On what horse he rode to-day?
Then modestly he answer'd,
'I have nothing but the Bay.'

On merrily they canter,
 'Till the covert-side they reach ;
 When you hear my story ended,
 You will know the worth of each.*

PART II.—THE DINNER.

At night again they gathered
 Round a board of ample fare,
 And though myself a stranger guest,
 They bade me welcome there.

Jem, Jerry, Ned, swash-bucklers
 You'd have thought by their discourse,
 Each alternately extolling
 First himself and then his horse.

Giant Jem, a road-abider,
 Or.e who seldom risk'd a fall,
 The line the fox had taken,
 He describ'd it best of all.

Told them where he cross'd the river,
 Told them where he fac'd the hill,
 Told them too, and thought it true,
 That he himself had seen the kill.

Jerry's tongue still faster prattled,
 As the wine-cup wet his lips,
 Had the pack apace thus rattled,
 'Twould have baffled an Eclipse.

Nought I felt would baffle Jerry,
 From the find until the death,
 No rate of speed would e'er succeed
 To put him out of breath.

Ned was far in commendation
 Of himself ahead of each,
 Still there lurk'd *amari aliquid*
 Beneath his flowers of speech.

Still jarr'd some note discordant,
 As he blew the trumpet loud,
 Still dimm'd the radiant glory
 Of the day some little cloud.

At each daring deed of horsemanship
 Amazement I express ;
 'Mid such mighty men of valour
 Which the mightiest ? who could guess ?

Till at length a tell-tale offer
Set the question quite at rest ;
Nor could I doubt which, out and out,
Of the four had seen it best.

Jack had never said, like Horner,
'How good a boy am I,'
But I saw within the corner
Of his lid a twinkle sly ;

When to Jack, though in a whisper,
Ned was overheard to say,
'If you'll take four hundred for him,
You shall have it for the Bay.'

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER I.

'If old Twigg should catch you at that work again, Frank, I wouldn't be in your skin for all the trout in the Dart river,' said Harry Somers, anxious to alarm a bright, fair-haired boy, not yet seventeen, his schoolfellow and chum, who, instead of getting up his Georgics, was tying a fly under cover of his desk, intent only on the work of his creation and the exact shade of mohair and dubbing suitable to its sooty wings.

'Catch me or not, I'll finish the blue dun now I'm about it ; and if ever that old brute strikes me again with his Hederich, I'll make him remember it to the last day of his life—mind that, Harry.'

'Bravo ! my little bantam ; but don't crow before you fight ; for, let me tell you, Frank, you'd have as much chance in that giant's hands as a leveret has in a kite's claws. Why don't you ease away your head when the blow comes, as Pearson does, instead of standing up stiff as a target, and getting your skull half cracked by the collision ?'

'Simply because I don't choose to let the tyrant think he can cow me by such brutal punishment ; but see if I don't make him quake down to his boots the very next time he tries the folio dodge on my brains.'

Now Dr. Theophilus Twigg, head-master of King Edward's Grammar-school at Buckbury-in-the-West, enjoyed, outside and beyond the limits of his little dominion, the reputation of being a generous, good-natured, and painstaking pedagogue. The manners of the man, if a little stiff, were always courteous ; the extras on his bills at Christmas rarely excessive ; and, periodically, the University Class-lists gave ample testimony to the success of his scholastic labours. At the weekly market, too, no matter how keen or inclement the morning, he was always the first to attend and secure

at top price the finest and fattest meat in the stalls (for as is, or was the case at Oxford, no butcher's shops were allowed to offend the public eye in the streets of that refined town). No wonder, then, if the tradespeople of Buckbury re-echoed the praise bestowed on him by the parents of his pupils, and with one voice pronounced him to be the most liberal of customers and a pattern schoolmaster.

This out-of-door view of the man, however, was not quite in accordance with that taken by closer observers within his own walls, where, as we shall presently see, the honour in which he was held was about equivalent to that bestowed on a prophet in his own country; still the large amount of formal respect paid him by his pupils might have flattered even a greater man, although, in reality, it was the product of fear, not of love—a base coin of no value.

While the hum of the school was going on, and the Doctor, engaged with a pupil, was sighing aloud over the sorrows of poor Dido, Frank Raleigh had brought his handiwork to a close, and, holding it up between his forefinger and thumb, he expatiated with artistic pride, but in an under-tone, on its correct colour and captivating appearance. 'There, Harry,' said he; 'that's what I call a 'blue dun! sooty legs, squirrel's under fur mixed with mohair for its body, and starling's wings; and don't they stand up as natural as life? With that for an end-fly, and a coch-a-bonddu for a bob, it will be a dainty fish that won't rise at the one or the other.'

'Hang the blue dun! you'll look blue enough yourself by-and-by, if you can't construe those hundred lines in the third Georgic; it's all about horses, too—chestnuts, greys, and duns—every word of which I've had to look out in the dictionary.'

'All right, old fellow; my "crib" will do all that for me in two minutes,' said Frank, as he stuck the barb of his fly into a flannel rag, and proceeded to unearth a greasy, coverless copy of Dryden's 'Virgil' from its latent recess among a pile of books, paper, ink-bottles, and pens; belts, bullet-moulds, flasks and fishing-tackle—the heterogeneous contents of his school-desk. 'Here it is; and what wouldn't old Twigg give to get hold of it?' continued he, fumbling among the loose pages of the book for the required passage. 'Jack Morgan, when he was expelled, left it to me, with the merciful injunction that it should be handed down as a heirloom to the best fisherman in the school from generation to generation; so I'm bound to respect poor Jack's last wishes.'

From the bad company the book was keeping, and the reckless fashion in which Frank handled it, the disreputable-looking tome bid fair to tumble into ruins long before it could fulfil the amount of service expected from it even by its present possessor. For Frank, engrossed as his thoughts were—morning, noon, and night—with the charms of the chase, every spare hour being devoted either to its actual enjoyment or to dressing flies, spinning horse-hair lines, or learning hunting-songs, had no time for the drudgery of a dictionary in getting up his 'Virgil,' but turned habitually to this ready 'crib,' his never-failing friend at the last moment and in every emergency.

A hollow friend, however, it proved in the long run, as Frank found to his cost in after days, when he was wont to say his knowledge of the Latin language was like the work of an unskilled architect—a building on a foundation of sand.

“A good horse is never a bad colour,” was a favourite saying of ‘my uncle Joe’s,’ observed he, as he pondered for a moment over the passage in which Virgil extols the chestnuts and flea-bitten greys, but condemns the white and the dun as the very worst of colours. ‘I only wish, Harry, he could have seen our little dun at home. One peep at “Old King Cole” crossing the Bittern bottom at the tail of our hounds, flying the fences, and skimming over the brooks like a swallow on wings, would have opened his eyes, and converted the old sinner to a better faith, and he never would have talked such rot again about that colour.’

‘Hang the dun horse! Frank; a minute ago it was a dun fly. Don’t you hear? the women of Carthage are howling aloud—it’s all up with Dido; and that is the end of that fellow’s lesson. Our turn comes next, so do look sharp.’

A low, prolonged nod from the Doctor’s head (for he rarely spoke to his pupils except to say, ‘Thou blockhead!’ or ‘Take him up!’) signified his approval of the correct and fluent style in which the boy going down had done his work; but beyond this mute sign of commendation, the profoundest disciple of Lavater’s school would have been puzzled to detect the faintest glimmer of gratification in the pedagogue’s face, the hard and set features of which gave no more indication of feeling than a butcher’s block or the steps of a treadmill.

Behind this mask, however—for it was a mask never laid aside so long as a single pupil was near—the Doctor, to do him justice, could and did carry a very different visage—one that revealed a nature to which kindly feelings were not wanting, and even good-fellowship no stranger. Indeed, it was whispered by those who knew the man best, that a certain Mrs. Alethea Cornish, a fair and attractive widow, who, with an only daughter, had resided for some years at Heathercote, in that neighbourhood, had proved the Doctor’s heart to be very much like that of other men—a weak citadel, open to attack, and certain to be carried by soft influence and winsome ways. But, be that as it may, it was a fact well known to the boys that, when a bagman or a fallow deer was going to be turned out before the Buckland hounds, and a holiday was wanted to see the fun, the widow was a safe draw, and never failed to obtain from the Doctor the required boon.

Harry Somers, being a thoughtful, painstaking boy of more than ordinary ability, had long maintained the first place at the head of his class; and, as he also bid fair at no distant date to become Dux of the school—an honour not unfrequently followed by an open scholarship and farther distinction at Oxford—many were the nods of approbation he earned as he now stood in class-array near the Doctor’s chair, and with a clear voice and rare fluency rendered into plain

English that fine description of a well-bred colt so artistically given by the Mantuan poet.

Frank's turn came next, and, so far as his Dryden had helped him, he travelled over the ground with tolerable ease and safety ; but that was a short step into the hundred long hexameters he was expected to know. An unexplored region now lay before him in the shape of strange and unknown words, stumbling-blocks at every turn, that impeded his progress, and caused him to trip and flounder like a beaten hack on a bad road.

'Thou blockhead!' growled the Doctor again and again, in a voice half-choked with rage, till at length, losing all patience, and jerking his head sharply backwards—an ominous signal that always meant mischief—he motioned to Frank to quit the class and take his stand beside the great chair in which he himself was seated.

In an instant the busy hum of the school became still as death, and boys held their breath as, in obedience to that mute mandate, Frank stepped forth and stood by the chair. Not a tinge of fear, however, fluttered over his face, his eye quailed not, neither did the hue of his cheek grow a shade whiter. Indeed, had he been walking up to old Don in a thick stubble at home, when, with head erect and stern motionless, that sagacious animal had just discovered a covey of birds close under his nose, he would probably have shown more trepidation and less decision of purpose than he did on the present occasion.

'He'll be hoisted to a dead certainty,' whispered a little fellow, pale as ashes, on an adjoining form.

'Frank is as hard as a bag of nails,' said another with a stouter heart ; 'and whether it's birch or lexicon, won't care a button for either. Don't you remember the last time he fought Ned Woodley he broke his thumb in the first round, and yet he licked him like a sack in ten minutes.'

Mutely and sternly the Doctor pointed to the passage

'Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor,'

and motioned to Frank to go on with the translation, which with some hesitation he forthwith proceeded to do. '*Erichthonius* was 'the first man ; *ausus*, who dared ; *jungere currus et quatuor equos*, to couple together a drag and four horses, and, like a 'conqueror, to insist on going the pace.'

The Doctor would listen to no more ; but thundering out, 'Thou 'blockhead!' and at the same time grasping the Hederich lexicon that lay on the massive oak table close to his elbow, he struck Frank on the side of his head with such force that he fell to the floor like an ox felled by a pole-axe.

This was no unusual feat on the Doctor's part ; but it was a very unusual thing for a boy when thus brought to the ground not to jump upon his legs immediately and rush off to his class seat, there to seek the only balm available at such a time, namely, the sympathy

of his chums. A deep groan, however, was the only indication of life now manifested by the body lying at full length prostrate on the floor; then followed a long-drawn sigh, as if the spirit within were lingering on the threshold, and unwilling, after so brief an occupation, to part company from its mortal tenement for ever.

At least so it sounded to the ears of the Doctor, whose tongue, forgetting its wonted taciturnity, acquired a sudden spasmodic volubility that startled the whole school even more than the knock-down blow it had just witnessed.

‘Pick him up, Somers, do. Untie his neckerchief and get some ‘water,’ said the Doctor, in unmistakable alarm, his hitherto rubicund countenance assuming a dark, blood-red, apoplectic hue, and looking as if Atropos were at hand, and might at any moment sever his thread of life with her fatal shears.

Not only Harry Somers but a dozen boys rushed forward simultaneously, all eager to participate in lending a hand to Frank, who, from his generous nature and high courage, was treated with a kind of hero-worship by the whole school. One little fellow with his wits about him, hearing the last words of the excited master, hastened off for a jug of water; while another more timid than the rest stole away for the housekeeper’s room in the adjoining premises, there to seek the shelter he had already so often found under the mantle of Mrs. Hopkins.

‘What’s the matter now, Wilson? For goodness sake, don’t ‘look so wretched!’ said the tender-hearted woman, half-frightened herself by the scared expression of the boy’s face. ‘Is it that bully ‘Tom Griggs again, or who is it now?’

‘‘Tisn’t him nor me this time,’ gasped out the boy; ‘it’s Frank ‘Raleigh. The Doctor has killed him, and there he is lying dead as ‘a herring on the schoolroom floor.’

Mrs. Hopkins heard no more; but dropping her pen, full of ink as it was, into the midst of the complicated half-yearly accounts with which she was engaged (for it was now near holiday time), she made the best of her way straight for the school, and, without waiting for the Doctor’s orders, or even exhibiting a spark of that formal deference she was wont to show him in the presence of the boys, she struggled through the anxious crowd now surrounding Frank’s prostrate form.

‘Pray stand back, gentlemen, and give him air,’ said the sensible woman, kneeling at the boy’s side and unbuttoning the collar of his shirt. ‘He’s only stunned, and will come round quickly enough with ‘a mouthful of fresh air and a dash of water.’

The boys fell back instantly, and the two elements—the latter in a most copious shower—being liberally supplied, but failing apparently to rouse the vital action of the body, Mrs. Hopkins became seriously alarmed; and, whispering to a boy near her, bid him speed away for Dr. Host, the apothecary, and bring him to the spot without delay.

In the meantime, by the help of Harry Somers and two or three of

the biggest boys, Frank was gently carried to the housekeeper's room, where, stretched out and saturated with water, he looked, as he lay on the old-fashioned sofa, like a boy just rescued from drowning, except that, owing to the blow he had so recently received, there was perhaps a little more colour in his cheeks than is usual on such occasions.

During this painful scene and process of removal Dr. Theophilus Twigg had maintained his seat in the great school chair with a dignified outward composure strangely at variance with the perturbation of his thoughts within, which at that moment were certainly not to be envied. To uphold his dignity, however, in the eyes of his pupils was to him a matter of the first consideration in life, and rather than suffer it to be lowered by a hair's breadth in their estimation, he would have remained unmoved in that chair, even had an earthquake opened at his feet.

He then dismissed the boys, and retired with a stately step to the privacy of his own parlour, the very threshold of which was regarded by them with as much horror as if it were the gates of Orcus or the den of some dangerous wild beast. There, then, half-paralysed with fear, and conjuring up appalling visions of a coroner's inquest and future ruin, let us leave him for the present, and turn to Frank and the medical attendant summoned to his aid.

'He has had a bad blow in the head, ma'am, you say. Then 'probably there has been slight concussion of the brain,' said the latter, feeling the boy's pulse, and discovering in an instant that at least he was now conscious, and that if he had suffered from asphyxia all symptoms of it had now passed away. 'He must lose 'a little blood, ma'am, to prevent future mischief, and I daresay he 'will then be soon all right again.'

Mrs. Hopkins being well versed in the favourite treatment adopted by the apothecary, namely, in nine cases out of ten to bleed or physic his patients with calomel and black draught till often the strength of the strong man was reduced to the weakness of the infant, dropped a respectful courtesy, and hastened out of the room to get the basin and bandage necessary for the operation.

The moment her back was turned, however, Frank's tongue was loosed. 'Don't bleed me, doctor,' he said in a clear voice, and with perfect self-possession. 'I am no more ill than you are; but 'for mercy's sake' don't let them know it, or that old brute Twigg 'will skin me alive. I'll tell you all about it another day.'

At that instant Mrs. Hopkins, armed with the usual apparatus, made her appearance at the door; but before she had fairly entered the apartment the good-natured apothecary squeezed Frank's hand, as much as to say, 'You may trust me;' and then, turning to the housekeeper, he said deliberately, 'I am sorry to have given you so 'much trouble, ma'am; but our young patient has shown such 'rapid symptoms of recovery that I think we had better defer 'bleeding him for the present. Nature, you know, will do wonders 'in such a case.'

'Quite true, sir; but even Nature wants help sometimes; and if

‘after such a fall’ (for it was the floor, not the lexicon, that bore the blame) ‘you don’t bleed him, you will perhaps give him some active medicine instead.’

‘Certainly, if he requires it,’ said the doctor, curtly, who, although only an old-fashioned country apothecary, disliked the voluntary suggestions of a non-professional looker-on quite as much as any of his brethren in the highest ranks of the profession. ‘Certainly, ma’am; but let us wait for the morrow and see what a night’s rest will do for the lad.’

Mrs. Hopkins bowed submissively; but, as she was a woman of more than ordinary acute observation, she did not fail to make a note that, in all her experience of the doctor’s treatment, this was the first occasion on which he had omitted either to bleed his patient or to administer some nauseous draught, bolus, or powder when the lancet was not used. Still not a glimmer of suspicion crossed her mind that the omission was due to other causes than those assigned by the doctor; and well for Frank it was so, or so long as he remained under that roof his life would have been a burden to him too heavy to bear.

Host, however, was a kind-hearted man; and, although he strongly rebuked Frank for the deception he had practised, he considered himself bound by professional etiquette not to betray the boy, so long, at least, as he remained an inmate of that establishment.

‘Keep him quiet, ma’am,’ continued the doctor, ‘and don’t allow more than one of his schoolfellows to be with him at a time.’

‘And his diet, sir?’

‘Oh, slops and broth till I see him again.’

To the great amazement of Mrs. Hopkins, Frank, hearing this order, and utterly forgetting the part he was acting, blurted out, ‘Don’t starve me, doctor; I’m now as hungry as a hound, and could eat a whole chicken if I only had the chance.’

‘Oh, no, Master Raleigh, that would never do,’ interposed the perplexed woman. ‘Chicken indeed, and you all but gone only a few minutes ago! No, the doctor isn’t going to allow that yet awhile, I’m sure.’

The apothecary now began to feel his position was becoming a critical one; and, fearing his character might be compromised if he were suspected of complicity in this business, he privately signalled to Frank to keep his tongue quiet, giving him to understand, if he did not, that he would inevitably betray his own secret, and expose himself to farther and even worse punishment. He then took leave, saying, as he went, he had no doubt Mrs. Hopkins would give his patient all that was needful and right, and that he would now step in and report on the case to Dr. Twigg, who, he thought, might probably be anxious on the subject.

Harry Somers, at Frank’s request, was then sent for; while the housekeeper, still sorely puzzled to account for the boy’s sudden restoration from impending death to hungry life, gathered her bills, account-books, and ready-reckoner together, and withdrew to

another chamber. But the door had scarcely closed behind her ere a titter of uncontrollable merriment burst forth from the two boys—so boisterous was it that, had the walls of the old schoolhouse not been far more substantial than those of any modern building, she could scarcely have failed to hear the wild sallies and uproarious laughter in which, for some time after her departure, they continued to indulge.

When the merriment had somewhat subsided, 'I'll tell you what, 'Frank,' said the other, 'I once saw Kean die on the stage in the character of the "Gamester," and I'll swear he was a fool to you, so perfectly did you act your part on those school-boards. But you very nearly frightened old Twigg into a real fit: his eyes were blood-shot with alarm, and I expected every moment to see him drop senseless from his perch. He won't forget that scene in a hurry, I'll answer for it.'

'Pity he should, Harry. Didn't I tell you, if he treated me to another edition of that Hederich, I'd make him quake to his very boots? Well, that's *his* lesson; and now let him rub it in: he'll never try that game on with me, nor any other fellow again, so long as he lives.'

'Don't be too cock-sure of that, my boy; old Twigg's like a badger, and will take a deal of baiting before he gives in. Don't you recollect how Tom Twining was deaf as a haddock for more than a month, and little Wilson's brain so addled that he couldn't learn his prosody after the whacks of that lexicon? Twigg heard it all from Mrs. Hopkins, I know; but, you see, it has only hardened his heart to sin the more. Then there's old Gallipots just gone to his den—is he safe not to peach, think you?'

'Quite safe,' said Frank energetically. 'In the first place, he is too good-natured to get a fellow into a row; and, in the next, he is wild about sport, and stops with us at Watercombe every winter for a week's hunting; but catch my Governor ever giving him a mount again if he does me an ill turn in this affair. Ben Head, too, our huntsman, would ride over him to a dead certainty. No, he won't peach; he knows better.'

Frank's reasons for believing in Dr. Host's reticence were, so far as they went, perfectly just and well founded: his heart, as the country-people said of him, was as big as a bullock's; for was he not ever ready, by night or by day, in any weather, to mount one of his sorry hacks (he kept no less than four of them, all bearing the Devonshire arms), and to ride eight, ten, or a dozen miles over the worst roads in England, on errands of true mercy and benevolence? Nor did he stop to inquire whether it was the Squire's lady or the prolific wife of some poor cottager who needed his attendance; for, feed or unfeed, his aid was cheerfully given to both alike. True enough, he dearly loved hunting; and, when he did get a day with the Squire and a mount into the bargain, it was a real holiday to him—a refreshing interlude amid the toil and anxiety of his laborious profession.

But there were other and deeper grounds than those of self-gratification and kindly-feeling on which his reticence was founded. It was a point of honour with him to hold inviolate the confidence of a patient; nor would the tortures of the Inquisition have extracted a syllable from his lips in betrayal of such a trust. So Frank's secret was quite safe in Dr. Host's keeping.

While the conference in the 'lion's den' was going on, and the apothecary, who at a glance had discovered the effect of Frank's plot on the nerves of the pedagogue, was doing his utmost, on philanthropic grounds, to impress the latter with the serious mischief that might have occurred if the blow on the left side of the boy's head (it was that of the lexicon) had been the eighth of an inch nearer the temple, and how he had narrowly escaped permanent injury, though there was now no longer cause for anxiety, Dr. Twigg's alarm gradually subsided; but, as it did so, he formed the resolution never again to strike a boy on the head with his lexicon—a resolution he faithfully kept to the end of his scholastic reign.

'TRAPPED.'

FROM PUSS TO JACK.

DEAR JACK,—From durance vile to you these tidings I indite,
We never more may meet again—oft in the stilly night
From out the Links we've stole abroad to race across the Flat,
Unawed by gin, or poacher's gun, or prowling stable cat;
Have gamboll'd round the Bushes in their summer shadows dark,
And shied the ghostly judgment-seat of Mr. Justice Clark;
Have seen the early morning spin, the gallop in the gloaming,
And startled from his path the tout incontinently roaming.
Oh, rather Rebe or M'Grath were racing for the lead,
Still pressing on for very life o'er fallow, dyke, and seed;
King Death in any other form than this I could have borne—
Now Fate has turned me to him, and I die to-morrow morn!
Oh, rather nearer, clearer drew the music of the pack,
In my ears for ever ringing as they rattled in my track;
Or beaters' shout behind me as I cleared the covert's bounds—
Than worried in a shamble by the butchers and their hounds.
Sport!—in thy noble name what deeds of infamy are done;
But, listen—for the sands of life in slower currents run.
The order came—two hundred hares—with net, and snare, and cur
From many a rich preserve they drew its complement of fur,
Kept for the season's last battue, sleek, indolent, and fat,
As fit to run as Christmas geese, and tame as any cat;
Like niggers in some slaver's hold, they pack us close and fast,
Lamenting that our lot among such murderers is cast,

Far from the pleasant field and lawn, where erst we 'careless strayed,'
 From sheltered form near covert side or open fallow made,
 In dismal barn they pen us close, like paupers in a garret,
 With just a wisp of mouldy hay, and de'il a munch of carrot;
 Our spirit gone, our muscle cramped, we tremble, crouch, and shiver,
 And hear Whitechapel fanciers talk of cutting out our liver—
 Go, hobble Reynard by the leg, and make a hunting sally,
 Or up and down the bowling-green, or in the skittle-alley,
 Or peg a pigeon to the post for Cockney boys to maul,
 Or poison all the scaly shoal before you make the haul,—
 Then call that *sport*—oh! ye who keep the coursing world in awe,
 High worshippers of honour and abiders by the law,
 Go, blot from your recording page the annals of disgrace,
 And quell the rising blush of shame on each true Briton's face
 That such things are—that such may be:—too feebly they protest
 Who fain would smoke, like hornets, out the malefactors' nest;
 Arise, ye coursers of the North, invoke the 'Druid's' shade,
 Ere yet too late, and confiscate the butchers' stock in trade;
 Themselves, their dogs, and practices be held in execration,
 And everlasting sentence read of excommunication:
 Ho! Colam, pluck your courage up, despite of beak's decision,
 And break another lance with those who have you in derision;
 Man's empire still, for good or ill, is o'er the brutes that perish,
 But let not brutal conquests mar the pity all must cherish.
 Farewell—I've told of all the wrongs that consecrate my story,
 'Abominable' is my death, my fate 'derogatory';
 Oh! thanks for pains on our behalf so chivalrously taken,
 And thanks for all the words of Bake—they cannot save my bacon!
 Farewell! from Hammersmith we seek a Western destination,
 Directed 'this side up, with care,' and bundled to the station;
 The cock before our prison door gives warning of the day,
 Thro' chink and crevice faintly peeps a solitary ray,
 The sun in Eastern glory glows as red as currant jelly,
 I scent the garden herbs afar, so soon to fill my belly;
 I hear the murmurs of the crowd intent on coursing (?) trials,
 And drawing their experience of sport (?) from Seven Dials;
 The lurchers struggle in the slips, and I must make my tracks
 Before Whitechapel judges seated on potato sacks,
 Where the costermonger's donkey for a Warwick bears a rough,
 And 'prentice butcher boys aspire to slipping art of Luff:
 Farewell—if memory *will* bring back the feeling—be it so;
 But think of me when skinned and trussed in gravy all aglow,
 With ears laid back and gaping mouth (judgmatically hung),
 I furnish Sunday dinner for some enterprising bung!

POOR PUSS.

OSTRICH-HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SHORTLY after my trip to Somerset (described in a former article—'My First Day's Shooting in South Africa') I was sent in charge of a small party to the little Dutch village of Graaff Reinet, on the Sunday River, with directions to remain there for further orders.

Nothing could have suited me better; for although Graham's Town was a very jolly place, yet I was anxious to see more of the country and to enjoy a little more sport than was to be obtained there, so I need not say how gladly I packed up the few traps I required, and gave directions for the party to be ready to march at daylight next morning. Before leaving Somerset I had purchased the little cobbler's horse, and although I had to give a pretty stiff price for him I was by no means dissatisfied with my bargain; for although the poor beast was awfully out of condition when he changed masters, yet he was sound as a bell, and, for a Cape horse, remarkably fast and well broken to hunting, and a few weeks' good feeding made him look quite another animal. Nothing of any importance occurred on our way to Somerset, where I rested for two days, for the double purpose of doing some requisite repairs to the waggons we were conveying, and also to have a day's shooting with my friend the Commandant.

Leaving Somerset, late on the third day we crossed the Little Fish River, and after a short march outspanned for the night at a Dutch farmer's house, or I should say near his house, for the inhospitable beggar had not the civility to ask us in. Next morning we were off by times, our road leading over the Bruintjes Hoogte, being nothing better than a constant succession of intensely steep acclivities, varied by equally difficult and most dangerous descents, the road in many places skirting precipices of hundreds of feet in depth; in fact, a more unpleasant place I never passed over, and it was not until night was far advanced that we got once more on level ground, and outspanned near a ruined farm-house, where our oxen had a good night's feed, although we could find no water for them. Next morning we started again, and reaching a small river gave the poor oxen their fill. As we got on, the country became much more open, and game more plentiful. Vast herds of spring-buck were seen, and several other kinds of antelope, and on several occasions ostriches were seen in the far distance, and I made up my mind that, 'please the pigs,' I would not return to Graham's Town without a trophy plucked by myself; but as I could not delay to hunt them then, I pushed on, and, after crossing and recrossing the serpentine Sunday River several times, we at length drew up in the village of Graaff Reinet.

This pretty little spot, with its quaint Dutch houses, verdant farms, luxuriant vineyards and gardens, forms a perfect oasis. Nearly surrounded by the river, and sheltered all round by high mountains covered with the ever green speck-boom, while the banks of the

river are thickly fringed with willows, acacias, and other graceful trees, covered with bright blossoming creepers, it is one of the most charming places I ever visited. All kinds of fruits and vegetables, foreign and European, grow in profusion, and in the gardens you may see the pear and the orange, the quince and the lemon, blossoming and bearing side by side; and over all the clearings, and among the bush, flowers of a thousand hues glitter and bloom in silver and gold and purple and scarlet, haunted by insects and butterflies as dazzling and varied in colour as themselves, but so swift and ceaseless in movement, that it is hard to tell which are the flowers and which are the insects, and in this delightful spot I was to remain. I had brought letters of introduction to a young farmer here from his friends at Graham's Town, and was agreeably surprised when I found he was in command of the force of militia, or Burgher-force, as it is called, for whom my cargo-of stores were intended, and a very few moments made us as thick as if we had known each other for a twelvemonth, and he at once gave me quarters in his own house, my men getting billets among the inhabitants of the village.

My friend, Mr. Andersen, was an extremely nice fellow. Born in Cape Town, and educated in Holland, he was very different from the neighbouring Dutch Boors, than whom a more selfish, disagreeable, uncivil set I never met with. Andersen had married young, and despairing of making a fortune in Cape Town, packed up his belongings and pitched his tent at Graaff Reinet as general merchant and farmer, and when I had the pleasure of sojourning with him was rapidly 'making a pile.' His wife was an extremely nice little body, but as she unfortunately spoke no language but Dutch, our intercourse during the fortnight I stayed with them was very limited, as my knowledge of that language was confined to *Fa* and *hien*, and a few phrases I had picked up from our Hottentot drivers, which were not quite *crème de la crème*! I however quite won her heart by the notice I took of a little duodecimo edition of herself, in the shape of a chubby little old-fashioned child, the very model of those you see in the masterpieces of Cuyper or Van der Meer.

After dinner we had a long conversation on sporting matters, and much to my delight my friend proposed a three days' trip towards the Black River, where he said I should be able to get something better than spring-buck to shoot at; and this being Saturday, we decided upon starting at daybreak on the Monday following. A pipe and a glass or two of 'Dutch square-face' wound up the evening.

At a most ungodly early hour on the day appointed I was roused out by my host, and after a tub in bitterly cold water, and a heavy breakfast, we started on horseback, Andersen informing me that his waggon had started some two hours before us. There had been a sharp frost during the night, and the morning air was most bracing and pleasant. Our route lay for some distance along the bank of the Sunday River, eventually turning off towards the distant range of mountains, and over a wide expanse of bush-covered plain, upon

which we saw hundreds of spring-buck and other small antelopes. As we rode onwards Andersen told me several of his adventures when hunting beyond the frontiers ; one of them was to this effect :

About two years before, he was hunting in the Bechuana country, and one day, when chasing a herd of elands, his horse fell with him, and bolting off, left him alone in his glory. To add to his misfortune, he found that his rifle stock had been broken in two in his fall, night was fast coming on, and he was a considerable distance from his waggons. Picking up his now useless rifle, he started off in the direction he supposed the camp to be, but darkness came before he could see anything of it. Under these circumstances all he could do was to camp out for the night ; and knowing that the plain abounded with lions, he chose his resting-place amongst the boughs of the most convenient tree he could find, and then, after taking ' a deep, deep ' drink ' at his flask, lit his pipe and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. It was not the first night by many that he had had to camp out, and he had no doubt but that by breakfast-time next morning he would be safe in his waggon. Well, he finished his pipe, and having fixed himself in the most comfortable fork he could find in the boughs, was just dropping off to sleep, when a terrific roar, just underneath, conveyed to him the exceedingly unwelcome intelligence that his whereabouts had been discovered by a lion prowling about in search of what he might find for his supper. Feeling perfectly safe, and thinking the animal would soon ' make tracks,' Andersen lit another pipe, but had not half smoked it out before his friend below was joined by *two* others. The moon by this time was shining brightly, and my friend was able to see that the blockading force consisted of a lion and two lionesses. Hour after hour passed, but they evinced no intention of taking their departure ; but still Andersen thought that when day broke they would retire, according to their usual custom, to the bush. The long night at last past, and the sun rose, but still the enemy remained crouched a few yards from the tree, and seeming never to take their eyes off their expected prey.

Andersen now began to feel exceedingly alarmed at his position ; his rifle was perfectly useless, and, to add to his discomfort, the pangs of hunger began to assail him ; fortunately his flask still held out, so that he had not thirst also to suffer from. And so the day slowly—oh how slowly !—passed on, until late in the afternoon, when to his delight he heard a distant shot. The lions evidently heard it too, for in a few moments the two ladies got up, and after a stretch and a yawn or two quietly slunk off, and were seen no more. But not so the old lion, he merely gave a move of his black tufted tail, as much as to say, ' They may go, but I've got you in a trap, and ' I'll bide my time ; ' but presently he became uneasy, and at length jumped up and bounded off with a half smothered roar, doubtless of disappointment. In a few moments the tramp of a horse was heard, and in less than five minutes Andersen was describing to one

of his companions his adventures of the night. It seems that his horse galloped straight back to camp, and his friends had been searching for him all night. They beat the bush for the lions and Andersen had the pleasure of shooting two of them. This and other stories of 'wild life' lightened our road, and after a ride of about twenty miles, we camped in a small belt of trees not very far from a small stream. After dinner we took our guns and had half an hour's hunt for guinea fowl and partridge (*floricant*); we bagged a few of each and a couple of spring-buck, and then returning to camp spent the rest of the day in doing nothing, turning in, in the waggon, early, so as to be ready for a hard day's ride next day. It was a bitterly cold night, and I was not sorry when daybreak came, and I found breakfast of hot coffee and grilled birds ready. This being done justice to, we mounted, and following the water course for about half a mile reached our ground.

The country before us was fairly level, and thickly covered with brushwood and the succulent dwarf trees called by the colonists speck-boom. It seemed actually covered with spring-buck, but we wanted rarer game, so Andersen examined it well through a field glass; at length he said, 'Well, there are ostriches there, and I fancy 'wilde beest, what you call gnu, further to the right, which shall it be?'

'Oh! the ostrich,' said I; 'it's one of my greatest ambitions to 'kill one.'

'All right, then, so be it;' so we turned our horses' heads across the wind and rode quietly for a mile or two, until we got to leeward of the flock, which I could now see consisted of five birds. They let us approach until we were not quite a quarter of a mile from them, and then they began to 'pull foot.' Telling me to ride close to him, Andersen gave his horse the spur, and, steering a course slightly diagonal to the one the birds were going, led the way at a splitting gallop, while I stuck to his skirts 'as close as a burr to a 'donkey's tail.'

For the first half-hour or so we gained nothing, but after nearly an hour's hard gallop, the flock suddenly separated, three of them going off nearly at a right angle. Singing out to me to stick to the two, Andersen followed the three. I now found I was rapidly gaining on my birds; the 'Admiral,' as I had named my horse, was going well, with plenty left in him, and I was thinking it was nearly time to get my rifle ready, when a crash! and all was over. My horse had put his foot in a hole, and, coming down heavily, pitched me yards over his head! For a moment or two I thought I was killed, but presently when I got my wind I sat up, and after a moment or two found I was all right, as far as legs and arms went, but woefully shaken. The Admiral was standing close to me blowing and trembling with fright, but otherwise, fortunately, unhurt. As soon as I could keep my feet I staggered over to him, and getting hold of my hunting flask, took a pretty strong nip of

'Queen's Own,' which pulled me together, and just as I was repeating the dose the dull sound of a shot down wind told me that Andersen had been more fortunate than myself.

Getting into the saddle with some difficulty, I rode to meet him, and on telling him my mishap he insisted on going back with me to the camp, and on our reaching it made me strip myself, and then he rubbed for half an hour sweet oil and rum mixed into every joint of my body, which remedy most certainly had the effect of removing nearly all the stiffness I felt from my fall. He had killed his bird, and had it not been for my accident would have gone after the wilde beests, but as it was he insisted upon my not going out again that day, and remained with me for company.

Next morning when I turned out I felt little or no ill effects from my fall, and after breakfast we started again, going over pretty nearly the same ground we had the day before, seeing immense numbers of spring-buck. On my making a remark to my comrade about them, he told me that occasionally, when it was an exceptionally dry season in the interior, what the colonists term the '*Trek-bokken*' took place, when countless herds of these pretty little creatures invade the colony like swarms of locusts, eating up and destroying every herb and blade of grass before them, and doing an immensity of harm and damage to the unfortunate settlers and farmers; that at these times the whole face of the country for miles and miles is covered with them until the rains set in up country, when they take their departure.

When we had ridden about a mile from the camp, I descried two ostriches in a little vale. Andersen was anxious to look for wilde beest, as they were getting exceedingly rare in the colony, but my heart was set upon riding an ostrich down, so we separated, he continuing on his path, I turning off to stalk the birds. There was not a breath of wind, and I conjectured that by riding carefully I should be able to reach a tuft of trees, near which the birds were feeding, without alarming them, and in this I succeeded perfectly. I was now not much more than four hundred yards from them, and giving 'Admiral' a touch of the spur I galloped straight for them. In an instant they were off, and, excited as I was, I could not avoid being struck by the gracefulness of their action, as with head perfectly erect, and wings very slightly lifted, they skimmed over the plain with a long easy step which betokened a long chase. For the first ten minutes I pressed my horse almost to his utmost, but finding I did not lessen the distance between the birds and myself, I took a pull at him, and concluded to ride a waiting race. And it was fortunate that I so decided, for at the expiration of quite forty minutes I had not sensibly decreased my distance. But presently I saw that one of the noble birds was evidently beginning to fag; his wings were drooping, and his head, instead of being held proudly erect, began to sway from side to side, and he could no longer keep up with his mate. The 'Admiral' was going as 'fresh as a daisy,' and I soon saw that I was gaining on the one bird rapidly, and in

another twenty minutes I was well within shot of him, but I determined to leave nothing to chance, so instead of pulling up and firing at him, I put on a spurt, and ranging up alongside, brought him down with a shot from over my knee. Pulling up and dismounting, I put a period to his misery, and then, lighting a pipe, sat down to contemplate him, and I must confess that I felt not a little proud and elated, but I was very young, and that must be my excuse. Having finished my pipe, I plucked the best of the white plumes from the wings, and one or two of the black body feathers, and cutting off one of his feet as an additional trophy, I mounted the 'Admiral' and looked round to see if I could see anything of Andersen. Failing to do so, I turned my horse's head towards the camp and amused myself with chasing and killing spring-buck until the 'Admiral' gave unmistakable signs of being pretty well done up, when, slinging a buck before me, I walked him slowly up to the waggon, and had just 'off-saddled' when Andersen hove in sight; he had not succeeded in falling in with the wilde beests, but had killed a couple of rhee bucks.

Next morning we started for home, and reached Graaff Reinet without adventure. I remained with my kind friends for a week after our expedition, and then was recalled to Graham's Town, and from that day to this I have never seen, or even heard of, my good friend Mynheer Andersen, or of his fat little *vrouw*, who, on my saying 'good-bye,' gave me a hearty kiss and informed me that I was 'her brother!'

F. W. B.

WITH HOUNDS.

The fox has fairly broke away,
The joyous wood resounds,
And crashing timbers yield to him
Who rides beside the hounds.

Stout fences are as wattled stakes;
Steep hills become as mounds;
While fickle fortune stands by him
Who rides up close to hounds.

Oh merry race to gain a place;
Oh pleasure where thy bounds?
Song fails to tell the ecstasy—
Alone, alone, with hounds!

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.

THE new year opened serenely. Peace was within our walls, and plenteousness, it is to be hoped, within our palaces. The accounts from the provinces were good—the country rode well, and though here and there were complaints of bad scent and want of rain, there was nothing much to grumble at. Londoners got over their Christmas festivities and ate their turkeys and pudding with resignation, while the long suffering and much complaining West End tradesmen had, we have reason to believe, about the best time they have experienced for some years. Everybody was seized with an insane desire to give presents to everybody else, and Regent Street and Bond Street were like the Boulevards the day before the *Jour de l'An*. Mr. Piver and Mr. Rimmel appeared to us to be the masters of the situation as well as the purses of the multitude, and from a ten-guinea *sachet*—a mere bagatelle, and a work of art into the bargain—down to a sixpenny card in which the grammar was not always on a par with the good wishes,—drove a roaring trade. Other people, too, who were neither glovers nor perfumers, improved the occasion, and you were invited to present the friend of your bosom with a pair of pannus corium boots, a coalscuttle, a box of seidlitz powders, or a corkscrew, with equal impartiality. We don't think the postmen much enjoyed New Year's Day, but then somebody must suffer in ministering to our enjoyment. Let us hope the Christmas-boxes supported them. The theatres shared in the general glut of money-spending, and managers entreated the numerous tribe of 'order' seekers in almost piteous terms to cease from troubling, at least for a while; so the daughters of the horse leech had to give over their cry, and ladies in bonnets were not so conspicuous in the private boxes. A first appearance of a young person of distinguished fashion at a transpontine theatre, where the spectacle of a fairy in diamonds much bewildered the gallery, caused a certain sensation, especially in clubland, the young person in question having many kind friends in that country. White ties were seen in the stalls in such numbers that it was feared there would be a Police row, and Colonel Henderson redoubled his precautions. Happily the Force were forbearing, and 'Baby's' *début* was unaccompanied with disorder. A row or two in that same clubland,—a little strong language (there is a good deal of it about),—and an undesirable chapter added to the history of the Irish peerage were among the incidents of the opening year that call for remark; and if we add that H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief was very nearly involved in a pugilistic encounter in Pall Mall, and that the Burlington Bumbledom, before alluded to in the 'Van,' was again rampant, but happily received a snub from Mr. Arnold,—we think we have mentioned the chief little social amenities and scandals of the day.

'Twas the voice of the 'Kingsbury Resident,' we heard him complain, that gate-money race meetings had vexed him again, and very sorry for him we are, but how to relieve him and the other resident at Streatham from 'this awful influx of vice' attendant on suburban gatherings we know not. We are no friends to them ourselves, looking upon them as schools for all sorts of unsportsmanlike practices, to use no harsher term; and there is no doubt that people who dwell within their area and influence are subject to much annoyance, and are deeply to be sympathised with. An irruption into a quiet suburb of some thousands of the biggest scoundrels and blackguards that our great Babylon can produce is not pleasant to the residents; but if the latter utter a

cry of complaint, the racing papers come down on them with their heaviest adjectives, and they are told that their assertions are 'audacious,' that the meetings are 'respectably conducted,' that a Boxing-day rabble behaved with the greatest propriety, and such things as drinking booths, swindling, roeping, &c., 'exist only in the imaginations of the complainers.' This is *rather* strong, but 'in the interests of sport' (?) we must not be particular to a shade, and these objectionable 'residents' are to be crushed at all hazards. 'The interests of sport!' Rather say the interests of Mr. William Sykes and his friends,—the three-card men, the welshers, the thieves, and if we add to them the interests of Captain Shunt and Captain Armstrong, who land or lose many a nice little *coup* in the Metropolitan circle, we have mentioned the chief aims and objects of suburban races. There is no doubt that the meetings are 'respectably conducted' in one sense, because the Messrs. Verrall are the clerks of the course at most of them, and these gentlemen strive to keep them as pure as they can; but the elements of which they are composed are against them, and would defy the purest. What makes the residents' case so hard is that it is not once a year only that they have to put up with the infliction. That might be borne, but we are afraid to say how many meetings there are at or near Kingsbury, Bromley, West Drayton, &c. The first named is specially favoured in this respect, and from spring to winter the poor residents have a lively time. One of the sporting journals said, by the way, that the non-racing inhabitants of Newmarket, Doncaster, and Epsom were much more inconvenienced, and would have juster cause for complaint than Kingsbury and Co. The editor must be a wag. Does he not know that the thrifty inhabitants of those towns would gladly have a race meeting every week, if they could, and grind the bones of racing men to make their bread in a weekly mill? Complaint! Their only complaint is that they don't have meetings enough. But we must leave the 'Kingsbury Resident' and his brother sufferers to their fate. We fear we cannot help them, and what to suggest we hardly know. The Right Honourable Robert might be applied to. He has already got into hot water, and a little more won't scald him. Interfering with the amusements of the people, and a great deal would of course be made of *that*, might hasten a consummation which, if 'the resident' be, as we shrewdly suspect, a good Conservative, would not be entirely disagreeable to him. Let him think of it.

We are writing before the weights have appeared for the Spring Handicaps, but still the entries are suggestive, and the somewhat astonishing fact that large sums of added money do not bring large fields has dawned upon us. The Lincoln Handicap, with a thousand added, 500*l.* by the members of Tattersall's ('Cast thy bread upon the waters,' &c.), is the only one of the early handicaps that does not exhibit a falling off, the worst being the Northamptonshire Stakes, which has been gradually declining for the last five or six years. The Liverpool Grand National, with its 800*l.* added; the Chester Cup, with its 500*l.*, have failed to bring together a large entry, and the prospects of the racing year look the more dismal because it was very confidently anticipated that these large additions to some of the old established races would infallibly attract an increased number of subscribers. The quality is good. We are pleased to see his owner has reconsidered his determination about 'the Prince of the T.Y.C.' and the bonny chestnut figures again in the nominations. The Lincoln Handicap boasts such names as Eole II., Wenlock, Drummond, Shannon, Vanderdecken, Kaiser, Lilian, Salvagos, Lighthouse, Andred, Chandos, Pompadour, &c., among the older horses; whilst with such three-year-olds as Newry, Eve, Sugarcane, Queen's Huntsman, and Lily Agnes,

the field promises to be exceptionally good. And, as the eye travels down the list of nominators in this and other handicaps and sweepstakes, one cannot help wondering what the English Turf would be, or, if that is too strong an expression, at least what Newmarket would be, without the aid of M. Lefevre. Eleven nominations in the Lincoln Handicap alone, five in the Brocklesby, and every two-year-old race of the least importance exhibiting on an average about the same number; while to reckon up the handicap entries would take time we cannot spare,—with 70 horses or thereabout in training at Phantom Cottage, and a *baras* at Chamant, near Compiègne, where there are about two-and-twenty brood mares, four sires, and forty yearlings, more or less, surely this is a wonderful establishment, and to which Danebury and Whitewall, in the days of their glory, could not be compared. Chamant, where the lords of the harem are Mortemer, Dutch Skater, and Vulcan, must be a charming spot, with exercise and training grounds on which every care has been lavished,—a feeder to Phantom Cottage, a nursery where the future heroes and heroines of the tricolour see the light, and show the mettle of their pastures. The magnitude of the interests the owner of all this wealth of horseflesh possesses must call for unwearied attention one would suppose on his part combined with faithful and zealous serving on the part of his subordinates. There is no reason to believe that either is wanting, and with a charming residence at both Chamant and Newmarket, M. Lefevre may be said to enjoy not only racing, but what the late Lord Zetland was credited with infinitely preferring,—the home pleasures of the breeding establishment and the training ground,—or as Mr. Corbet has well expressed it in one of his sporting sketches, 'the beauty and poetry of the thoroughbred horse's life.' This M. Lefevre ought to possess in perfection, and to such a good and munificent sportsman we cordially wish something more,—a return for his labours of love and expenditure of money, in the gallant struggles and keen excitement of the racecourse, with his colours first at the chair.

When has there been such an open season as we are now enjoying, and when have hunting men ever been so blessed as now? They will begin to cry out for a little frost soon, if only to give rest to their stables. The following budget from a valued correspondent of doings with the Fitzwilliam, Oakley, and Cambridgeshire, came to hand last month too late for insertion; but, as it is too good to be lost, we make no apology for giving it our readers now, especially as the same hand has most kindly added to his parcel an account of some more recent proceedings.

The scent in these three countries has been very variable, never brilliant; notwithstanding some good days have occurred, and hounds have killed their foxes, particularly the Cambridgeshire. One incident is worth mentioning with the Oakley. After a hunting run of some duration, the hounds working beautifully, but slowly, to the river bank, not far from Hornbury Hall, the Master, as he always is, was with his hounds, and had the pleasure of a 'nod' from the fox, who was shaking himself on the opposite bank, having just emerged from a good swim, for the river is wide, and the hounds having gone down to it with a bad scent, were slow to cross it, and it was a longer distance to a bridge. The Master's look of dismay is easier to imagine than describe. Of course, afterwards, the fox had the best of it. The festivities at Kimbolton bore a truly foxhunting type from beginning to end. Commencing on the Monday with a capital run with the Cambridgeshire from a covert near Kimbolton, the fox, running well through their own woods, crossed the brook, and facing the Fitzwilliam country, ran very hard from scent to view, and was rolled over near Ellington Gorse. The next day the Oakley met at

Kimbolton Castle, and a brilliant meet it was, including many fair equestrians, several Masters of hounds, and a splendid *cortège* from the Castle. A fox was found in a covert close to the Park wall; a nice hunting run through the Cambridgeshire woods to Brampton Park, and on to the river near Huntingdon, where the Master was again doomed to a watery disappointment, and the fox was not brought to hand. This same evening there was a splendid ball at the Castle, numbering between two and three hundred, which was rendered brilliant and gay, not only by the costumes or the fair sex, but by the scarlet of fox-hunters, and the uniforms of the Duke's Light Horse Volunteers, many of whom were present. In so numerous an assemblage it would be invidious to mention names; but there is one that carries out the fox-hunting type in so marked a degree, that it must be written 'George Carter,' the celebrated huntsman of the Fitzwilliam hounds, and who was especially honoured by passing through a quadrille with Lady Mary, who became Duchess of Hamilton the next morning. We may just add that George Carter's 'steps' were as much admired in the ball-room as his riding across country. It is hardly necessary to say that the wedding went off next day most propitiously, and that every arrangement was conducted judiciously and with the greatest liberality.

Charles the Third, as he may fairly be called, having succeeded Charles the Second, who ruled three years, and who became Master of the Cambridgeshire on the abdication of Charles the First, after a reign of thirty-eight years, for reasons that were never clearly understood by the fox-hunting world,—well, Charles the Third has commenced the new year with two or three good days' sport, and found good foxes both at Wimpole and Waresley. These foxes seem as if they would take the old line of country, as in the days of Charles the First, for one of the runs alluded to was from Wimpole, by Eversden, Kingston, Hardwicke Wood, Drayton, and Madingley, and they pulled him down near the road from Cambridge to Huntingdon. Our correspondent thus writes as to the Huntsman and his Master. 'Bailey may not be so *fast* as some of the *fast* men in the shires would like, but he lets his hounds hunt, and has them well in hand, and they kill their foxes; but there is no doubt Mr. Lindsell is an able coadjutor—he does not interfere with his huntsman, but has a peculiar knack of accelerating proceedings at the 'nick of time and bringing his fox to hand.' Although there have been no doings to compare with the Kimbolton festivities, yet Bedfordshire has ushered in the new year with four hunt balls, where scarlet prevailed, viz., Wrest, Bedford, Biggleswade, and last, not least, at Woburn Abbey, and on each occasion hounds met near in the morning, or rather almost mid-day, which is now rather too much the fashion. There was yet another gay meeting that should not be forgotten, and that held its own under, as some said, difficulties; but when did not 'the noble science,' and particularly on its patriarchal ground, run to win. By the bye, we must relate a story that came to us from the Midlands. A gentleman riding well to the hounds went, as he thought, artistically at a fence, his horse fell, and, as too often happens, the next man followed him too closely and jumped on him and fell, rolling on his leader, who addressed him in rather unparliamentary language and expected a sharp reply; judge his surprise when he found his friend silent, caused by his being stunned or the wind knocked out of him. Sequel: both soon were at work again. We cannot close our remarks without drawing attention to one of the cleverest packs of harriers in the world, kept near the residence of Charles the Third, by Mr. George Rose, whose innate modesty, we believe, prevents his name and doings oftener appearing in print. The pack, about 18 couples, we may say are perfect in shape—height 18 inches—and condition; hunted rather in the

tallyho style, to meet the times and their field, but yet with such nice discrimination that they will stoop to the lowest scent and work out the intricacy of the chase like the smallest beagles. They had a splendid run to begin the new year, finding their hare on the estate of Charles the First, and at least going over seven miles, an extensive ring, and finishing with blood.

Lord Portsmouth has kindly sent us a diary of some of his best runs during the last two months, which will be read with interest. His lordship says: 'I have not had such a good December and early January for many years. Never remember so many flying foxes in the country, nor, on the whole, a better season than this has been.' Nov. 22. Met at Seckington Cross; found in Weekhouse Brake, and ran down the valley to Bridge; then turned back to Hollacombe Wood and Winkleigh Wood, over Batford Moor to Flash Down. The fox then made for Eggesford Village to Burrowcleave, where we changed, going away over Hawkridge Farm to Nymett Rowland. Here the fresh fox turned to the right by Gilscoth on to Foly, close to Niccolls Nymett, and then again short to the right over Staddon Moors to North Tawton Wood, where the hounds were stopped at dark, after running 5 hours and 25 min. Nov. 27. Met at New Buildings, Sandford, and found in Swannaton Wood; went away through Kennerleigh Wood to Kennerleigh Woolfardisworthy, then turned a little to the right towards Stockleigh English, through Pughill Village, Marsh Farm, to Cheriton Mill, Cadbury, Cadely, and then keeping straight east to the River Exe, just below Bickly Bridge, following the river downwards through Bidwell, Court Hayes, to Throverton, on to Yellaford, to Brampford Speke, where they killed him in the open: 2 hours and 40 min. Dec. 4. Met at Morchard Road Station; found in Wale's covert and chopped him; went away with another, and had a fast 35 min., killing their fox at Park Mill. Found again in the Alderplot, where the hounds divided, one lot killing their fox close to Eggesford House in 15 min., the others running their fox hard. We got the hounds together and killed the fourth fox, after running him 3 hours. Dec. 6. Met at Meshaw Moor, and had a fast 35 min. and killed. Found again in Aston Plantation, had 15 min. and killed. The third fox was in Borough Brake, and we had a capital 20 min. to ground at Wixton Wood. Dec. 13. Met at Morchard Bishop, chopped the first fox in Coombe Park; found again in Morchard Wood, had a good hunting run: 2 hours and 20 min. Stopped the hounds at dark. Dec. 20. Met at Thelbridge Cross; found in Mr. Strong's brake; had a good 35 min. to ground in the Cheldon valley. Found again in Ponsford brake; had a capital hunting run, and killed at Aston: 2 hours and 40 min. Dec. 22. Met at North Tawton Station; chopped the first fox in Barton Moor; found again at Stadden Moor; had a capital run, killing him at Southcott: 1 hour and 40 min. Jan. 5. Met at Partridge Walls; found plenty of foxes, but the scent was very bad, and we could do no good. We found a fox at Coldridge Brake in the afternoon, and had a rattling 55 min. without a check; killed him at Niccolls Nymett. Jan. 8. Met at Ash Moor; found in Creacombe Brake; went away, pointing for Bable Hill, then turned to left over Ash Moor and ran up wind to Beaul Court to Winswood Moor. Here we got on the line of a moved fox, and running into the Cheldon valley lost him. Two couple of hounds stuck to their fox, and ran him back to Mr. Coby's Brake, where they drove him under a farze rick, where he was left. First 1 hour 30 min. was very brilliant.'

The division of Worcestershire appears to have given general satisfaction, and hounds are now hunting seven times a week, where formerly three days a week,

and—not so very long ago either—five a fortnight was the rule. Foxes are now more plentiful because the country is regularly and fairly hunted, and they make better points and show better sport. Mr. Ames, who took the Worcestershire (the Old Worcestershire, as they are now called) this season, does all he can to ensure sport, and promises to be a popular master. The pack have been doing very well lately, and a run from Round Hill to Ragley, and a good hunting run from Clevehill Wood have been amongst their best days. Lord Coventry's hounds had capital sport cub-hunting, and their good fortune has stuck to them during November and December. Amongst the many good runs the following days are conspicuous:—

November 20th. Elmley Castle: A capital hunting run of 1 hour 50 min. in the varied scenery of Bredon Hill and the vale of Evesham, killing at Hinton. Nov. 22nd. Severn Stoke: Found at Severn Bank, and killed in the open, near Tewkesbury,—a seven-mile point. Dec. 2nd. Hagley Dingle: Found at the Ashes, and killed at Cradley, in the Ledbury country. Dec. 4th. Elmley Castle: One hour 35 min. and killed; a capital run with their second fox, and had to be whipped off in the dark. Dec. 9th. Old Hills: Found at New Coppice, and killed at the Croome Menagerie: 2 hours 50 min. The hounds swam the Teme and the Severn, and for three quarters of an hour were by themselves, but when Price got to them not a hound was missing. Dec. 18th. New Inn, Cropthorne: 24 minutes over a flying country, and ran right into him in the open; pace a cracker. Dec. 20th. Dunstall Castle: A good 50 min. run and killed. Dec. 24th. Fladbury Cross: One hour 40 min. to ground at Bishampton. Jan. 13. Severn End: 45 min. and killed their first fox in the open; 1 hour 30 min. with their second, and rendered a similar account of him.

The Pytchley have had quite their fair share of sport, and Squires tries hard to show it. He is a favourite with his field, and possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and dry chaff that is most amusing. He shut up a swell Tailbyte the other day in a way that caused an infinite amount of jesting. The gentleman in question, who thinks no end of himself, his horses, his riding, &c., was talking some nonsense to Squires at the covert side, the latter listening with attention, and when the gentleman had finished he said, in his dry, quiet way, 'Had good sport in Warwickshire lately, sir, and is Leamington pretty full?' The delight of the swell at being taken for a Leamington water-drinker was of course intense, especially as several of his intimate friends had overheard the conversation.

The *suaviter in modo* is the best line after all. Squires, we hear, seeing a crack gorse entirely surrounded by would-be sportsmen, said to his first whip, 'Now, Tom, this covert is surrounded with gentlemen. Go and ask them to come away; but mind, Tom, you speak to them prettily, just as if you were courting some young girl,' and Tom, who is a very civil young man, succeeded.

The Duke of Grafton met at Radston on Friday, the 9th, and after spending an hour trying to induce a fox to leave Brackley Gorse, he was left in peace. Strange enough, in the next field, in a small ash-pole spinny, one of the right sort was waiting for them, and the hounds getting away close to him, they went as hard as they could race to Whitfield, over the brook (a bumper after the rain) to Whitfield Spinnies, where they had a slight check. Beers, however, quickly recovered the line, and they went on, at a good holding pace, by Biddlesdon, leaving Whistley Wood on the left, to Bucknells; time to this point, 1 hour 10 minutes. The majority of the field left here, not relishing the prospect of an afternoon in the forest, with the rides up to their girths; but those

who remained had a real treat. The hounds never left their fox, but drove him through Bucknells into the adjoining Whittlebury Woods, where no doubt they changed, running back through Bucknells again, and they were finally stopped at Shalebrook at 4.30, having been running three hours and a half. On Monday, the 12th, after running a fox to ground from Stowe Wood, they went on to Mantle's Heath, got away at once through Knightley Wood up to Maidford, leaving that on the left, on to Blakesley, and then to Green's Norton, over the railway. Here they turned to the left over the high road into Easton Neston Park, where they got up to him, raced him across the fields, and killed at Heathercote; 1 hour 10 minutes, and 9 miles from point to point—as good a hunting run as any one could wish to see. Hounds could run hard on the grass, but had to work for their fox on the plough. Frank Beers has got these hounds to the highest pitch of perfection. The condition he brings them out in, and the skilful way he handles them, is beyond all praise. They are never interfered with or pressed upon by the field,—and should any unfortunate being, either unable to hold his horse, or by any other mischance, get in their way, the Duke's quiet remonstrance will effectually keep him from doing any more mischief for that day at all events.

The Quorn have been having wonderful sport lately. The 21st Dec. was a bye-day at Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreack. Drew Cossington Gorse, ran about four fields and back to the covert; went away with another close at his brush, and they regularly raced for thirty-five minutes, running every horse to a standstill (over the Hoby and Shoby country—no finer in England), when they checked, the fox having turned short to the right. We soon got his line again and ran at a good pace (but not so fast as before) for twenty minutes more, and fairly knocked him over in the open. Found next in Mr. Coupland's stick covert, got away close at him, and fairly raced him to death in 35 minutes, killing in the open as before. Friday: Found in Cream Gorse, and raced for fifteen minutes; changed foxes, and ran on to Grimston Gorse; could not make him out any further. Found in Welby Fishponds, ran to Holwell Mouth, and killed. This was a real good day, the first run was first-rate. Saturday: A capital day in the Widmerpool country; an hour with the first fox, and an hour and ten minutes with second, to ground.

The Atherstone had a grand hunting run on the 9th from Twelve Acres to the top of the Hemplow. The way the hounds worked and Castleman hunted them was the admiration of all who care about the noble science, while the jumping division also had as much as they could wish for. The Marquis of Queensberry, who lost his hat early, Captain 'Driver' Browne, Captain Pritchard-Rayner, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Marriott, Miss Davy, and Mr. George Darby, were the pioneers; and John Pye must be a clairvoyant, for he said when they found, 'Now for a run to Stanford Hall,' his prediction being fulfilled to the letter. So he must be ranked among the major prophets.

They do funny things in West Wilts. On the 7th of January, when the meet was at Potterne, they brought out a fox in an immense trunk perched in a donkey cart! The feelings of the master, Col. Everett, may be imagined. We hope for his sake that the farce of Box and Fox will not be repeated.

The Fife hounds have given up 'bumbling,' and run like blazes every day, very often clean away from the field, which speaks volumes for them. They were stopped for a day or two in the early part of the month, but on the 8th had a wonderfully good day, the meet being at Balcarres, the find at Lathallan, from which a stout fox got away, and with the advantage, to him, of a check soon after the find, he led the field a merry dance of it. The scent soon got

very good, and for an hour and twenty-five minutes the hunting was everything that could be desired, the fox being run into in the park at Mount Melville.

In Hampshire with the H. H., Hambledon, and the 'Little Hursley,' the sport for the last month has been most excellent. Mr. Deacon says he never had so good a season. Monday, the 19th, from Bradley, was one of the most extraordinary runs ever seen in Hampshire. The bounds ran for twelve miles without once being touched; they still went on, and it is thought that altogether they must have gone over from twenty-five to thirty miles: horses had quite enough. On Tuesday, the 20th, from the Anchor (Ropley), they found in Sutton Wood, and after twenty-five minutes ran to ground in a hedgerow close to Lower Lanham. Found again in Grillett. Went away, leaving Medstead on the right, also Chawton Park, through Bushyleak and straight on nearly to the Golden Pot, a meet of the H. H., where they ran into him. A fine hunting run. They have had many other good runs worthy of record if space would allow it.

The Hambledon have had their share of the good things. A very good 25 minutes from the meet of Upham Pond. January the 9th they found in Durwood, leaving Preshaw Park just on the right, and lost at Beacon Hill. Phillips was too ill to hunt them, and Mandeville took the horn and hunted them in good form. On Friday the 16th they met at Warnford Park; found a brace in the osier bed, went over Old Winchester Hill, then turned on the left over the water meadows by Warnford, and ran to ground at Brookwood. A very good 35 minutes. They had some distance to go on to draw for another, as they were in the H. H. country. Found again in Henwood; went away from that large covert directly through Moody's Hanger, over Old Winchester Hill, by the gorse, then over the Flat towards Stoke Woods; but the wind was too strong for him, and he turned on the right and ran to Extos village, where they checked. A heavy storm of wind and rain came on, and they could only now and then touch upon him, and were obliged to give him up in Warnford Park. A very good day's sport, and hounds thoroughly deserved a fox. On Wednesday, January the 21st, they met at Marwell Hall, found a brace directly, went away with only Phillips, Captain Northwick, Captain Davidson, and three others, names unknown. They ran by the rough ground at Fair Oak, and ran to ground in Greenwood. A capital 25 minutes over a very strong and rough country. A good many came to grief.

Sir Jervoise Clarke Jervoise gave to the members of the hunt and their friends an invitation to a ball at Farnham, which came off on Thursday, the 22nd, and gave universal satisfaction and enjoyment. There is to be a change next season in the Mastership: Mr. Walter Long, son of the present Master, Mr. Walter Jervis Long, takes upon himself the onerous duties. It is a subject of congratulation to the hunt that the Mastership continues in the same family. The Hursley had a very good run into the Hambledon country on Monday, the 12th, from Stoneham Park, going over the Winchester and Southampton Canal and the Itchen. Only Mr. Drake got through, but was a long time about it. Others went round and got to them at Allington; went by Stoke Park, through Barn's Copse, then on the left by Fisher's Pond, over Colden Common, and killed in the Brick Kiln covert just beyond Twyford. A most capital hunting run over a fine line of country.

The old Berkeley had a wonderful succession of sport in the third week of January. Monday, 12th January, with the dog pack, met at Missenden, and found in the Abbey Woods. Ran very fast towards Hyde Heath, over the Aylesbury Road, by Little Missenden to Todds Wood, and on to Shardeloes,

over the park to Coleshill, and ran into their fox on the door-step of General Warde's house. A brilliant 35 minutes, Mr. Drake riding quite in his old form, and was the only one with the hounds the last ten minutes.

Thursday, 15th, met at Penn: the lady pack. Found at once, and ran very fast through the King's Wood towards Wycombe; a ring to the left towards Holtspur. Here a check of 5 minutes. The hounds then struck the line and ran fast again to Witheridge, and finally caught their fox themselves in a three-hundred-acre covert of Lord Howe's—a brilliant 50 minutes from the time of finding. Saturday, 17th, the dog pack met at Harefield Village. Found at half-past two, and ran fast over the grass over the valley to Moor Park—here the fox and hounds only a field apart—ran the water-meadows, and crossed the railroad, canal, and river Colne, and made for Long Valley. Here a check of 5 minutes; then out over the open to Lord Essex's, and through Lord Clarendon's woods to Mr. Jones Lloyd's. Slow hunting then to Sheet Anchor Common, and then hounds got on better terms, and finally ran their fox to ground at Shendish at 4.15. The ground covered was twelve to fifteen miles, it being a good ten-mile point on the map.

On account of the paucity of foxes at Latimer and the Grove Coverts Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Blount (the joint masters) have sent in their resignation. It is much to be hoped that the owners of the above-mentioned estates will in future promise to support the Hunt. For the last five seasons the sport has been beyond the average of former years. The hounds are now quite fashionable—full of Mr. Drake's, the Belvoir, and Lord Yarborough's blood; they are very level—plenty of drive and tongue. Should the two gentlemen resign, it will be a very hard matter to replace them. Mr. Drake gives them his valuable experience in all the kennel arrangements; in fact, the whole turn-out is most creditable.

The Rev. John Russell, we hear, has been paying a visit to Mr. Gregson, at Bramham House, after having been nearly a week at Sandringham, and is reported as youthful in mind and body as ever. Mounted by the master, Mr. Lane Fox, he hunted two days with the Bramham Moor, and was fortunate in seeing a good hunting run from Breary Spring with the dog pack, who killed their fox after one hour and five minutes, on Wednesday the 7th. The 'ladies' on the following Friday, from Catterton Spring and Shire Oaks, after killing a fox without much work in the morning, had a better scent later in the day, and exhibited, for 45 minutes, their power both of 'running' and 'hunting,' most satisfactorily. He expressed himself (as indeed no such judge could fail to do) in the highest terms of the performances in the field of both the packs. He was also especially struck by the remarkable knowledge of hounds and hunting possessed by the Master. George Kingsbury's performances as huntsman also met with his approbation, though he wished in the large wood of the Shire Oaks to have heard just a little more of his voice. In kennel the number and excellence of the stud dogs especially excited his admiration, and the entries of the two last seasons he thought magnificent.

At the end of December the hounds of Mr. Trelawny had some unusually hard running over Dartmoor. In the last eleven days of the year they killed thirteen foxes and earthed five, with chases more or less severe. On the 23rd they had twenty-seven minutes over the open moor, with a kill, and another of thirty-five minutes, earthing in the Dungeon, at Pyles, and racing from first to last. A third fox went away over the open wild, *in terra domibus negata*—alternately chasing and hunting—and with an increasing pace they pressed him on—on, till, after a brilliant spin, they forced him to jump on to the top of a

hovel, and he fell back amongst the hounds: time, one hour and twelve minutes. A very severe day for horses. The entry of the year, more particularly those by a son of Sir Watkin Wynne's Royal out of his Gratitude, have been doing extremely well.

On Monday, January 12, the Duke of Beaufort met at Trouble House; found in the adjoining plantation a short running fox, with the scent indifferent and catching; forced him away over the Tetbury road, and after slow hunting inch by inch for nearly two hours from the find, got up to him at Pacey's Gorse, and ran into him after a quick scurry. This fox was killed by the skill and perseverance of Lord Worcester. He left his hounds alone while they could own the line, and when they threw up, by judicious lifting at the critical moment he got nearer and nearer and then ran into him handsomely. This is precisely that peculiar quality in a huntsman wherein the non-professional usually fails, and which places Lord Worcester in the foremost rank of gentlemen huntsmen. If sport can be had with hounds upon a half scent, he is safe to show it. Found again in the afternoon in Ashley Marsh; went away, leaving Shipton Wood to the right, at a fair pace to Charlton Park, where he ran the rounds of the park, and, after skulking about the ditches, was forced away and killed in the Malmesbury road, near Neweaston.

Wednesday, January 14. Killed a brace of foxes in the morning, after fast and short spins; found afterwards in Foxley Grove, and, after a ring of eight minutes, went away at the best pace towards Pinkney Park; leaving it on the right, crossed the Foss road, the hounds streaming away and carrying a grand head, passing by Baker's Gorse to the left, on nearly to Surrendel Wood, back to Foxley Grove and to Pinkney Park, where the hounds were stopped, it being perfectly dark. Mr. Cator, of Trewsbury, and Lord Worcester had the best throughout; very fast from beginning to end.

Monday, January 19. East Titherton: Found in Christian Mutford Wood; ran a ring over the vale at the best pace, in which Lord Charles Beresford was conspicuous, and then away with a will—heads up and racing on to Bremhill Wood, where he went to ground after a chase of 1 hour 50 minutes. The pace was extreme and without a check; and when these splendid hounds—faultless in symmetry and nose—once set to work upon a high scent, those who know somewhat of hunting are aware what pace really means. None of the field put in an appearance for six minutes after the fox had been earthed.

The Vale of White Horse have had some good runs. Saturday, January 10, at Down Amney; found at Driffeld, ran through Hare Hill to Ampney Park, fast, and killed at Wiggard: 50 minutes. On Tuesday, January 20—Stratton House—found in the Hare Bushes, going away to Whiteway, Ragged Hedge, on to Yellow School Cover to Braunton, near to Dunksbourne Grove, turning to Hinton's Gorse, by Baginton to Coombe End, Rendcomb, leaving Cesney House to the left, Perrott's brook to the right, and pulling him down near Calmsden Gorse, the latter part very fast. Another fox, found at Ampney, went away over Barnsley Wold, Pindrup Moor and Chedworth, turning back for Barnsley Wold, and went to ground near Foss Cross: time, 1 hour and 20 minutes. These hounds are showing good sport this season, and Worrall brings them out in good condition. The young hounds have entered well, and are running hard. Those by Lord Portsmouth's Render, straining back to Lincoln by Belvoir Guider, and by Lord Coventry's Roman, are amongst the most prominent.

In the notice of the members of Mr. Garth's hunt in 'Country Quarters'

last month the names were accidentally omitted of Mr. Bullock Webster, of Binfield Court, well known with his famous little grey horse; Mr. Thomas Harman, of Sindlesham House, one of the oldest members of the hunt; and Mr. Porter, of White Knights, all keen lovers of the sport and forward riders. Of lady riders none hold a better place, or are more accomplished horsewomen, than the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Peel and Miss Coningham, of Ascot.

Among the numerous communications we have been favoured with respecting Tom Olliver, perhaps the most interesting is from a correspondent at Cheltenham, near which town Olliver lived for several years. He trained on Clere Hill, where the Holmans' stables now are. For several years previously to 1857 he resided here, until, meeting with adverse fortune, he shook off the dust of this modern Capua from his feet and went to sojourn at Wroughton, where he died. During his stay at Cheltenham he kept open house, squandered all he earned, and now and then in giving his hand to his friends *had a pen in it*, which involved him in proceedings under the Bill of Exchange Act. The last feather which broke the camel's back was a bill of sale, which one of his friends persuaded him to give 'as a protection,' and this settled him. It became necessary for him to take a journey to Ipswich—which place, under the old insolvency law (now repealed) was celebrated for the speedy process of whitewashing which an amiable, deaf, and indolent judge used on all poor debtors who came before him, particularly if they were introduced by a friend of his at the bar, who evidently had the 'ear of the court.' No opposition by obdurate and rascally creditors was ever listened to in this Court of Relief for Insolvent Debtors, and Tom would most certainly have been turned out *whole* if the hedge lawyer to whom he had entrusted his case had managed to get a *bonâ fide* creditor to imprison him instead of a fictitious person with a forged I O U. This little device was too much for the benevolent judge to pass as formal and legal, and so Tom, who took his own line from this point, thought it best to fight his troubles out on his own dunghill. To the Bristol Bankruptcy Court he therefore boldly appealed, but he soon found that the rules of this court were, to a man of his peculiar pursuits, hard to comply with. Filing accounts gave him and his accountant a deal of trouble. *Vivâ voce* examinations in open court gave him much more. He palpably funk'd being interrogated by a learned counsel, employed by the assignees of his estate, who, without being the least opposed to him, in reality was seeking to upset the bill of sale, under which, as Tom told the court, he had been literally 'cobwebbed.'

If there was anything that Tom Olliver hated and feared it was law. Law, he said, was like a country dance, you got led up and down by your coquettish partner—your attorney—till you were tired, but never satisfied. At Bristol the staid and reverend commissioner, Mr. Hill, looked with a frowning brow several times at the bankrupt steeple-chase rider, as he answered the pressing interrogatories of the opposing lawyer in his peculiarly emphatic but rather evasive manner. 'Tell the court, Mr. Olliver,' said Mr. Abbott, with considerable *empressement*; 'why did you sell Battery for so small a sum as 8l.?' 'Why did I sell him for 8l.?' quoth Tom; 'because I couldn't get any more.' 'Bankrupt,'—here interposed the Commissioner—'be careful. Do not prevaricate.' 'Look here, your honour,' spoke out our poor badgered friend, 'you must excuse me if my answers don't meet with your approval, *but off the pig-skin I'm the biggest fool in England.*' It took ten minutes for the Commissioner to recover his gravity. The audience took more time, and, occasionally,

burst out in fresh places during the rest of the examination. It is probably in the recollection of many of Tom's friends how his examination at Bristol ended. How that, mistaking the silent demeanour of the Commissioner, who was simply cogitating in his mind whether he should give him a first, second, or third class certificate, and construing it into a sign of impending wrath, poor Tom suddenly bolted from the court. How that the Commissioner, when turning towards the witness-box to lay on a little mild rebuke before giving Tom his discharge, noticed his absence, and, being informed of his flight, ordered the bailiffs of the court to catch him. How that the bailiffs came back in about half an hour, breathless and *Bacchi plenus*, to say that they not only couldn't catch Tom, but could not even catch sight of him; and how that, after several months' needless retirement, Tom purged his contempt of court by appearing in person before the Commissioner, who, with the utmost cordiality and good temper, not only gave him his discharge, but some pleasant advice along with it, with which he blended his best wishes for the future of the eccentric bankrupt.

Many of the barristers of the Oxford Circuit, and those who happened to be at the assizes held at Gloucester soon after the above occurrence, will remember when Olliver was called as a witness in an action wherein the assignees of his estate were plaintiffs against the holder of the bill of sale above mentioned; how he (quite unintentionally) shut up a counsel—now an eminent Q.C.—whose rôle on this occasion was to get out of Tom, amongst other things, why he sold Battery—a horse of some merit as a chaser—at so small a figure as 8*l*. The mention of Battery opened an old wound, and Tom at once got his bristles up. He felt more at home under the rule and guidance of Baron Martin, who was trying the cause, than he did beneath the calm, cold eye of Commissioner Hill; and he faced his interrogator with a demeanour that created much interest and amusement.

Mr. P. (the Counsel).—'Now, Mr. Olliver, you have always evaded this question. I will have a straightforward answer from you to-day. What made you sell this valuable steeple-chase horse for so small a sum as 8*l*.? He was a first-rate horse, wasn't he?'

Olliver.—'First rate? Well that's a matter of opinion. He couldn't carry a babby, and it took three men to hold him.' (*Laughter.*)

Mr. P.—'But he won several times?'

Olliver.—'Lost oftener.' (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. P.—'This may be very amusing, but I must pin you to the point. Why did you sell him so cheap?'

Olliver (very deliberately).—'Well then, if you must know, he had a leg.' (*More laughter.*)

Mr. P. (with much naïvete).—'I suppose he had. He had four legs, hadn't he?'

Olliver.—'Yes, certainly; but he had a very particular one!' (*Renewed laughter, in which the judge joined heartily.*)

Mr. P.—'Oh! you won't get out of answering by this unintelligible foolery. Let me know, sir, what do you mean by a leg?'

Olliver (smiling blandly on the learned counsel, and pointing backwards over his left shoulder with his thumb to the judge, without moving a muscle of his face).—'Ask the Baron, he can tell you.'

After the roars of hilarity had subsided, Baron Martin, in the most simple and intelligible way, spiced with considerable irony, informed the learned

counsel what 'a leg' meant, and it need hardly be said that Mr. P. subsided with the laughter.

The following is from another hand :—'When Paddy Jackson had hunting grounds at Paddington, some wags took Tom Olliver (who was unknown to Jackson) down there for a lesson in riding. Tom acted his part to perfection, and the delight of the jokers was excessive when Jackson informed him that "after a few more lessons he should be able to take him out with the barriers."

'The contrast of Olliver's style of riding, and that of his rival, Jem Mason, was very great. It was a sight for sore eyes to see Jem put his horse at a fence, so skilfully did he handle him. Olliver, on the contrary, was a one-handed rider, and horses frequently refused with him; but if the two landed together over the last fence, it was any odds upon Olliver. Mason was but a poor finisher, whilst Olliver's education in the racing stables had made him an accomplished jockey. Then, again, Olliver was the best judge of pace. His making running upon The Chandler, in a match with Charity at Newport Pagnell, was a masterpiece. In picking his ground, Mason had no superior. "Here Jem will come," said John Elmore, pointing to some sound ground, "and there the others will go;" and the event proved that Elmore was right. If, then, Mason was the best suited to the lines of country that were chosen forty years ago, Olliver would have been more than his match on the courses of the present day.'

Poor old Tom! We wish we could remember half of his queer sayings, and should have liked a week with him at Wroughton and got him to tell us his life, it would have made an amusing volume; perhaps some one has already got the nucleus of it. Will Captain Little try his hand? He ought to know as much about 'Black Tom' as any man living.

We must not overlook Mr. Arthur Blackwood, of Oakham, well known in the hunting world, a kind friend and a real genial gentleman. He was once in the Colonial Office, a great ally of the late Lord Southampton, and he was the only man whose horses his Lordship would take in. Mr. Blackwood was a tall man, in figure resembling Mr. Anstruther Thomson, but with more aquiline features. A famous judge of a hunter, and he went well on a rare chestnut, which he called Rufus, bought of Mr. John Darby, who told him he would not rely on his jumping, but with Mr. Blackwood he went marvellously. He had also a big bay horse, with a deal of quality, that he sold to Mr. Redfern—a horse never known to make a mistake. A more thorough sportsman never lived.

Many are the hunting men of the old generation in the Midland counties who will be sorry to hear that Mr. Richard Bloxside, Dick Bloxside as he was familiarly called, has departed from the scene at the ripe age of 77. For upwards of fifty years he was a large dealer and livery-stable keeper at Worcester, and his renown as a breakaman during that period was great. He was credited with having the finest temper and hands of any man in England; and if 'Dick' could do nothing with a vicious brute sent to his school, the latter's case was hopeless indeed. A welter weight, he was a wonderfully good man to hounds, though latterly his increasing size told on his enjoyment of his favourite pursuit. A keen, sharp man, with his eye to the main chance, but keeping a perfectly straight course, a bit of a humourist, popular, and courted, Mr. Bloxside's death has left a void in Worcestershire and the adjoining counties.

How we look up our coursing friends if we happen to have any about this

time, and how we thirst for Waterloo tips. 'I never knew I had such a lot of 'friends before,' said the bold outlaw 'Robin Hood' to us the other day. That eminent coursing authority has been driven to hide his stalwart form in cabs in his goings and comings to and from the Strand, in order to escape the tender inquiries of his large acquaintance. The Cup prospects; as far as we can make out, are rather indistinct, and Muriel and Peasant Boy out of the way, it would be the most open dog Derby on record. The late Altcar Meeting was about the best ever held there, though the form of the puppies was proved to be but moderate this season, and there is nothing among them of the Master McGrath, Bab at the Bowster, or Brigade stamp. The downfall of Lizard and Lamplighter at this meeting upsets the Newmarket and Brigg running, and makes the Cup look darker still. Nothing is yet known of the form of the favourites, and whether Peasant Boy has lost or retains his is a matter of uncertainty, though the market would seem to indicate the latter. Muriel was not much interfered with by the bite in the leg she received; and with Progress, Lucette, and White Slave in the same kennel, Mr. Jardine ought to know what his chances are to a nicety. Mr. F. R. Hemming, the owner of Peasant Boy, purchased largely at Mr. Clemitson's sale, and by the time these lines meet our readers' eyes will have doubtless taken his crack's measure. Mr. Hornby's Hamilton appears as promising a youngster as any out this season, and he has won over the Altcar and Lytham. At the late meeting at Altcar it is true he was beaten, but then he was not disgraced. Mr. Warwick, by the way, who has judged the Waterloo for the last 13 years in succession, will no longer officiate, Mr. James Hedley having been appointed in his place.

Active preparations and large improvements are in course of being made at Lillie Bridge for the ensuing season of the Polo Club. The playing ground is to be enlarged, and considerable stabling and other accommodation erected for the convenience of members. The club, so successfully launched last year—one, indeed, of the most attractive features of the season—is composed of eighty playing members only, having for its president H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with his Excellency Earl Spencer as V.P., both of whom take considerable interest in this mainly pastime. The Polo Club is to Polo what the Marylebone Club is to Cricket; and as county clubs are now springing up in all parts of England, we hope the parent institution will hold its own in many a spirited encounter with its county rivals during the coming season. The committees and secretaries of these county clubs should give early notice of challenges, so that the matches may be properly notified, and a regular list of fixtures drawn up. A want of this precaution led to a little confusion last year. One of the principal promoters of the Polo Club, Mr. E. Hartopp, is at present serving with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, in India; but we hope in the course of the summer to see him at his post again as goal keeper, where his strength and fine horsemanship often served last year to turn the tide of battle in favour of his 'team.'

One of the features of the pre-Christmas season was the collapse of an American windbag, a collapse for which we are unfeignedly sorry. One of the most remarkable writers of this or any other age is unquestionably the gentleman who assumes the name of 'Mark Twain.' For humour, pathos, and powerful descriptive writing he has no superiors, and probably no equals. His works are simply charming, abounding with rare and valuable information, and startling from the strange and unexpected commentary which he makes upon many subjects usually supposed to be outside the domain of criticism.

His 'Innocents Abroad,' and his 'New Pilgrim's Progress' had so fascinated us that we longed to see the author in person, and were, therefore, not a little delighted when we saw that he was announced to deliver some lectures at the Hanover Square Rooms. There was a good deal of sensational advertising, and the 'puff preliminary' had not been neglected. The lecturer himself wrote letters to the newspapers expressing a confident opinion that he could effectually allay any excitement by simply lecturing upon it. He was as good as his word; he did allay the excitement which had been occasioned by the trumpeting of his fame as a lecturer. Anything more dreary or weary than his lectures was never heard in this country. No style, no manner, no humour, no sarcasm, no grace of utterance, but a dreary string of exaggerations given with a dryness which was strained to a degree which was painfully insufferable to the audiences. Of course there were a few *claqueurs* placed at different parts of the room; but those who paid for admission looked as glum and as miserable as the feline tribe do on a rainy day. We notice in the papers that Mark Twain has sailed to America, but may be expected in England again shortly. We trust for his reputation's sake it will not be in the character of a lecturer. Descriptive writing is his *forte* and lecturing his weakness.

One of the handsomest and most useful sporting books published during the present season, or, for the matter of that, during any other season, is Mr. Tegetmeier's book on Pheasants for coverts and aviaries. We in our earlier days had paid considerable attention to the subject, and were vain enough to imagine that we had mastered all the knowledge in the world on this particular branch of ornithology. Mr. Tegetmeier has dispelled that amiable delusion, for we find that we had not mastered one-tenth of the information on the subject, and the only consolation we can feel is, that what knowledge we had acquired is tolerably correct, and it is with no little self-complacency that we find our views—so far as they went—confirmed by such an eminent authority; but, as we have said, we now find that we had hardly broken up the virgin soil, instead of cultivating it. That culture has been done by Mr. Tegetmeier, who has drawn upon the resources of a number of friends, who seem to have come with alacrity at his bidding; and no greater or more satisfactory proof could be furnished of his popularity than their readiness to comply with his wishes in furnishing him with information which we feel nobody else could have commanded. We have not space to spare to mention all the authorities which have furnished him with information, but when we have mentioned the name of Warton—and he not the least amongst the names of naturalists—we have said sufficient to compel every sportsman who pretends to enlightenment and seeks it to get the book.

Messrs. Ackerman, of Regent-street, have just published a chromo of a rather humorous character, for the description of which we should like to borrow Mr. Tegetmeier's pen if we could get hold of it, for it is a great deal more in his line than ours. It is entitled 'The Gay Mabilie' (not that we mean for one moment to connect our respected friend's name with such a place), and represents a dissipated cock and hen, with the young chicks doing a can-can after the most 'wiry' fashion of Islington and the Alhambra. There is a good deal of spirit thrown into the drawing of the principal performer, the cock, and the chicks are setting-to with a gravity beyond their years. It is painted by Lucas, and done in chromo by Hanart.

Great are the preparations being made at Bristol for the March meeting there; and the Messrs. Frail have just issued the weights for the big handicap, the Bristol Royal Steeple Chase, with £1000 added. The entry (78) is very

good, and the handicap, though perhaps, the owners of Ryshworth and Farley may take exception to the remark, looks of a somewhat flattering character. Alice Lee, Clifton, Sarchedon, Fleuriste, Star and Garter, Phryne, &c., testify to this; and, by the way, if sporting papers would 'please copy' the spelling of the latter animal's name we should be much obliged. We never heard of a lady of the name of *Phrynie*.

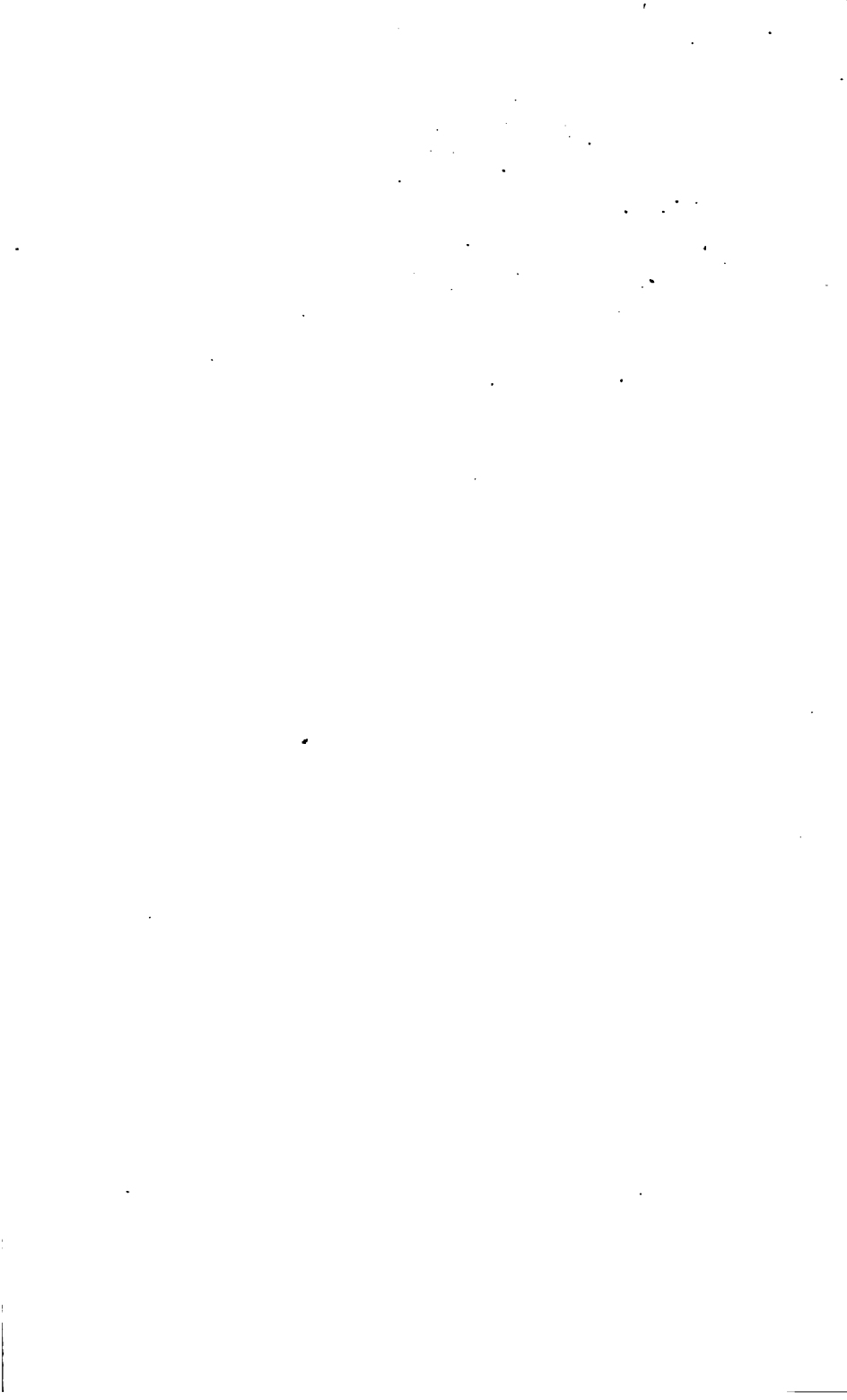
The following shows that, in spite of competitive examinations, and the study of the modern languages, Italian has not yet entered into the *cursus* of an English officer's education. A bold dragoon giving a luncheon to his brother officers filled one of Justerini's most knowing-looking liqueur bottles with simple gin. This was duly labelled 'Vecchio Tommaso,' and handed round by the servant, who offered a *petit verre* to each guest. The sell was only found out on swallowing the contents.

Although we are supposed to take our pleasures sadly in this sea-girt little isle, some few of us manage somehow to get our share of lively recreation when half the drowsy world of London is sleeping the sleep of the just, we hope. Hushed and dark was the scene inside the walls of the Royal Frivolity Theatre the other evening 'after the opera was over,' when suddenly, as if by touch of magic wand, we found ourselves amidst a gay and glittering throng, where brightly shone the footlights on fair women and brave men.

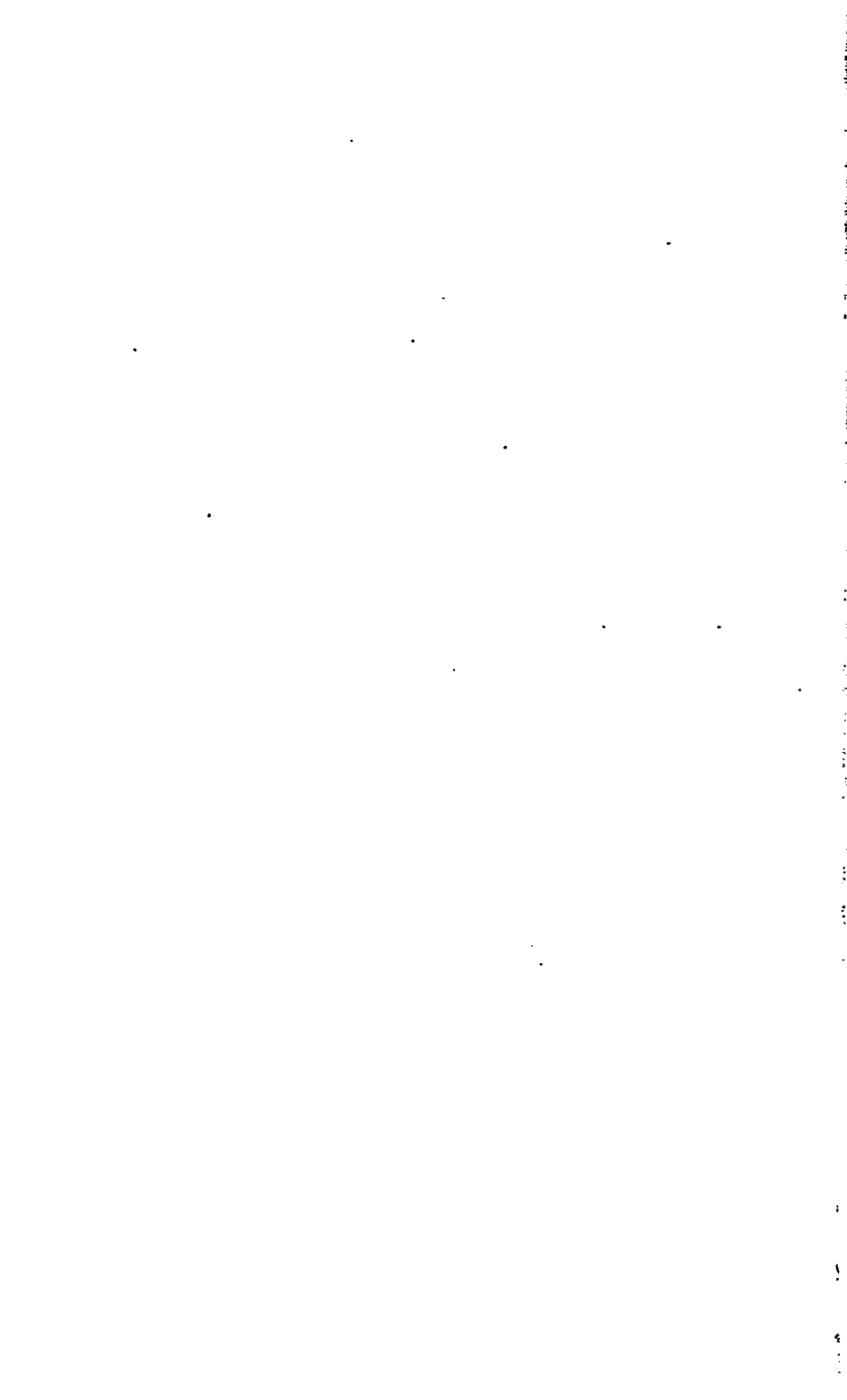
'On, on with the dance, let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till early morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
And music with its voluptuous swell,' &c., &c.

In vain the attempt to glean 'who's who;' enough for us to know that Society came out in strong relief. For the rest, suffice to say, the entertainment was followed by a *petit souper* of the choicest kind; and, need we add, the morning was far spent ere the gay revellers turned their faces Westward-ho.

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